

# BAREFOOT GEN

THE NEVER-ENDING WAR

VOLUME FIVE



Keiji  
Nakazawa





*Barefoot Gen* is the powerful, tragic, autobiographical story of the bombing of Hiroshima and its aftermath, seen through the eyes of the artist as a young boy growing up in Japan. The honest portrayal of emotions and experiences speaks to children and adults everywhere. *Barefoot Gen* serves as a reminder of the suffering war brings to innocent people, and as a unique documentation of an especially horrible source of suffering, the atomic bomb. This is part five of a ten-part series.

"*Gen* effectively bears witness to one of the central horrors of our time. Give yourself over to... this extraordinary book; get used to those dewy-eyed faces and the unfamiliar story-telling conventions of Japanese manga (comix to us). This vivid and harrowing story will then burn a radioactive crater in your memory that will never let you forget it. *Gen* is one of those very few comix that actually pulls off the essential magic trick... those little marks on paper come to fully realized life."

Art Spiegelman, cartoonist  
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *Maus*

"...some of the best comics ever done... Nakazawa, I'm sure, will be considered one of the great comic artists of this century, because he tells the truth in a plain, straightforward way, filled with real human feelings."

R. Crumb, cartoonist

"Nakazawa's graphic presentation of what it was like to survive the bombing of Hiroshima should be required reading for all citizens, beginning with the President. Perhaps then we might gain the maturity to stop such madness."

Hunter and Amory Lovins  
Friends of the Earth



www.lastgasp.com

ISBN-13: 978-0-86719-898-8



9 780867 198988

⑤ **BAREFOOT GEN**  
THE NEVER-ENDING WAR  
Nakazawa

# BAREFOOT GEN

THE NEVER-ENDING WAR

VOLUME FIVE



Keiji  
Nakazawa

LAST GASP

Memoir/History

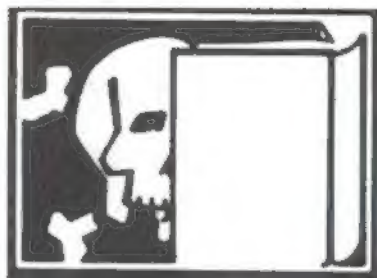


# **BAREFOOT GEN**

## **VOLUME FIVE: THE NEVER-ENDING WAR**

**KEIJI NAKAZAWA**

**Translated by Project Gen**



**LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO**

Published by Last Gasp of San Francisco  
777 Florida Street, San Francisco, California, 94110  
www.lastgasp.com

First serialized under the title *Hadashi no Gen* in Japan 1975.  
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ISBN-13: 978-0-86719-596-5

© Keiji Nakazawa 2007  
Introduction © Steven Okazaki 2007

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, xerography, scanning, or any information storage or retrieval system now available or developed in the future, without prior written permission from the publisher.

Translation by Project Gen

Volume 5 Translators: Joanne Higashi, Kiyoko Nishita,  
George Stenson, Michiko Tanaka

Project Gen Volunteers: Namie Asazuma, Michael Gordon, Kyoko  
Honda, Yukari Kimura, Nobutoshi Kohara, Nante Kotta, Kazuko Yamada

Edited by Alan Gleason and Colin Turner  
Production: Colin Turner  
Layout: Chris Long

Printed in China by Prolong Press Ltd.

## Forever Changed

Steven Okazaki

When Americans talk about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, it usually turns into an unpleasant, irresolvable argument about the decision to drop the bombs. The people who feel it was justified back up their opinion not with facts, but more opinions -- that the Japanese were set to fight to their last bamboo stick; that Japan's inhumanity in Nanking and elsewhere justified the inhumanity of the atomic bomb; that tens of thousands, no, hundreds, no, a million, no, ten million lives were saved. This need to deny, minimize or justify the horror dominates the discourse. The discussion rarely gets around to what actually happened.

When Japanese talk about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the story starts on the morning of August 6, disconnecting the bombings from the rest of the war, as if they were completely innocent victims, not conscious participants and aggressors. And when they speak of the hibakusha, the survivors of the bombings, they often use a reverent tone, signifying that the hibakusha are special, somehow different, physically or spiritually, not like us. But being different, separate from the whole, makes most Japanese uncomfortable so the hibakusha are treated as pariah.

In different ways, both sides have tried to silence the hibakusha.

I read John Hersey's book, saw the powerful photographs by Hajime Miyatake and Yosuke Yamahata, watched the shocking archival footage in *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, and knew it was devastating and horrible. But it still felt like history, distant and disconnected from the world I lived in. There were also boring, didactic accounts from scientists, military personnel, politicians and historians. But there was little or nothing from the people who were



there, the people who looked up when they heard the B-29, and whose lives were, from that moment on, forever changed.

*Barefoot Gen*, which first appeared in Japanese in 1972 and in English in 1978, was a revelation. It changed my understanding of Hiroshima. It made it real, human, unavoidable. It exposed the disturbing things that no one had openly discussed before -- the zealotry of the nationalists, the oppression of dissenters, the terrible treatment of Koreans, the cruel prejudice against the hibakusha by other Japanese. And Keiji Nakazawa's voice was not gentle and poetic, stereotypically Japanese. It was loud, clear, direct and angry. "I saw it!" he proclaimed.

Nakazawa's groundbreaking comic book series made a difficult, controversial subject accessible and real to anyone who could read. I wonder, did his publisher know what he was doing when he encouraged the young cartoonist to tell his story, in detail, before, during and after the bombing? Did he know how fearless, arrogant and honest Nakazawa would be? Did he have any idea of its potential impact, to move and inspire people around the world?

I read *Barefoot Gen* for the first time in 1980 and it changed my life. It excited me and inspired me to play a part in helping tell the story of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

(Steven Okazaki is an Academy Award-winning filmmaker who has made several films about the hibakusha, beginning with *Survivors* (1982). Keiji Nakazawa appears in his Academy Award-nominated *The Mushroom Club* (2005), a personal film about the city and people of Hiroshima, and *White Light/Black Rain: The Destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki* (2007), which tells the story of the bombings through interviews with fourteen hibakusha.)

## BAREFOOT GEN

### THE NEVER-ENDING WAR

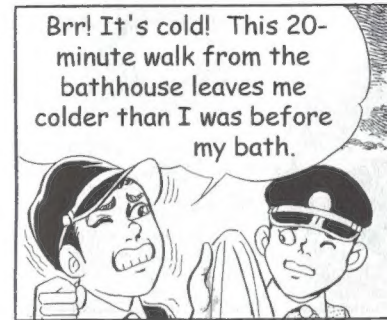




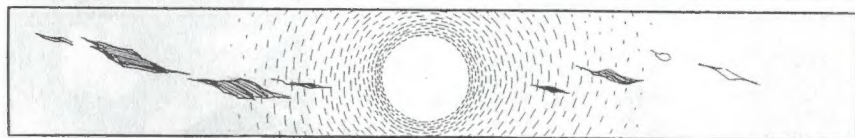
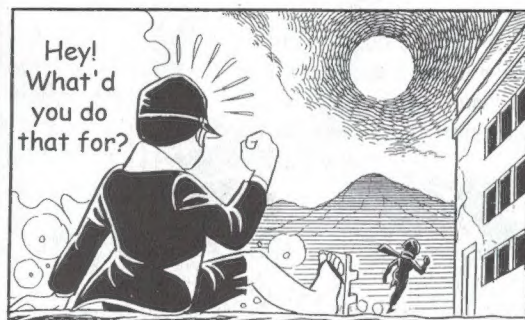




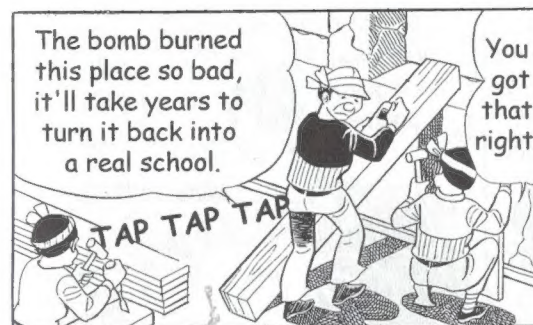
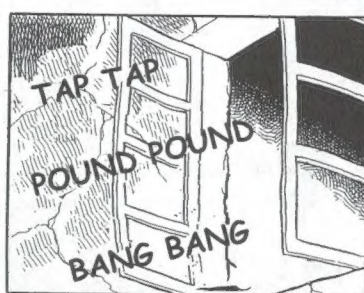
Sign: Motokawa Primary School







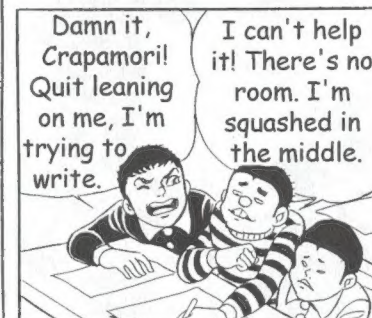
Sign: Motokawa Primary School



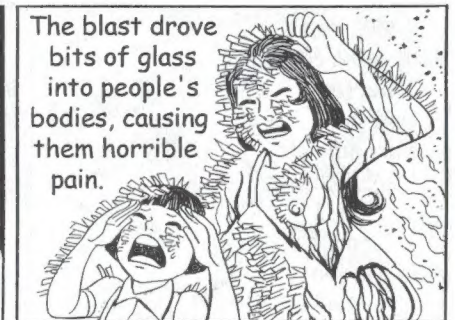
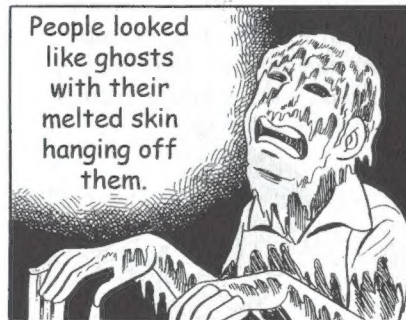
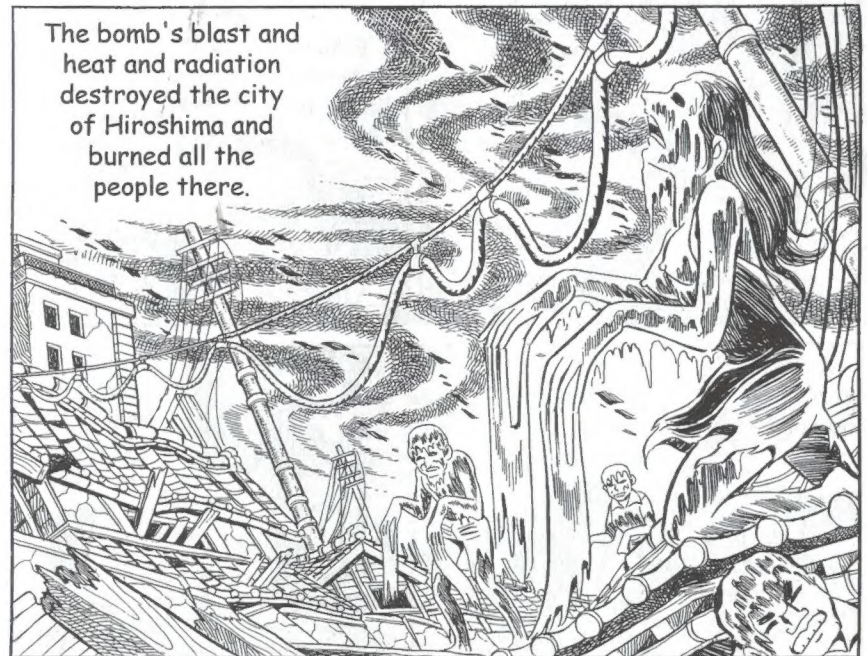
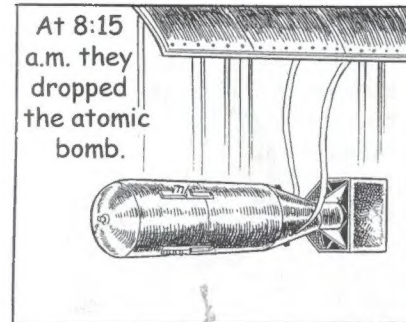
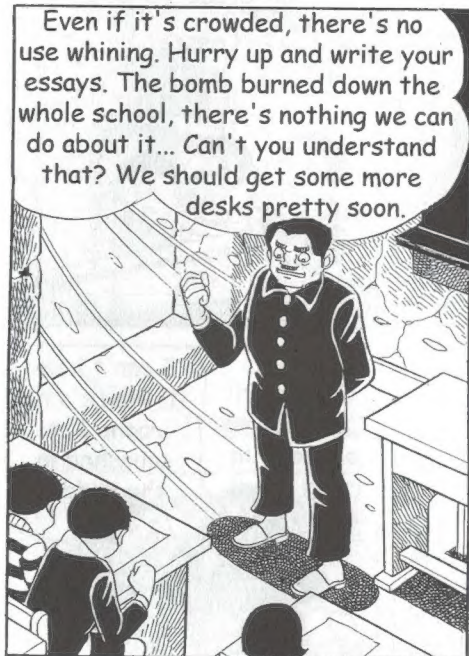
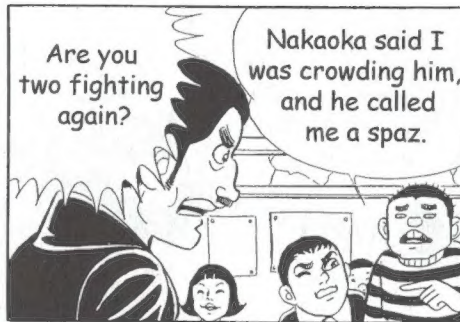
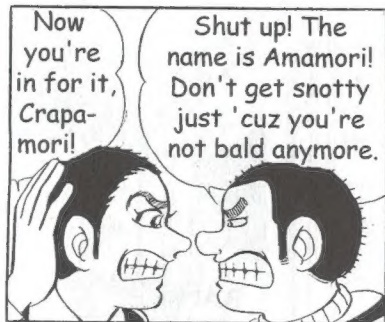
Sign: Grade 4 Class 2



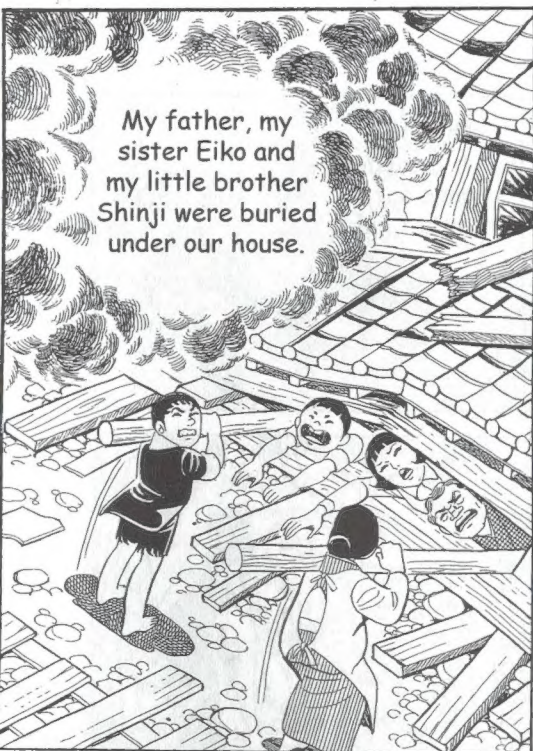
Blackboard: Write an essay about your family.











My father, my sister Eiko and my little brother Shinji were buried under our house.



My mother and I survived because we were behind walls.

We did all we could to save the rest of the family.



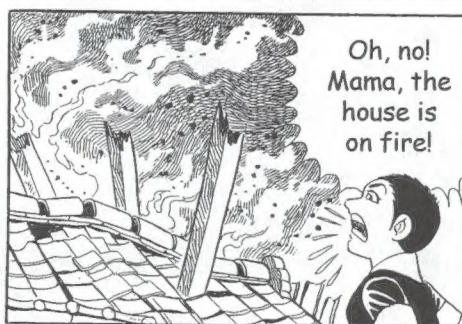
Gen! It hurts! It hurts!

Moan... I'm being crushed...

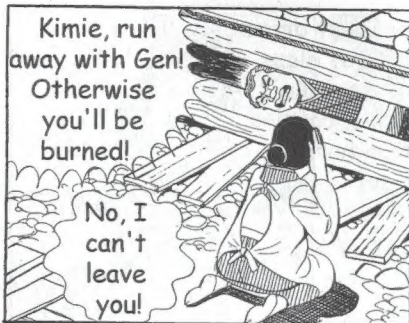


Kimie, can't you do something?

N-no... The beam is too heavy... it won't budge.



Oh, no! Mama, the house is on fire!

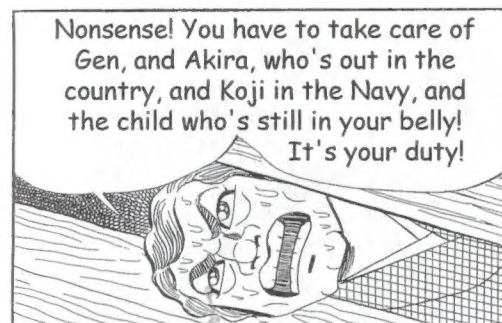


Kimie, run away with Gen! Otherwise you'll be burned!

No, I can't leave you!



I can't just leave you and my darling Eiko and Shinji. I won't leave you. I'll die with you!

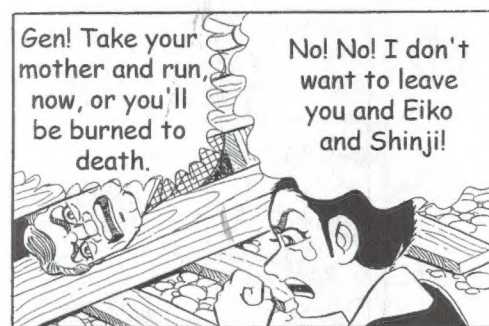


Nonsense! You have to take care of Gen, and Akira, who's out in the country, and Koji in the Navy, and the child who's still in your belly! It's your duty!



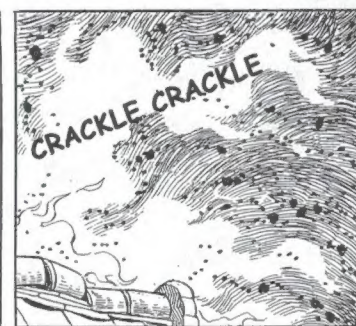
Please, run away!

No! No!

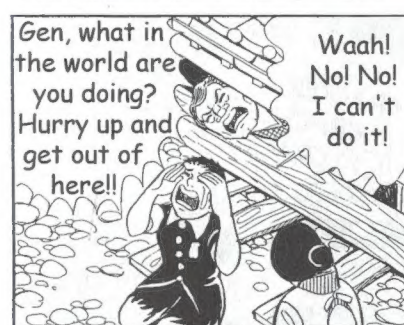


Gen! Take your mother and run, now, or you'll be burned to death.

No! No! I don't want to leave you and Eiko and Shinji!



CRACKLE CRACKLE

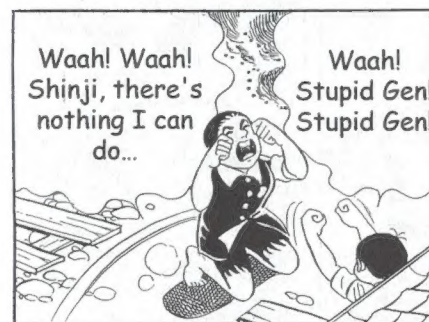


Gen, what in the world are you doing? Hurry up and get out of here!!

Waah! No! No! I can't do it!



Waah! Mama, it's so hot! The fire's burning my feet! Please, get us out of here!



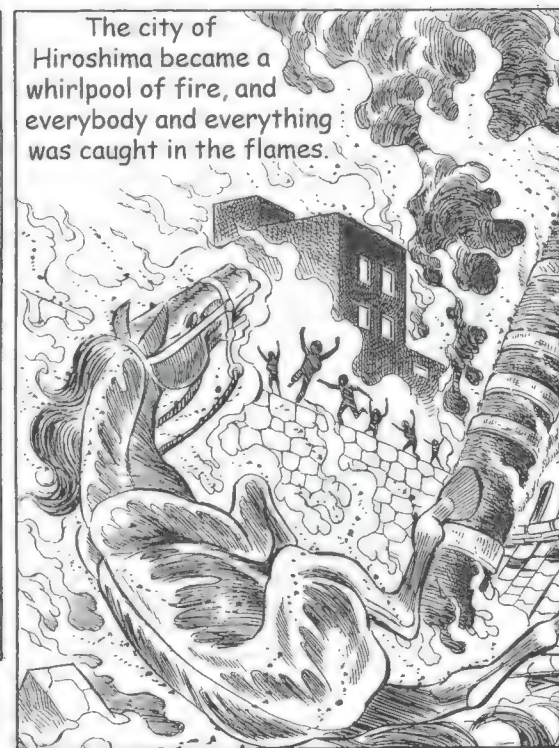
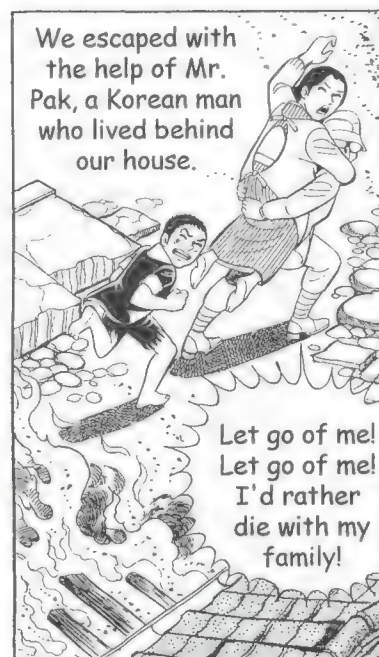
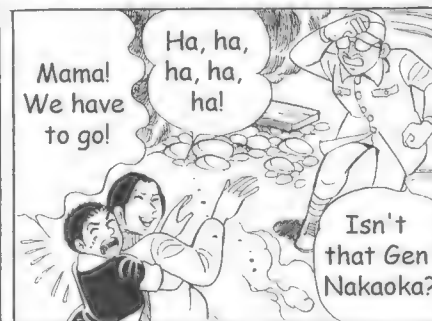
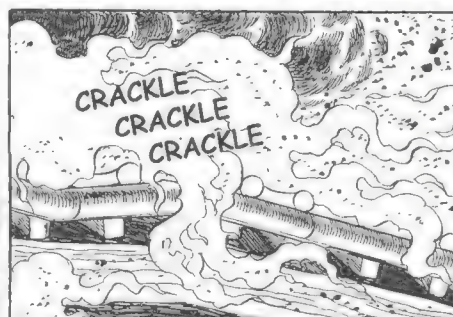
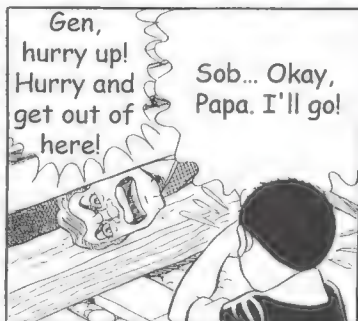
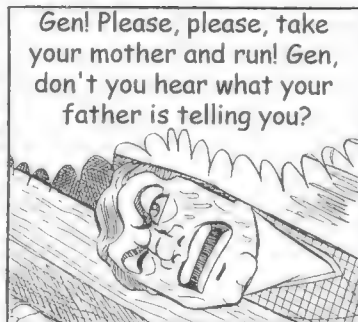
Waah! Waah! Shinji, there's nothing I can do...

Waah! Stupid Gen! Stupid Gen!

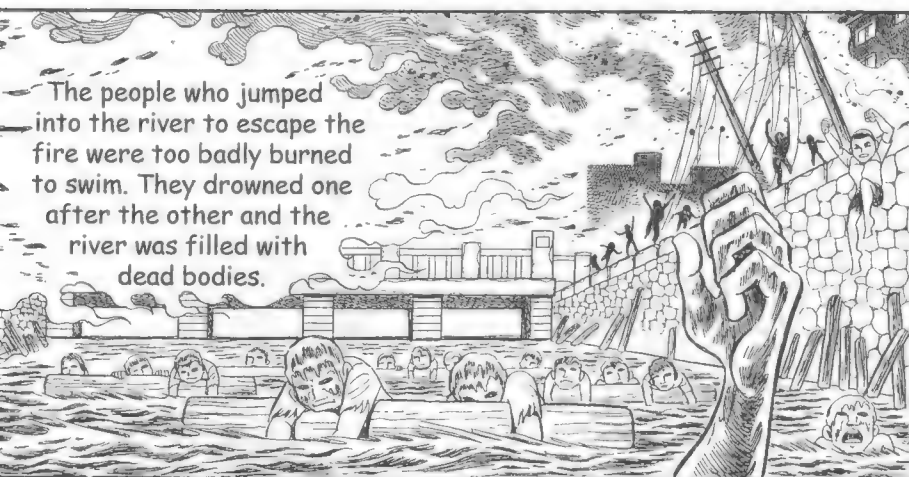


ROAR







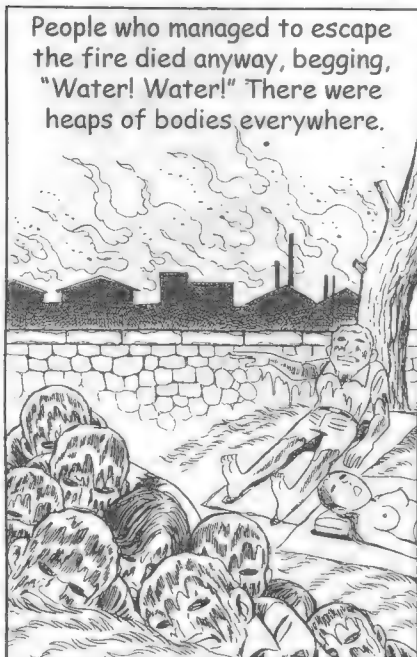


The people who jumped into the river to escape the fire were too badly burned to swim. They drowned one after the other and the river was filled with dead bodies.

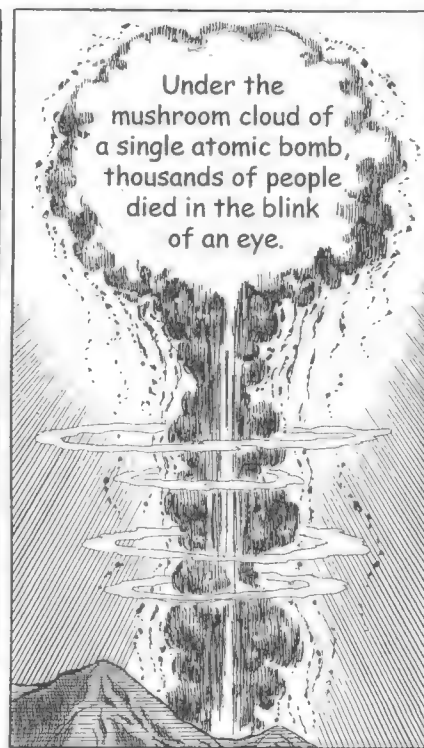


Because of the shock, my mother gave birth in the middle of the road.

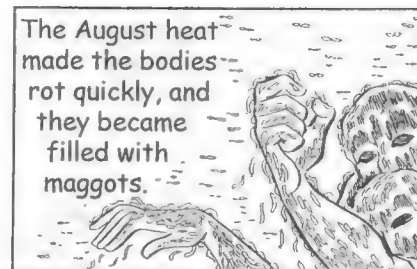
WAAH WAAH WAAH



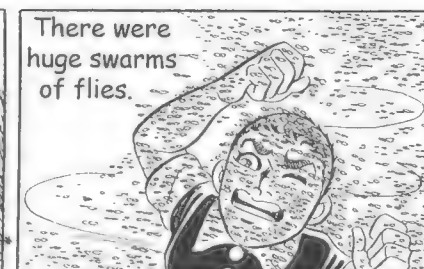
People who managed to escape the fire died anyway, begging, "Water! Water!" There were heaps of bodies everywhere.



Under the mushroom cloud of a single atomic bomb, thousands of people died in the blink of an eye.



The August heat made the bodies rot quickly, and they became filled with maggots.



There were huge swarms of flies.

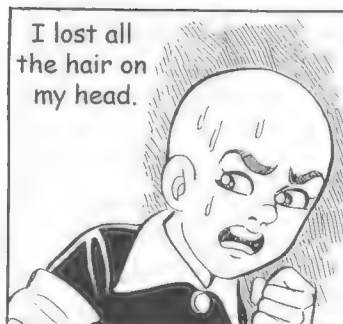


Hiroshima was now a desert that stretched as far as the eye could see. The only moving things were the smoke from burning bodies and the flies.

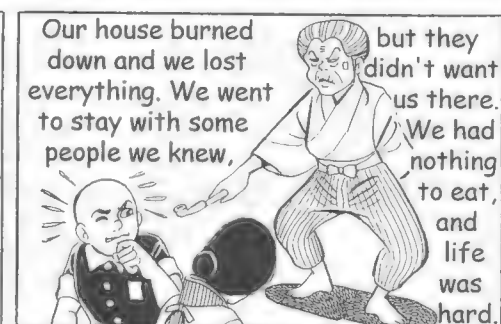
Sign: Water for fire



People who arrived later to look for relatives, and the soldiers who came to dispose of the bodies, got sick from the radiation. Many died after getting terrible diarrhea or vomiting blood.



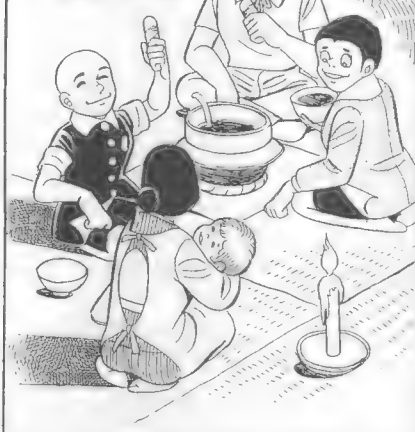
I lost all the hair on my head.



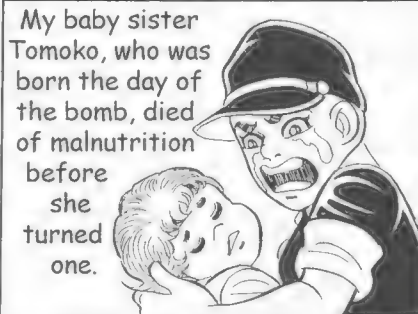
Our house burned down and we lost everything. We went to stay with some people we knew, but they didn't want us there. We had nothing to eat, and life was hard.



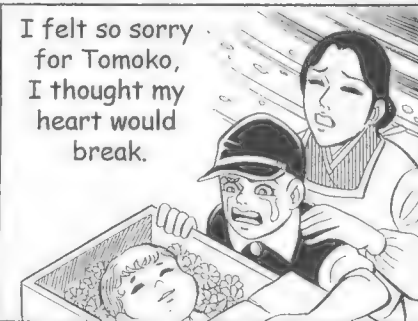
On August 15, 1945, Japan surrendered and my older brothers, Koji and Akira, came back home.



My baby sister Tomoko, who was born the day of the bomb, died of malnutrition before she turned one.

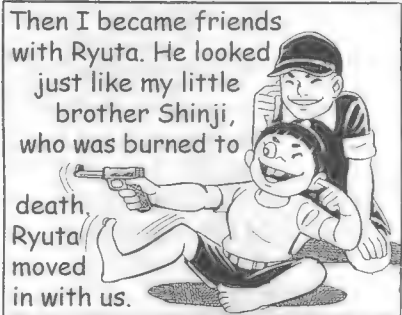


I felt so sorry for Tomoko, I thought my heart would break.

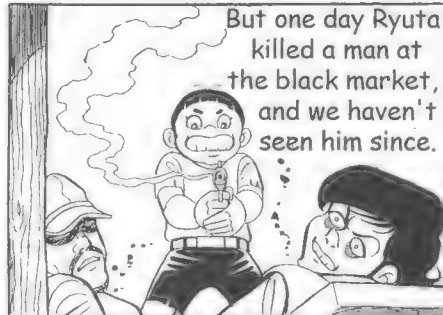


Then I became friends with Ryuta. He looked just like my little brother Shinji, who was burned to

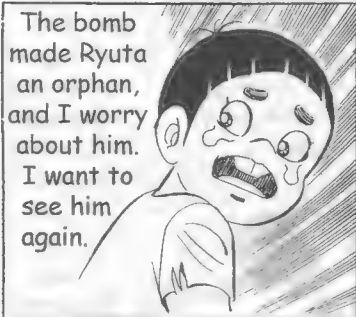
death. Ryuta moved in with us.



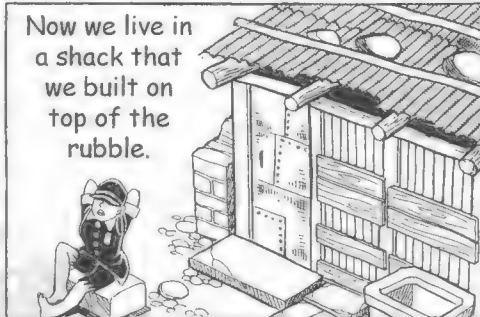
But one day Ryuta killed a man at the black market, and we haven't seen him since.



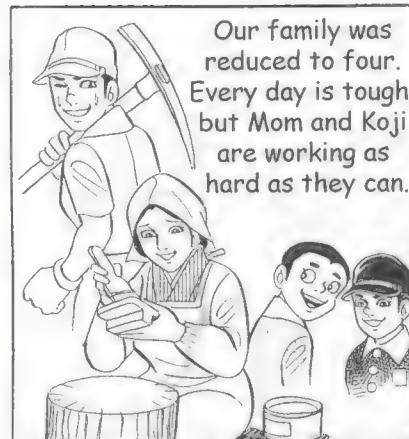
The bomb made Ryuta an orphan, and I worry about him. I want to see him again.



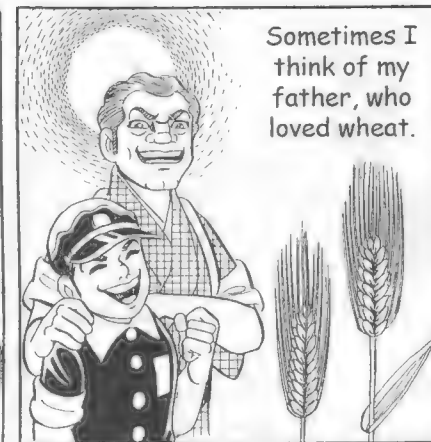
Now we live in a shack that we built on top of the rubble.



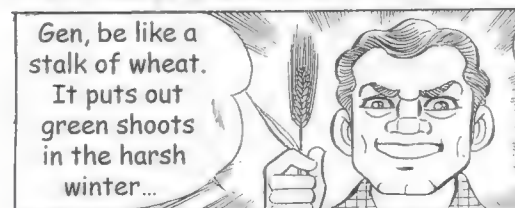
Our family was reduced to four. Every day is tough, but Mom and Koji are working as hard as they can.



Sometimes I think of my father, who loved wheat.



Gen, be like a stalk of wheat. It puts out green shoots in the harsh winter...



and no matter often it's trampled, it grows up straight and tall, and bears fruit.

I want to be like wheat, just like my father said.



It has been two years since the A-bomb fell. The hair grew back on my head. I'm in the fourth grade now. No matter how bad things may be, I'm never going to give up. The end.



.....



Hey, this guy's sleeping in class. What nerve!

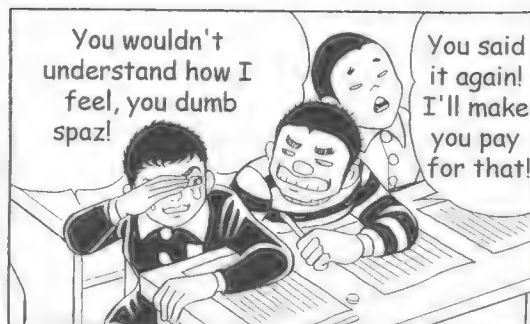






Oh, he's crying. That's a laugh!

Shut up!

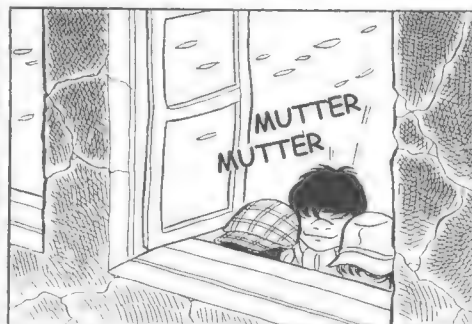


You wouldn't understand how I feel, you dumb spaz!

You said it again! I'll make you pay for that!



Hm?

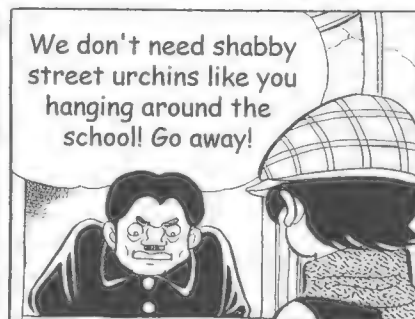


MUTTER  
MUTTER



Who are you?

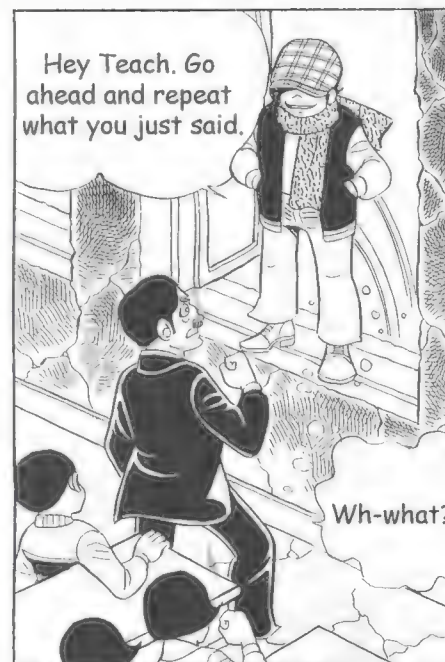
CHUCKLE  
SNICKER



We don't need shabby street urchins like you hanging around the school! Go away!

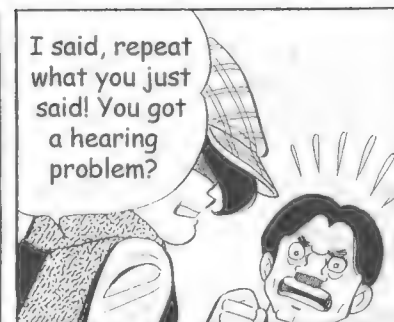


.....



Hey Teach. Go ahead and repeat what you just said.

Wh-what?

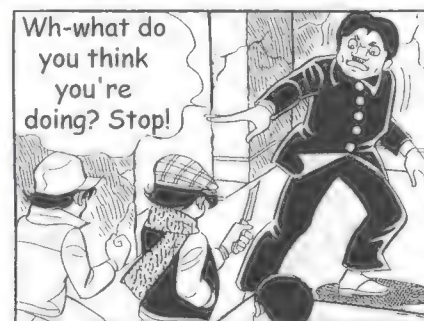


I said, repeat what you just said! You got a hearing problem?

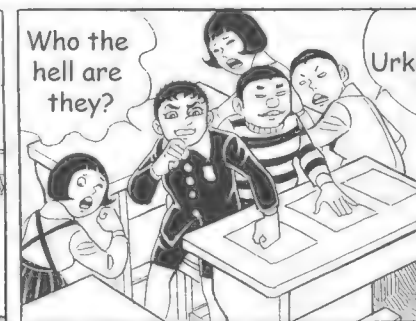


If your ears are so bad, I guess we'd better cut 'em off.

KLIK!



Wh-what do you think you're doing? Stop!



Who the hell are they?

Urk!

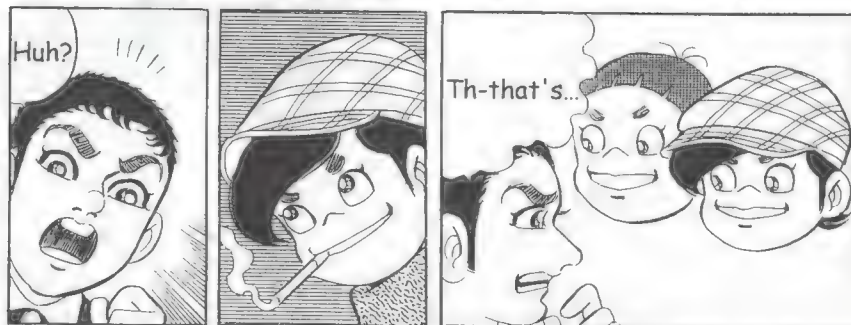


You called us shabby street urchins who shouldn't hang around, didn't you.

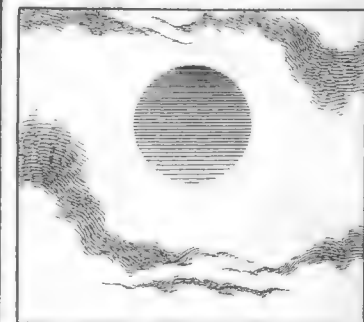
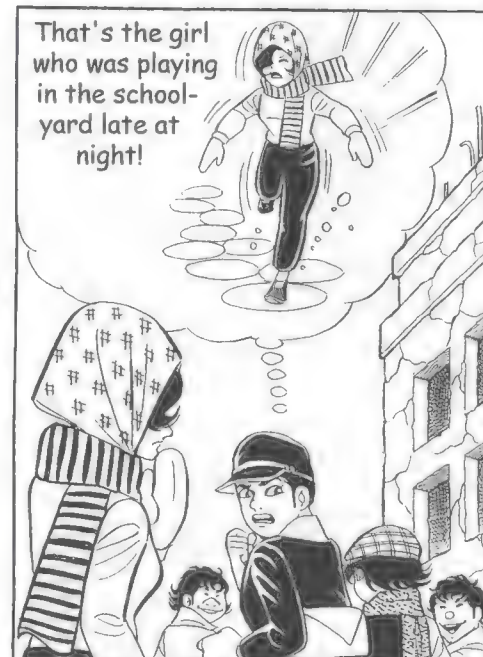
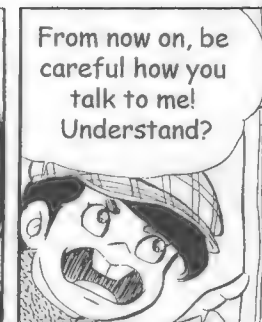
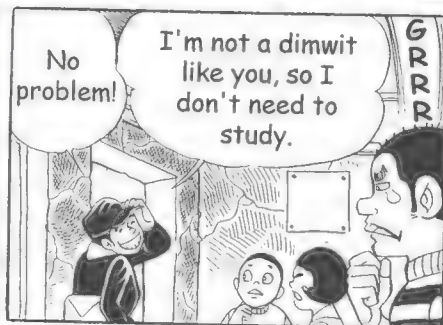
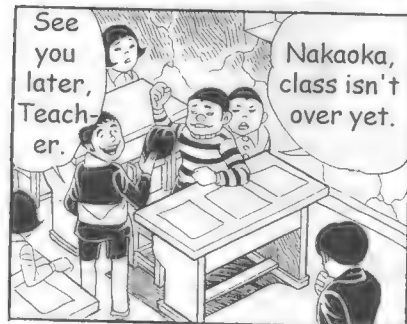
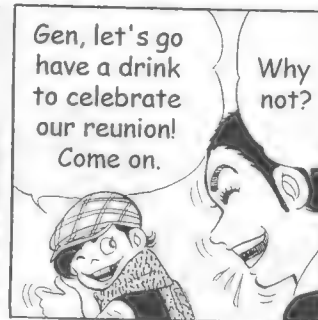
Sorry we're so shabby!

Sorry we're street urchins!

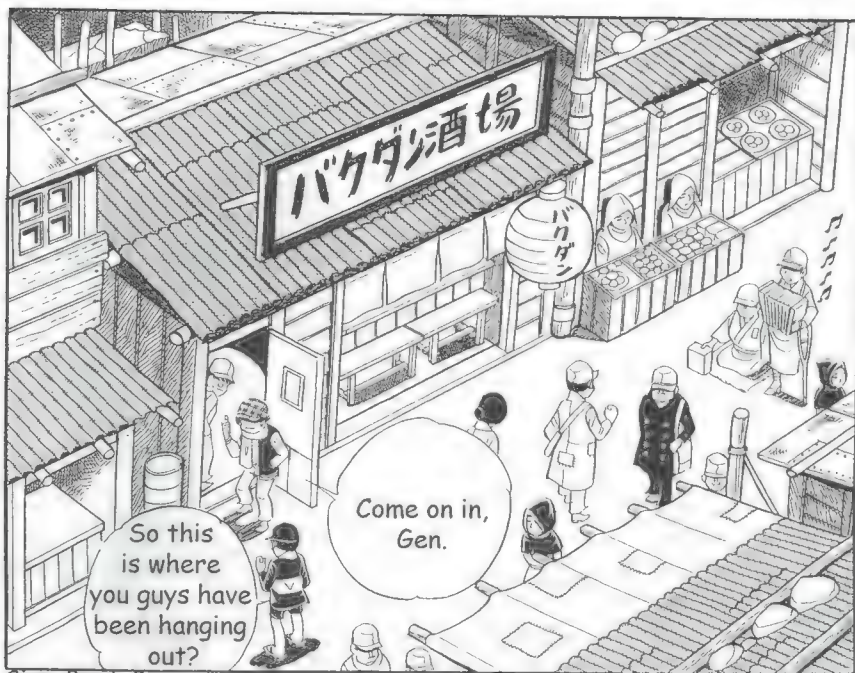




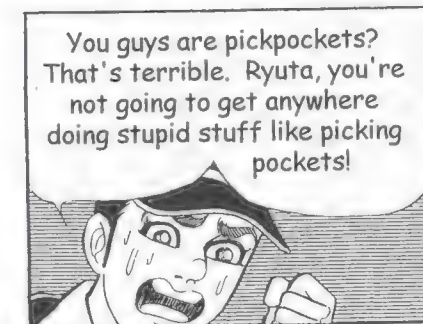
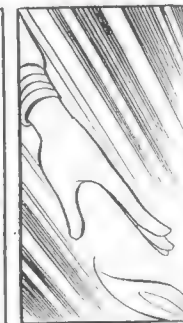
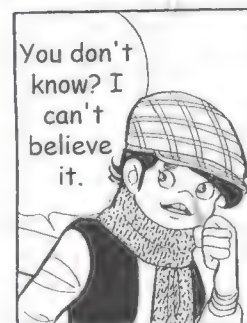
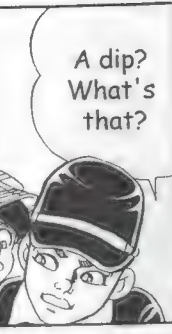
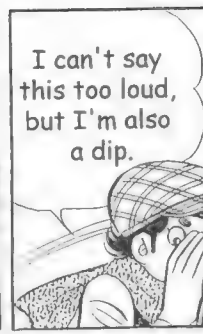
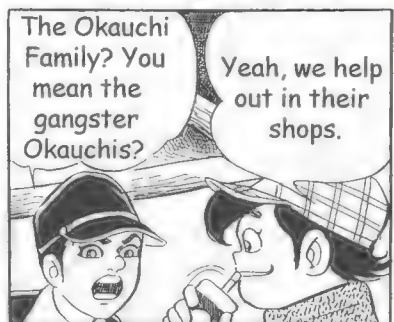




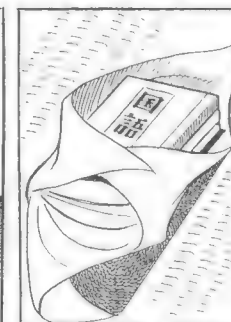
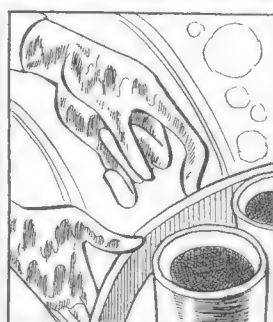
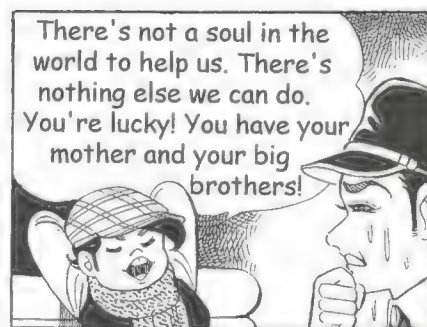
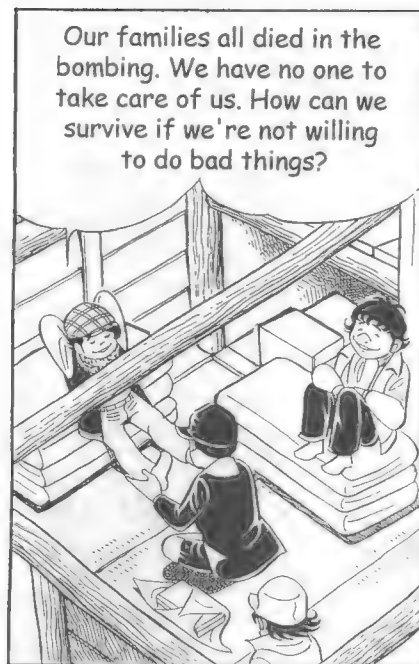




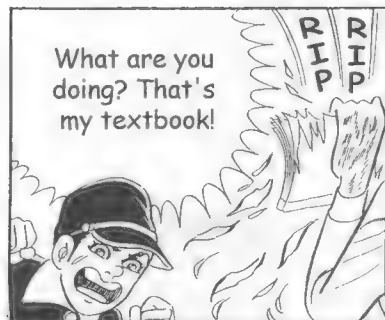
Sign: Bomb Bar











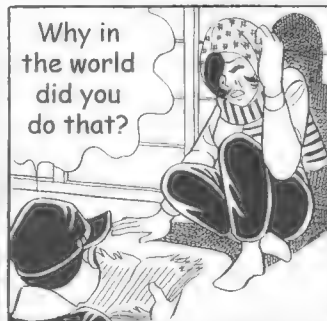
What are you doing? That's my textbook!



You jerk!



Oh, no! You wrecked it!



Why in the world did you do that?

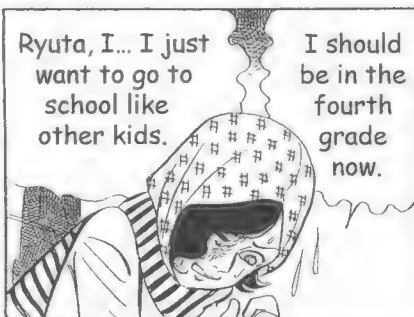


I hate you. Go home! Go home!



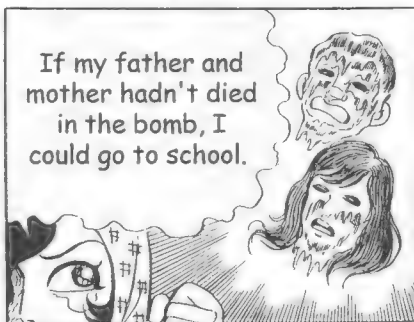
Katsuko, why are you talking like that to my special guest?

Is she nuts?



Ryuta, I... I just want to go to school like other kids.

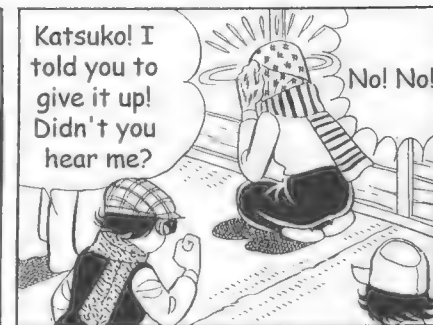
I should be in the fourth grade now.



If my father and mother hadn't died in the bomb, I could go to school.



I hate you for going to school! I'm so jealous!!



Katsuko! I told you to give it up! Didn't you hear me?

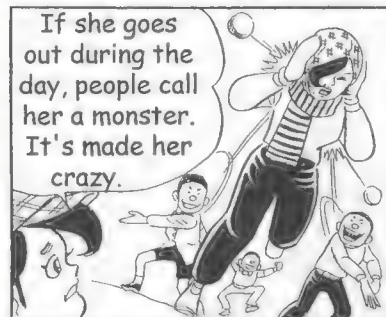
No! No!



Gen, please forgive her. She's so messed up we don't know what to do with her.



She got burned so bad.



If she goes out during the day, people call her a monster. It's made her crazy.

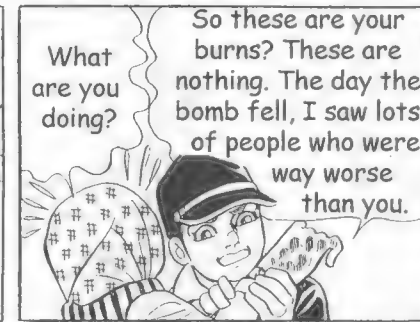
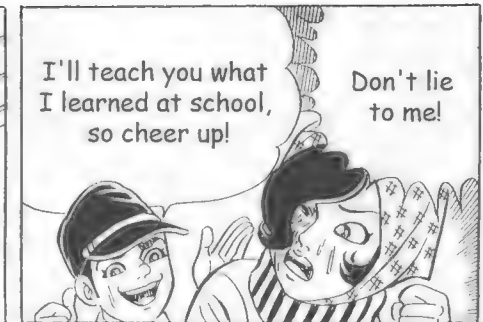
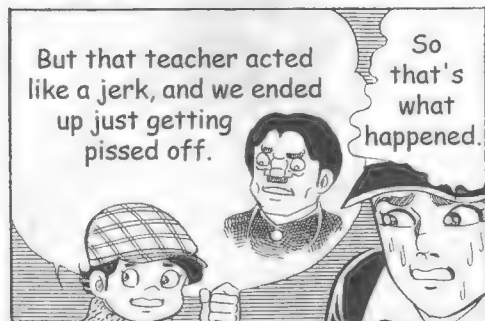
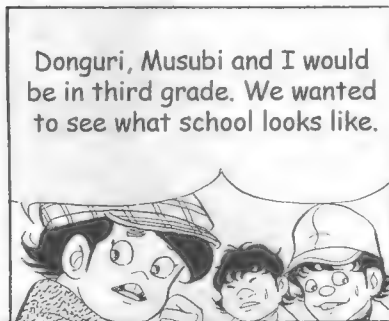


She always stays inside during the day.

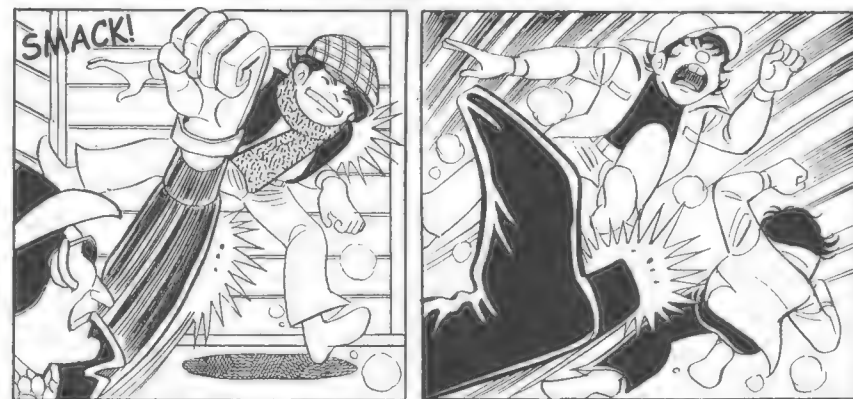
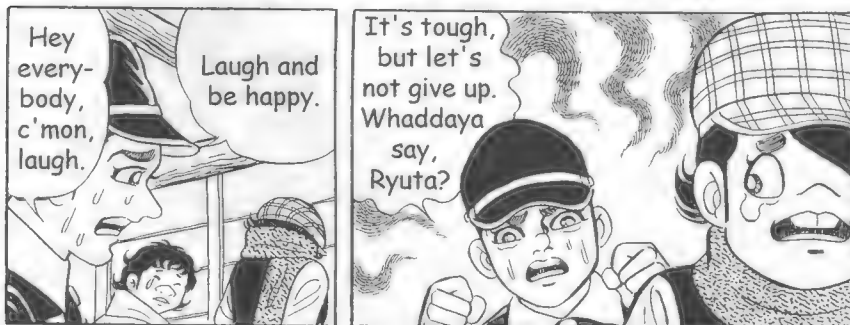
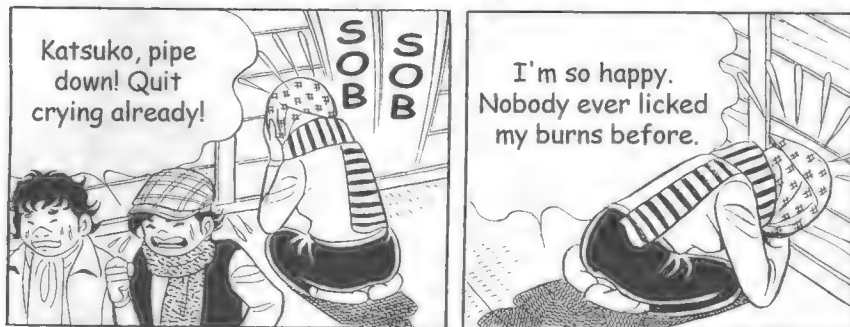


At night she goes out to the school where she used to go before the bomb fell, and plays there by herself.





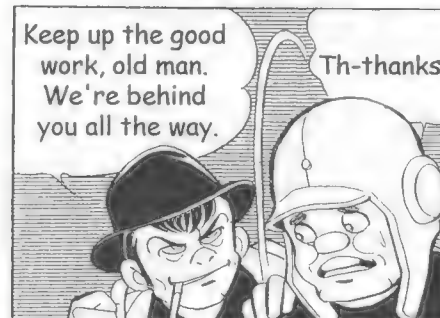
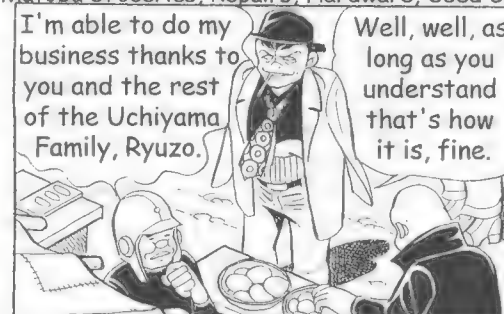
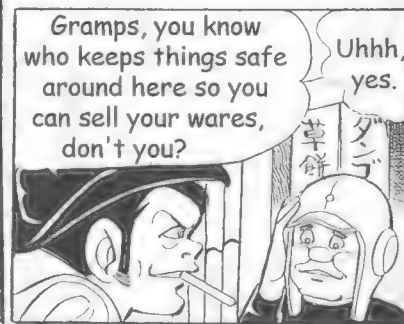




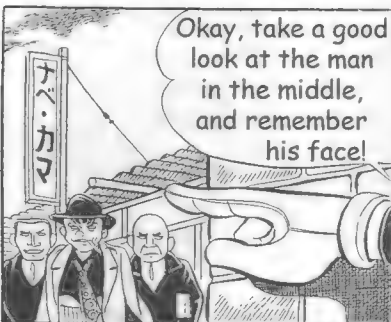




Signs: Matoba Groceries, Repairs, Hardware, Used Clothes, Market







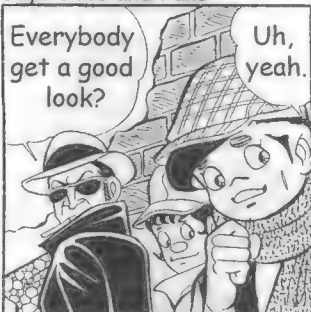
Okay, take a good look at the man in the middle, and remember his face!



People call him Mitey Ryuzo,

because he always carries a stick of dynamite in his pocket.

Sign: Pots and Pans

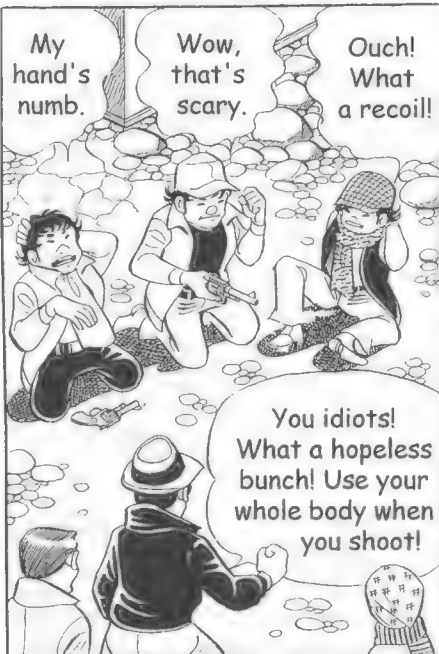
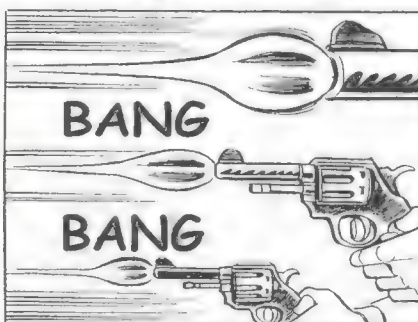
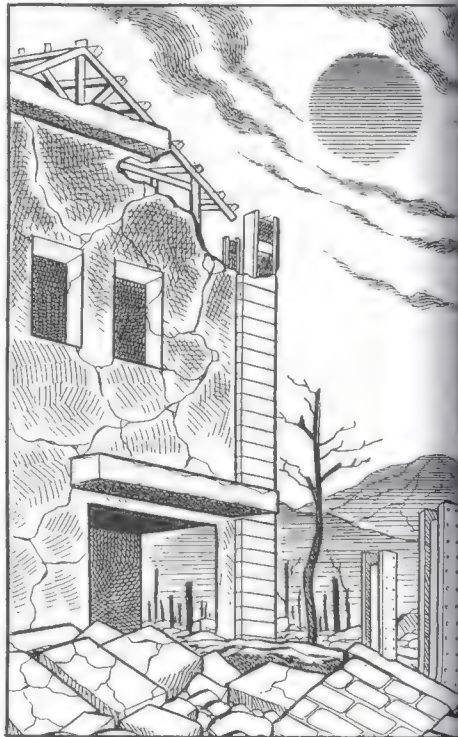


Everybody get a good look?

Uh, yeah.



Good, then follow me.

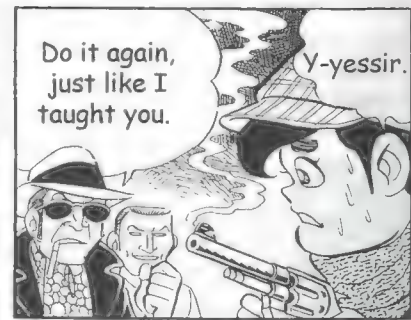


My hand's numb.

Wow, that's scary.

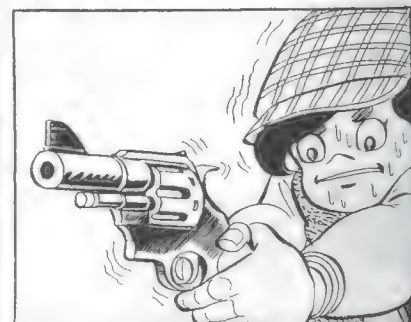
Ouch! What a recoil!

You idiots! What a hopeless bunch! Use your whole body when you shoot!

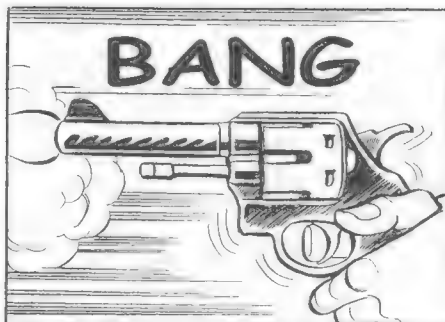


Do it again, just like I taught you.

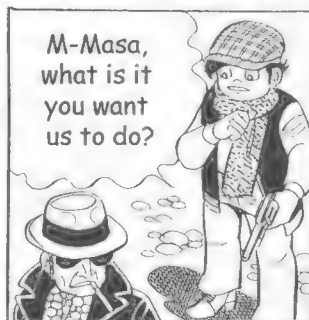
Y-yessir.







Good!  
That's a  
lot better.



M-Masa,  
what is it  
you want  
us to do?



You're going  
to kill the  
guy I just  
showed you.



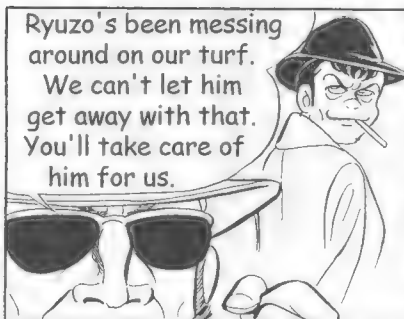
What?!!  
Y-you want  
us to kill  
that Mitey  
guy?!



I-I  
can't  
do  
that!

That's  
too  
scary!

You're  
going  
to do  
it!

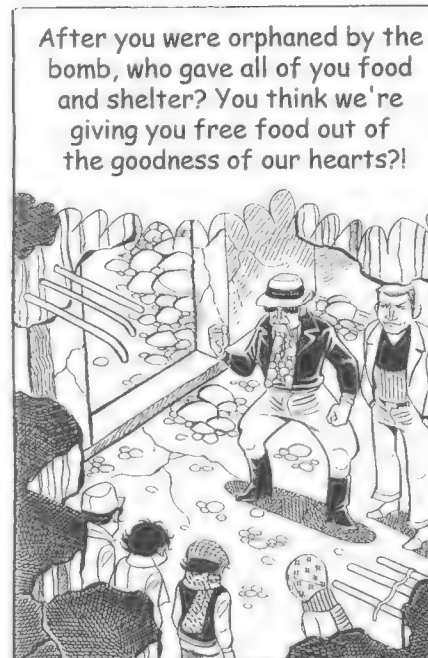


Ryuzo's been messing  
around on our turf.  
We can't let him  
get away with that.  
You'll take care of  
him for us.

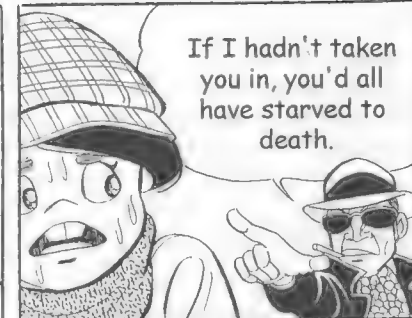


S-sir, please  
don't make us  
do this. We're  
scared.

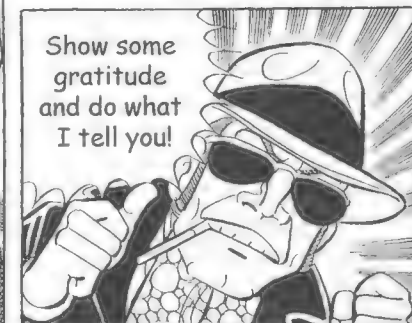
Shut  
up!



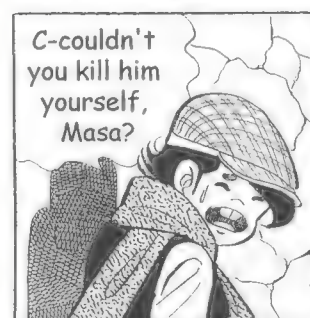
After you were orphaned by the  
bomb, who gave all of you food  
and shelter? You think we're  
giving you free food out of  
the goodness of our hearts?!



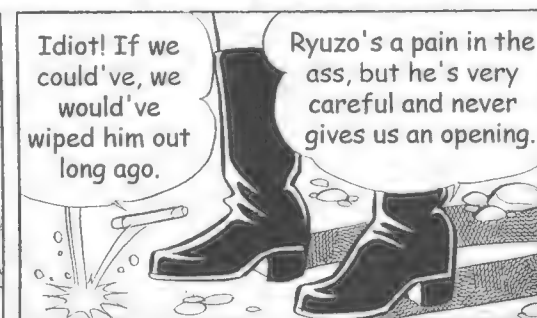
If I hadn't taken  
you in, you'd all  
have starved to  
death.



Show some  
gratitude  
and do what  
I tell you!

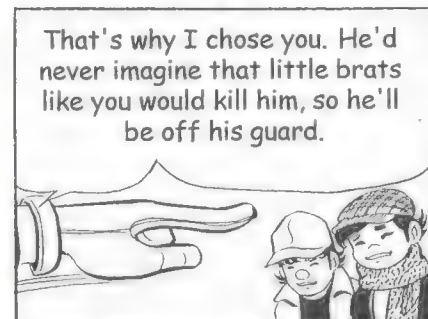


C-couldn't  
you kill him  
yourself,  
Masa?

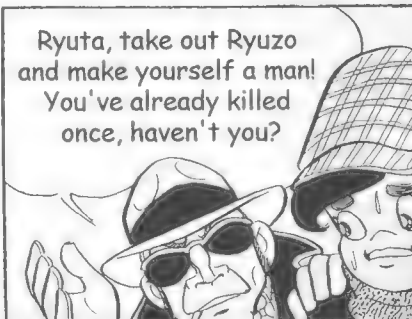


Idiot! If we  
could've, we  
would've  
wiped him out  
long ago.

Ryuzo's a pain in the  
ass, but he's very  
careful and never  
gives us an opening.

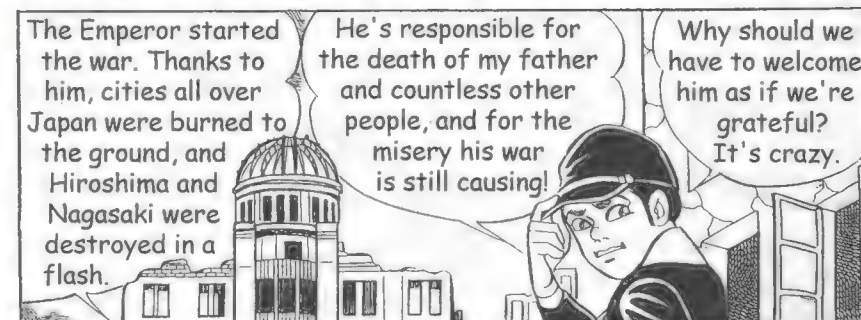
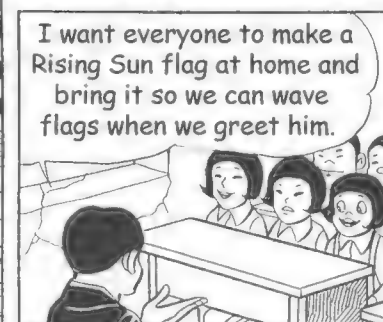
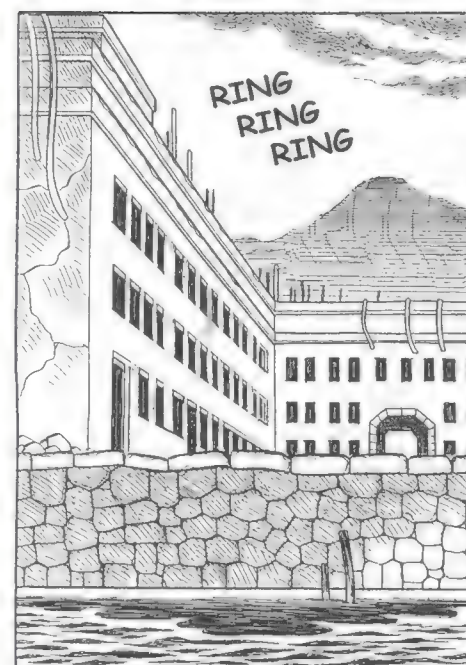
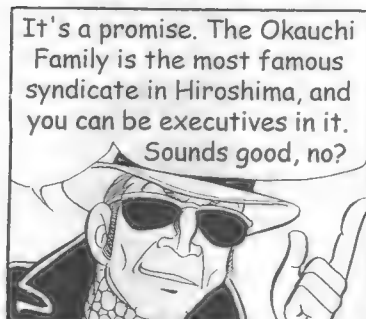
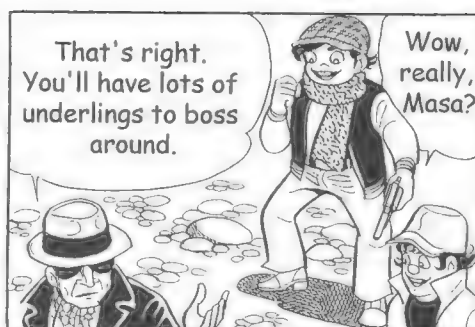
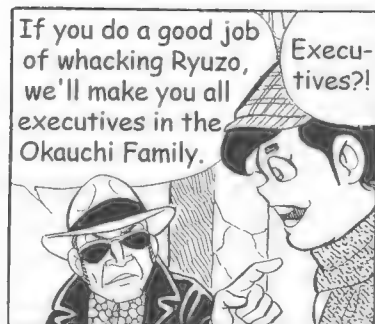


That's why I chose you. He'd  
never imagine that little brats  
like you would kill him, so he'll  
be off his guard.

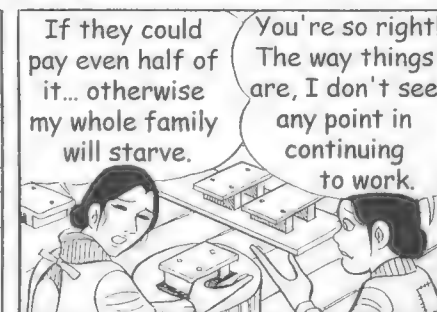
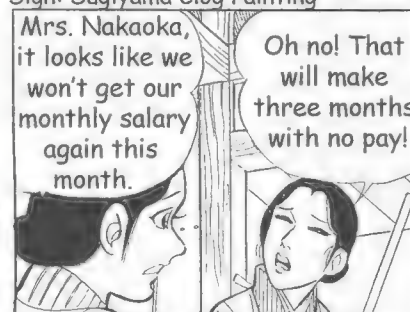
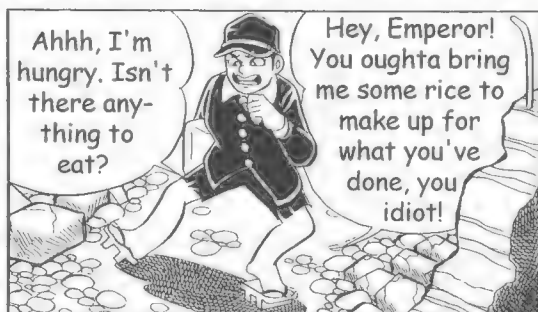
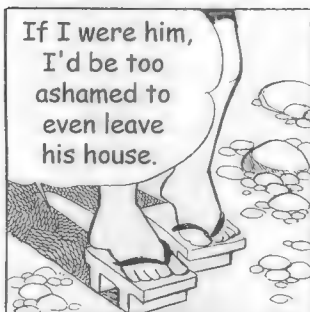
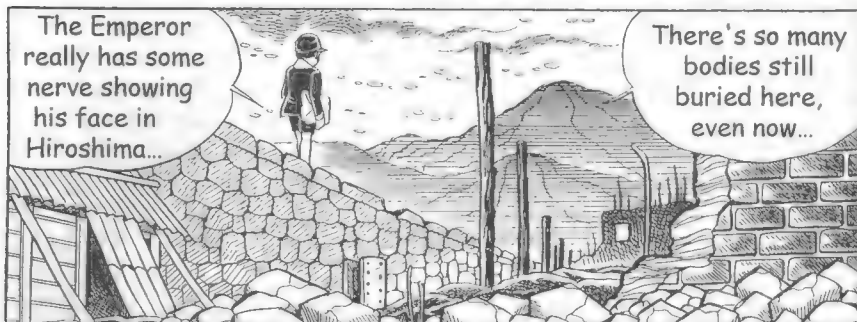
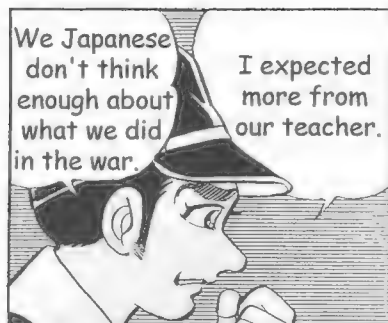


Ryuta, take out Ryuzo  
and make yourself a man!  
You've already killed  
once, haven't you?

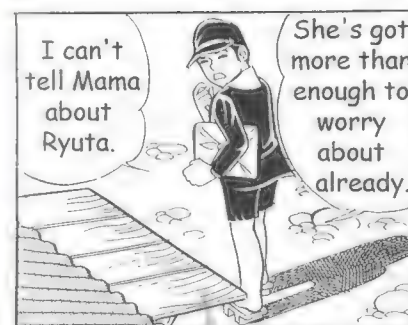
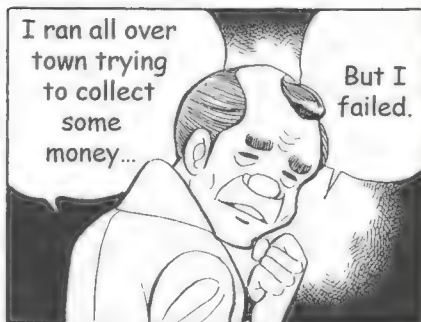
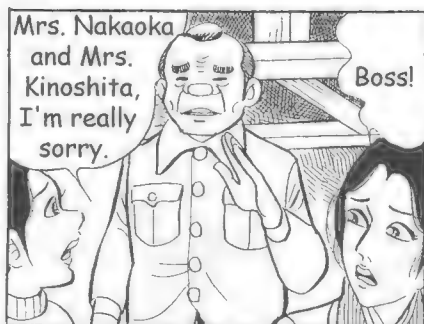




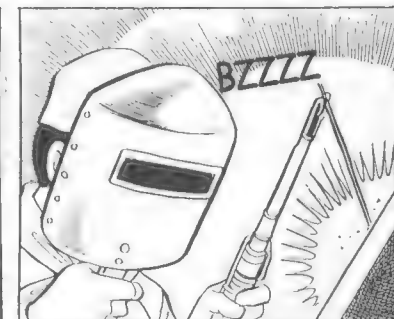




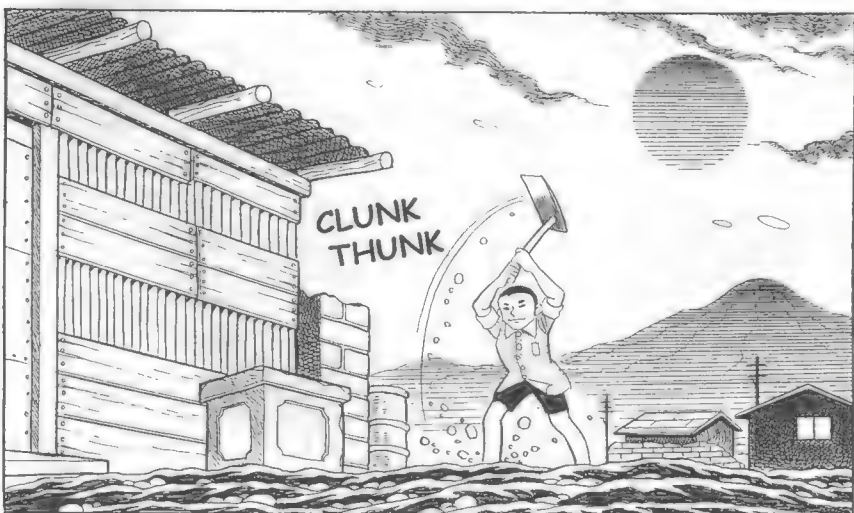
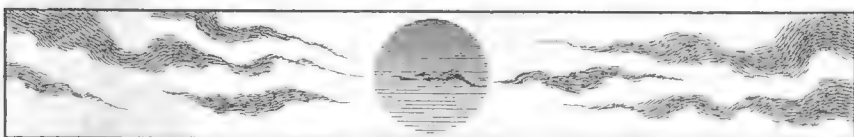




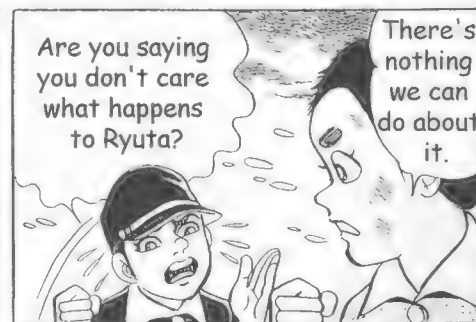
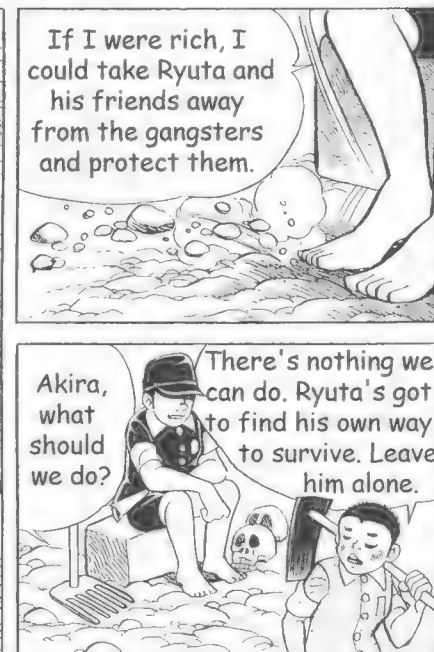
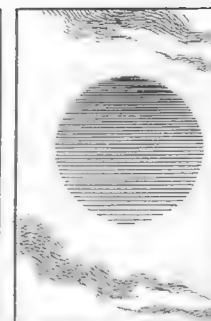
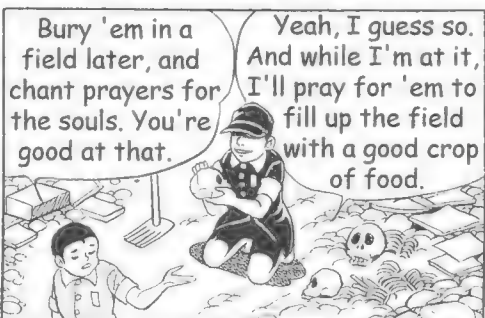
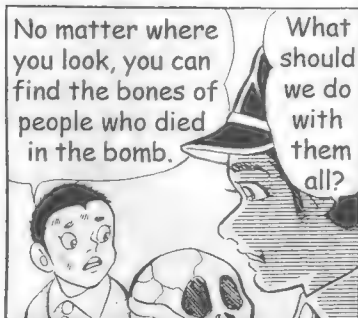
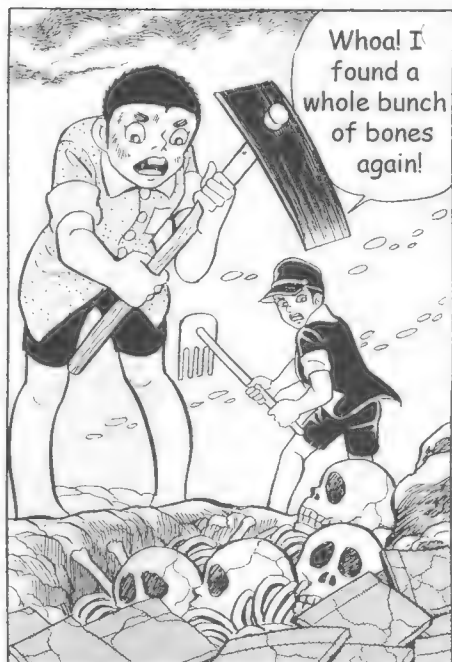
Sign: Okawa Iron Works



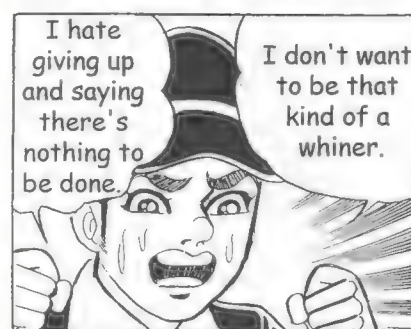
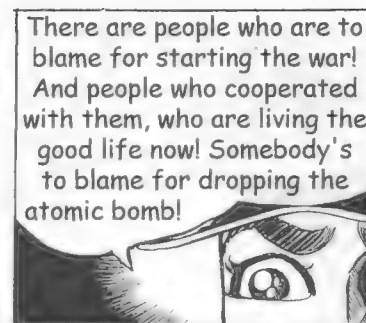
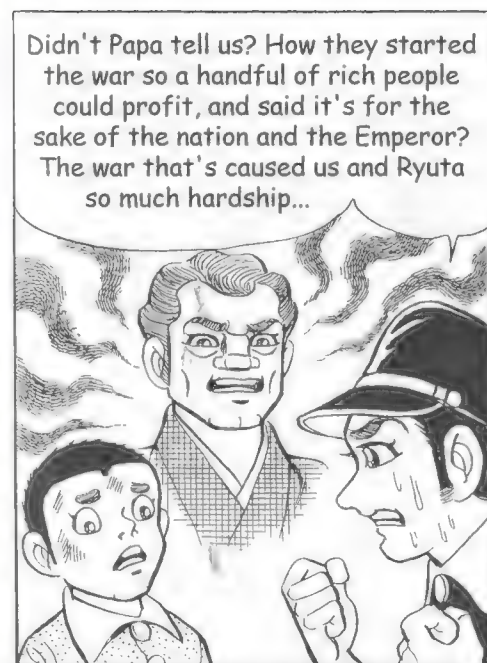
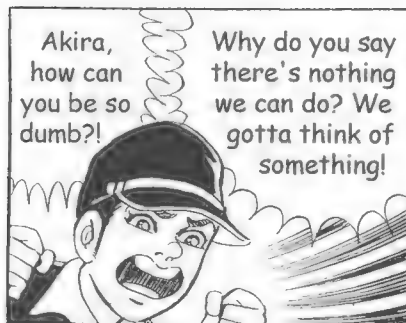




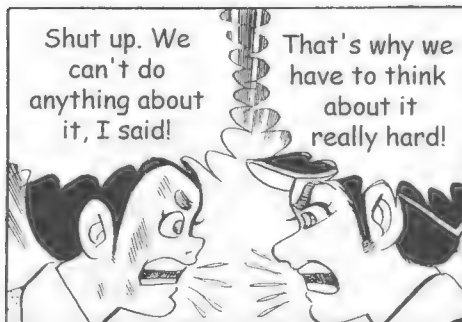




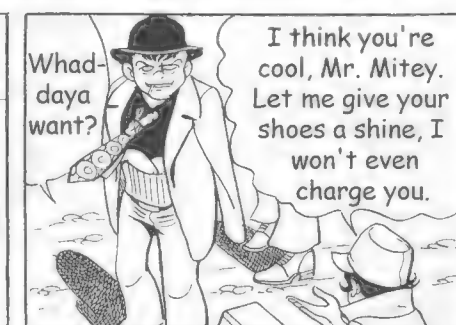




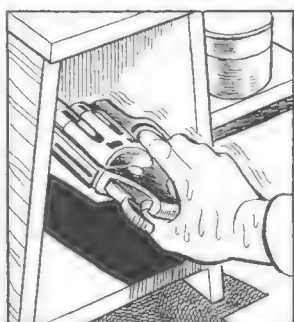
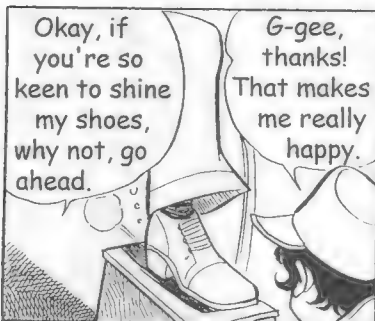




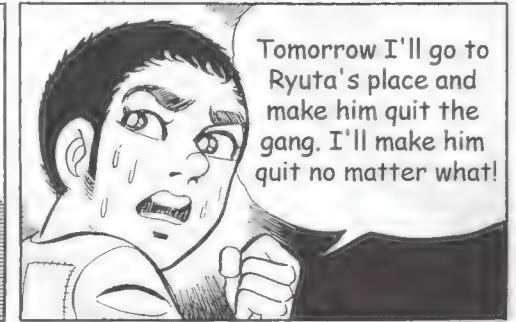
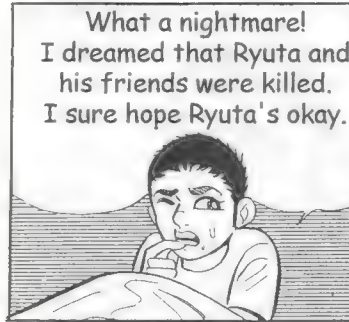
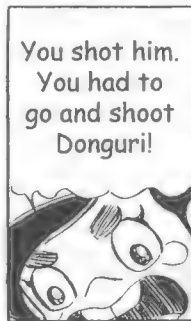
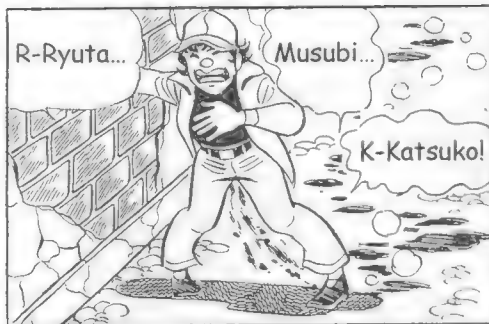
Sign: Watch Repair



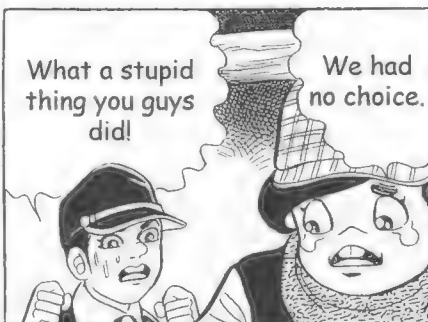
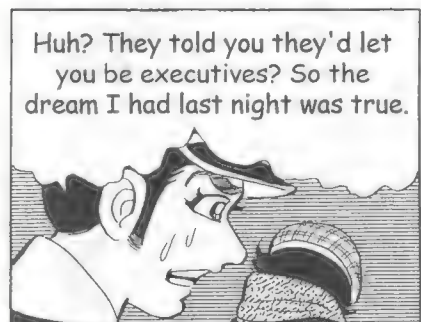
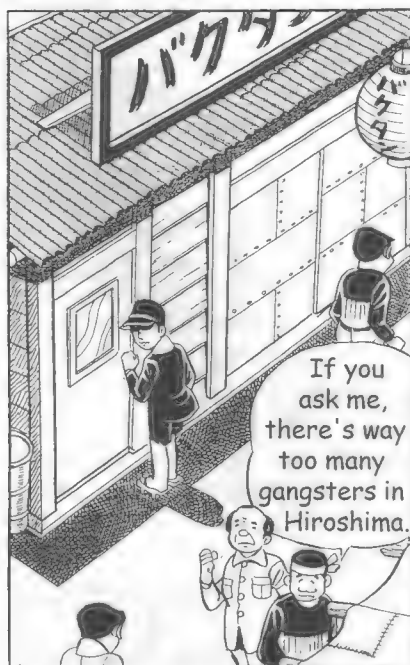
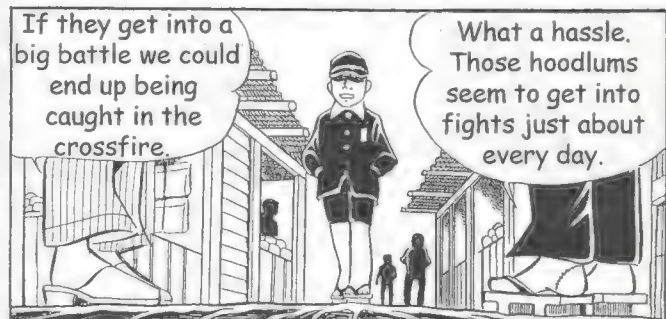
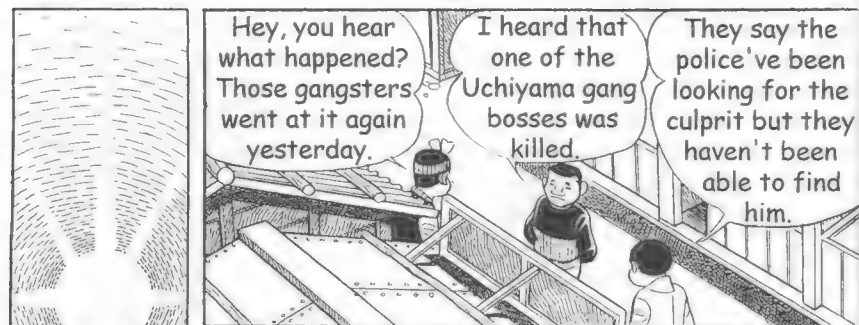




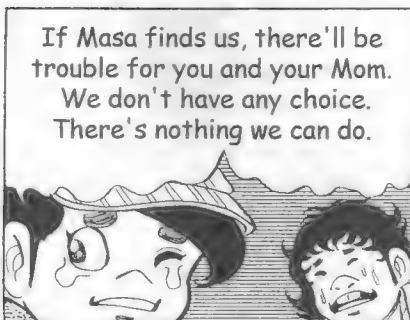
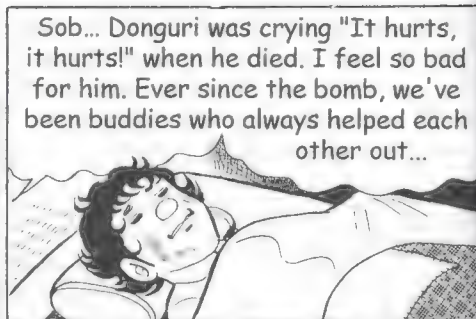




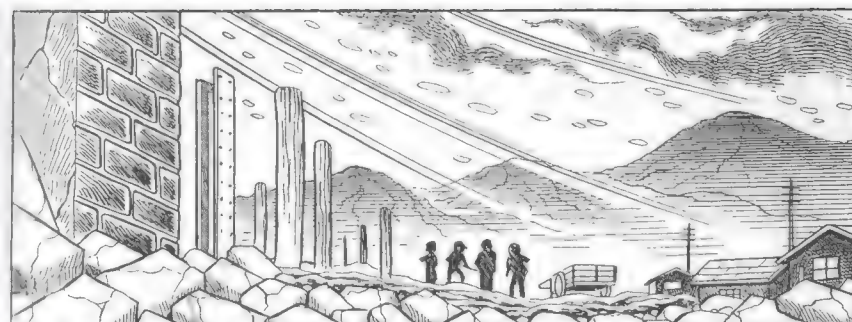
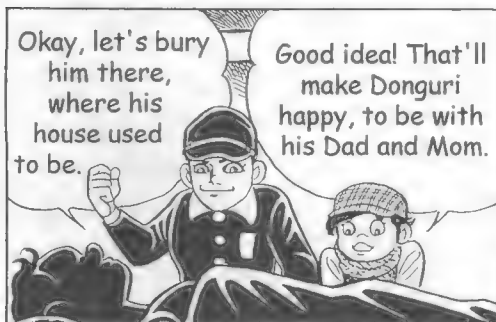
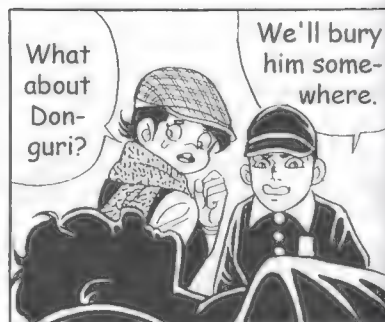
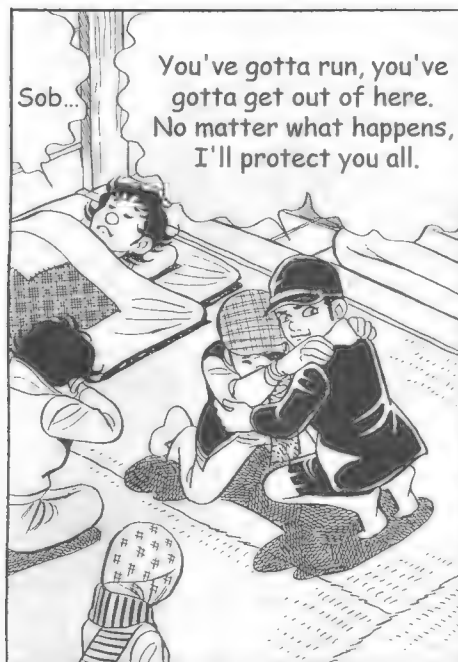




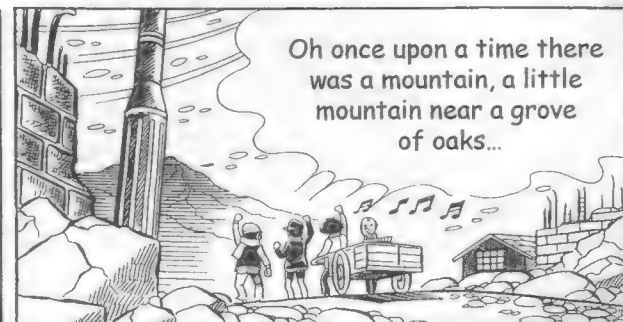




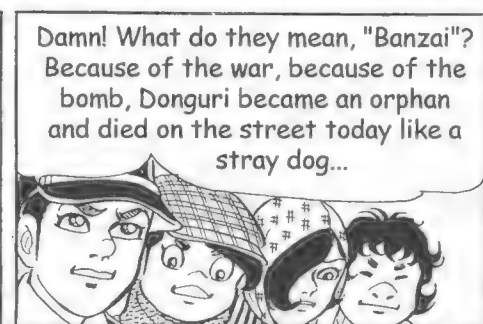
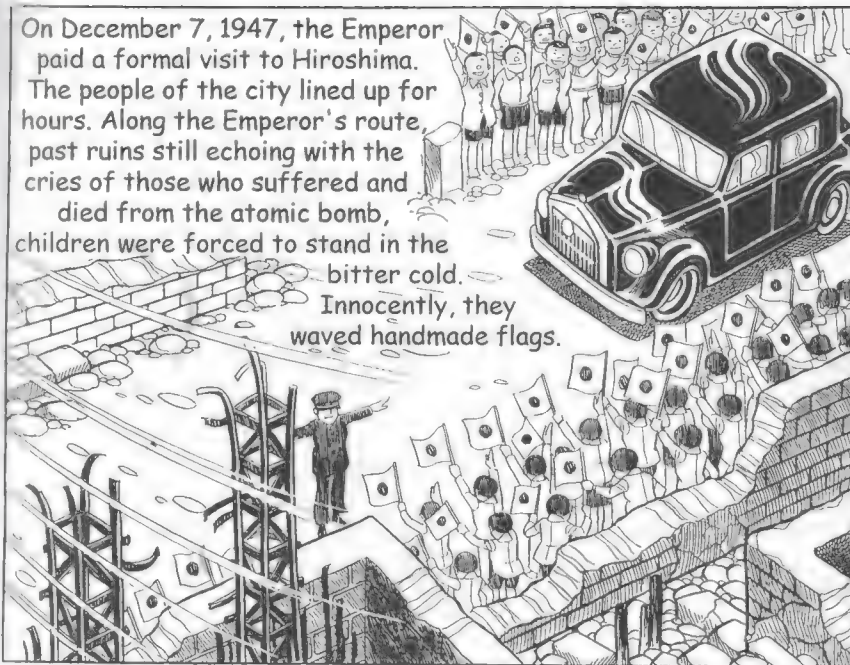
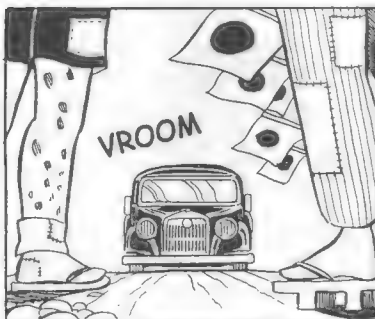
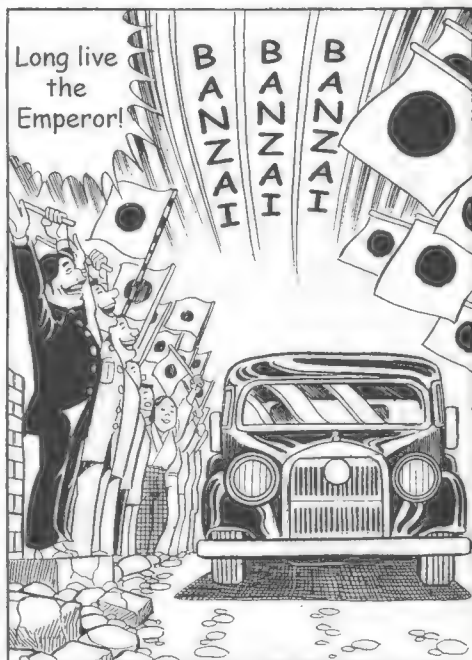
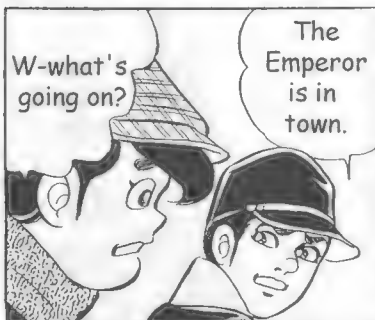




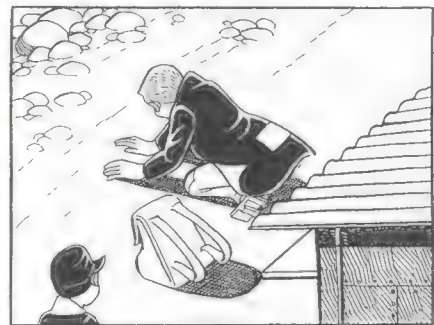
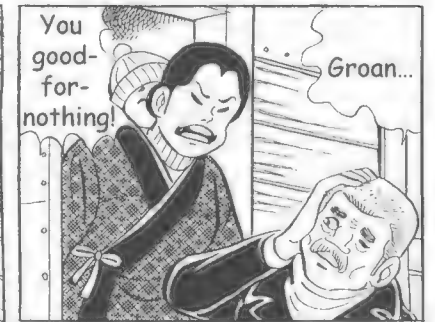
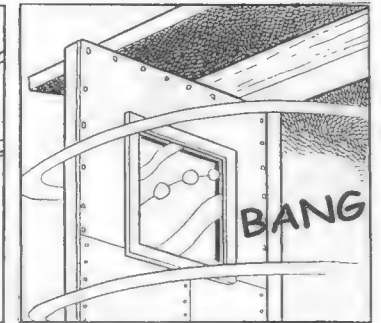
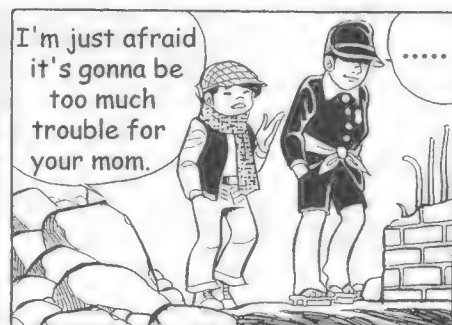
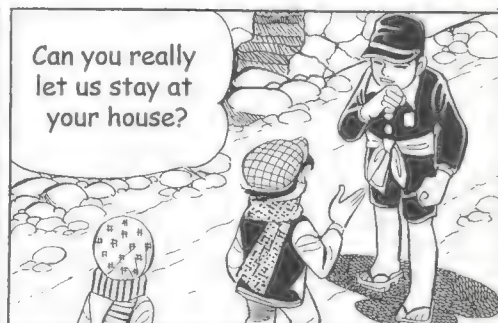
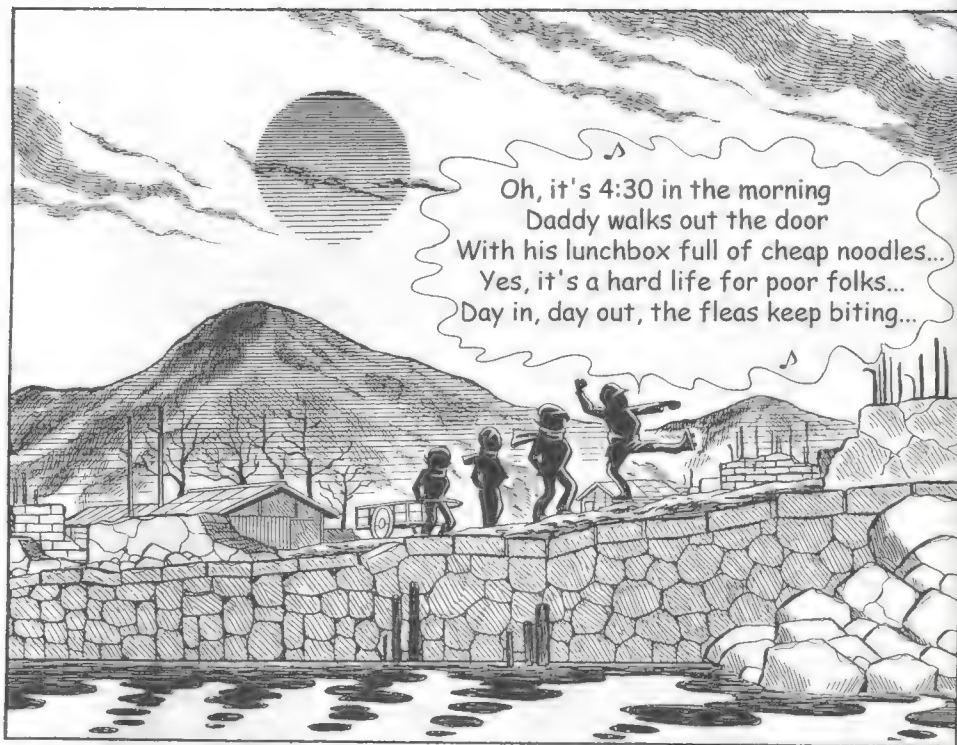
Sign: Donguri's Grave



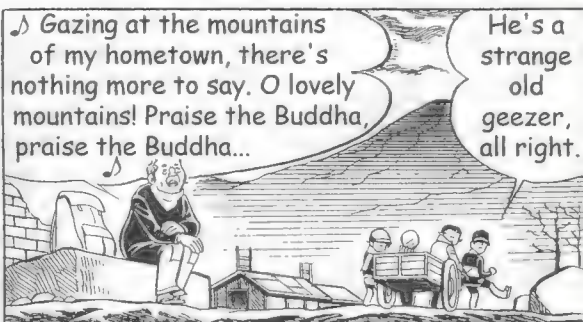
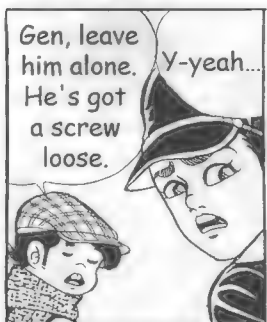
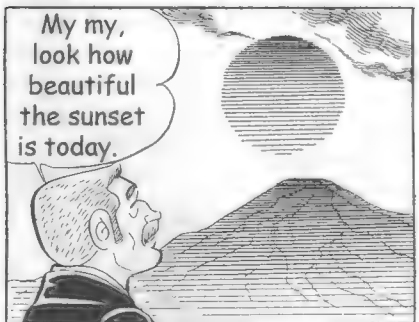
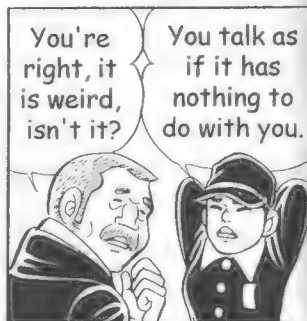
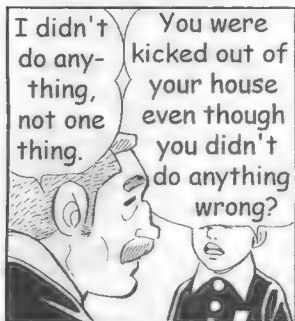




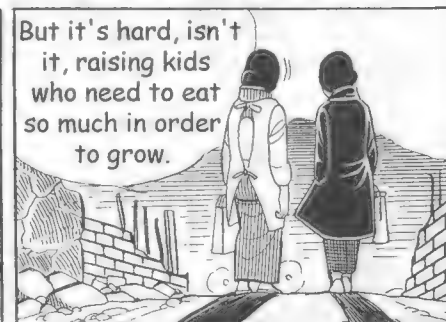
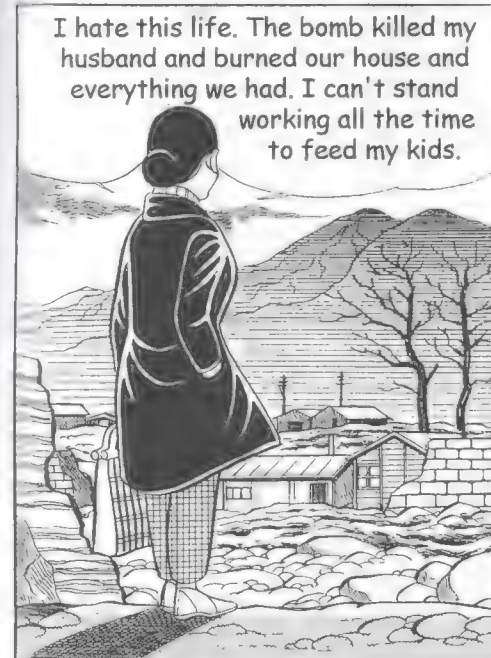
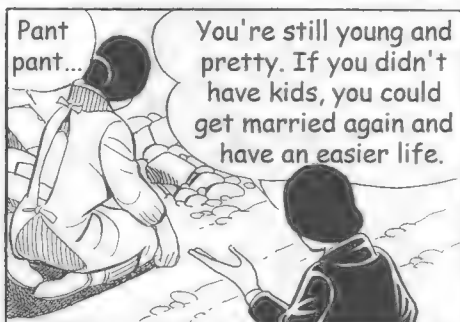




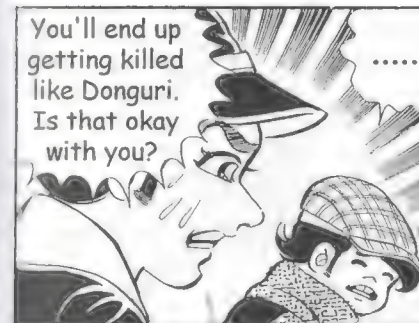
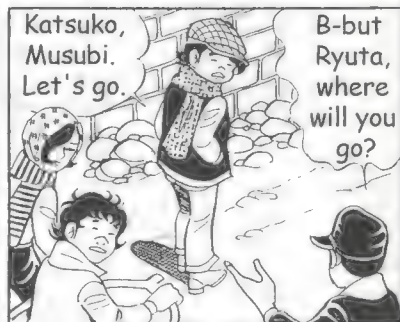








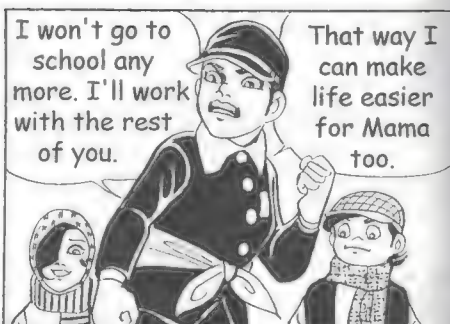






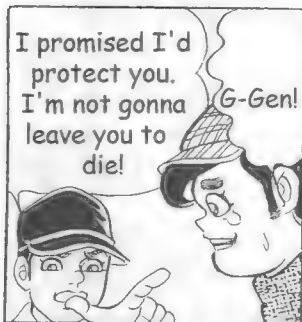


We can all make money by shining shoes or whatever work we can find.



I won't go to school any more. I'll work with the rest of you.

That way I can make life easier for Mama too.



I promised I'd protect you. I'm not gonna leave you to die!

G-Gen!



Ryuta, Katsuko, Musubi! Let's do it! Let's make our own life!

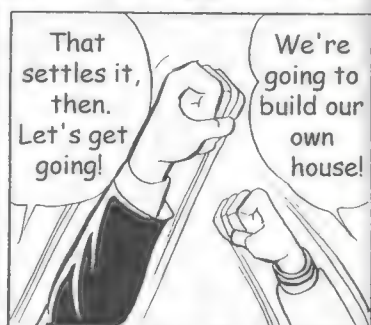
We'll work hard and make our lives better together.



Th-thanks, Gen. Count me in.

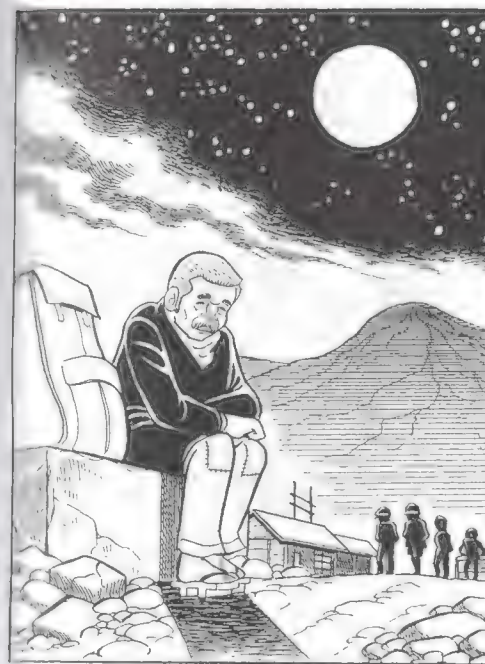
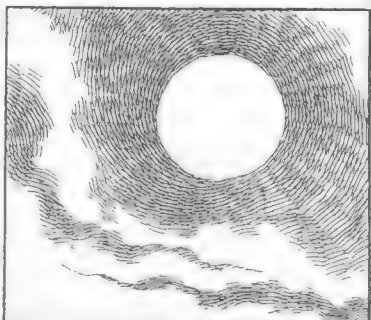
Me, too, Gen!

Me, too!



That settles it, then. Let's get going!

We're going to build our own house!

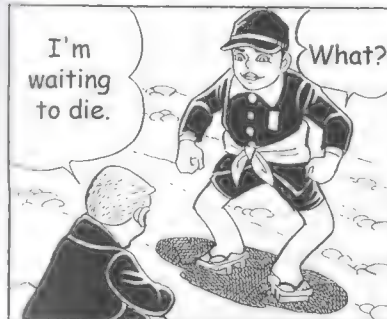


Look! That old guy is still sitting there.



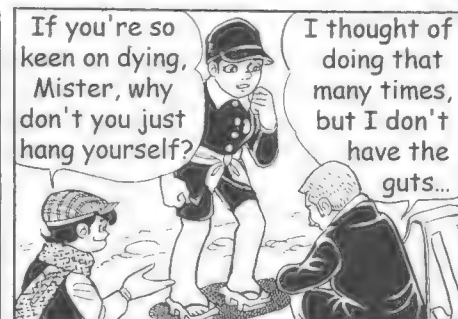
Hey, Mister! If you keep sitting there forever you're gonna catch cold and die.

Uh-huh...



I'm waiting to die.

What?!



If you're so keen on dying, Mister, why don't you just hang yourself?

I thought of doing that many times, but I don't have the guts...



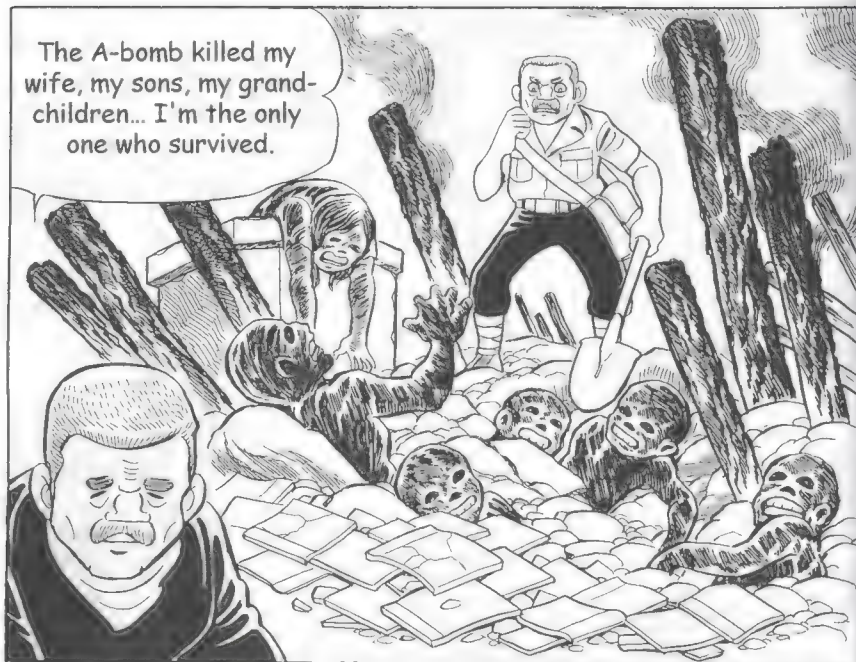
Dying is hard too, you know.



Why are you so eager to die?

There's no one simple reason.

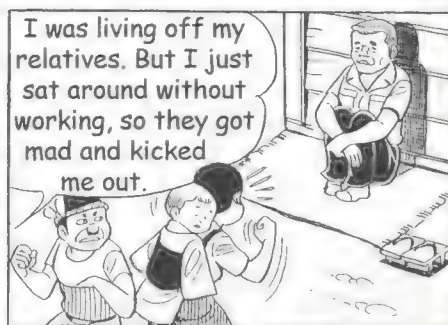




The A-bomb killed my wife, my sons, my grandchildren... I'm the only one who survived.



Ever since the bomb fell, I haven't felt like doing anything.

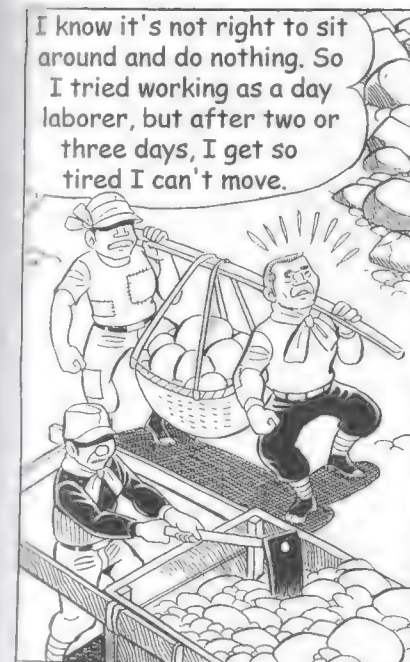


I was living off my relatives. But I just sat around without working, so they got mad and kicked me out.

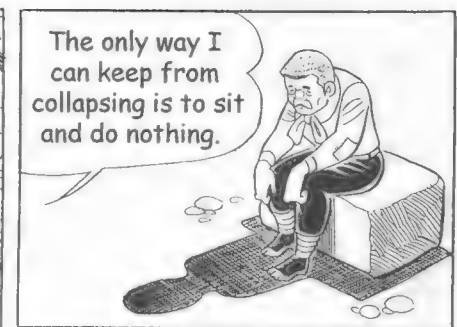


I've just been drifting from place to place.

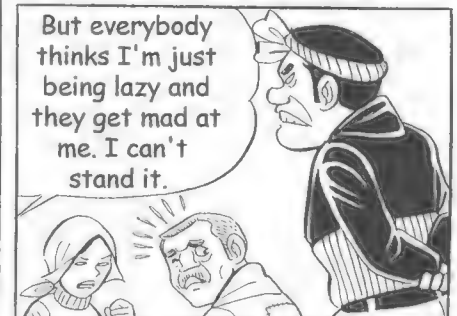
So that's why you got kicked out earlier today, huh?



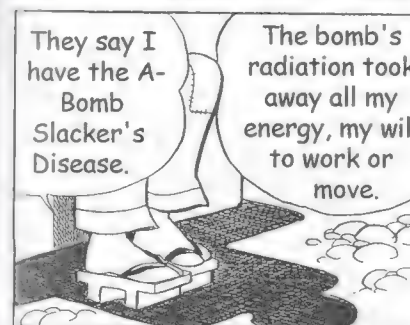
I know it's not right to sit around and do nothing. So I tried working as a day laborer, but after two or three days, I get so tired I can't move.



The only way I can keep from collapsing is to sit and do nothing.

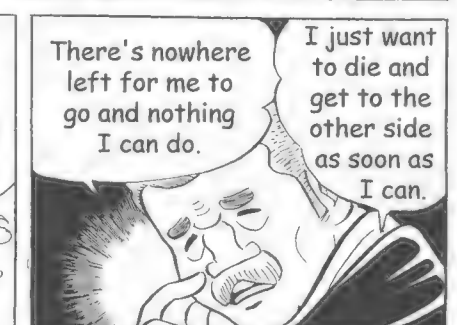


But everybody thinks I'm just being lazy and they get mad at me. I can't stand it.



They say I have the A-Bomb Slacker's Disease.

The bomb's radiation took away all my energy, my will to work or move.



There's nowhere left for me to go and nothing I can do.

I just want to die and get to the other side as soon as I can.



Why can't I die?

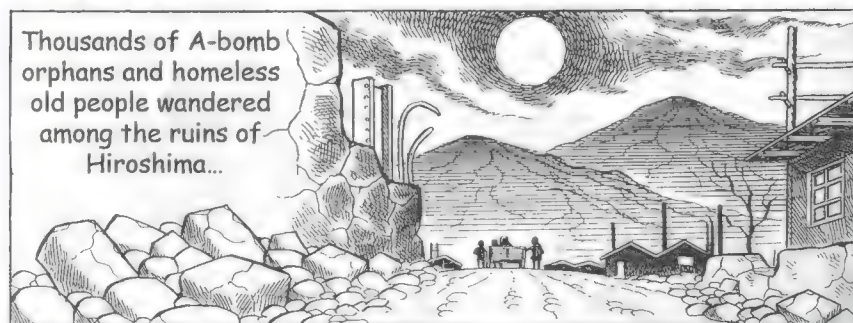
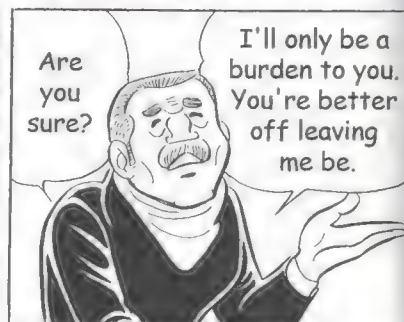
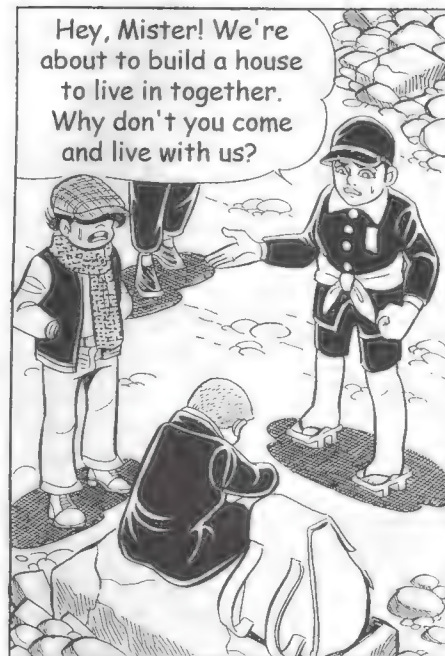
All my friends have dropped like flies from the radiation... why not me?



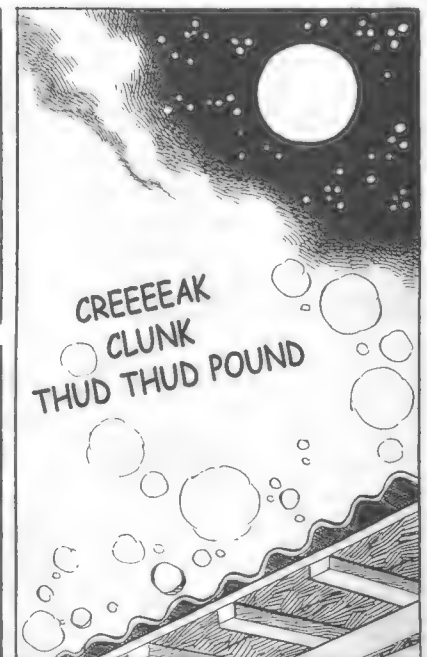
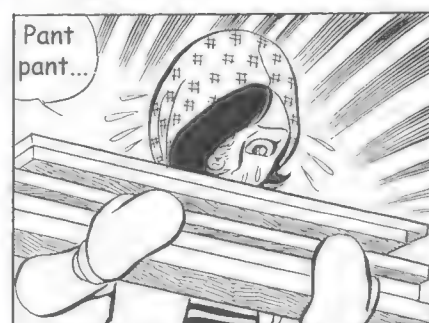
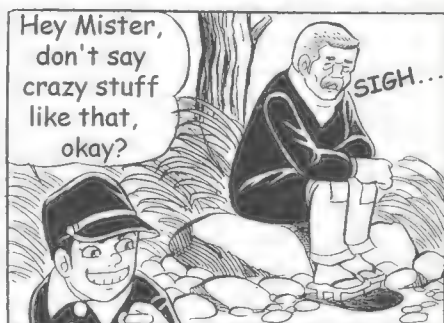
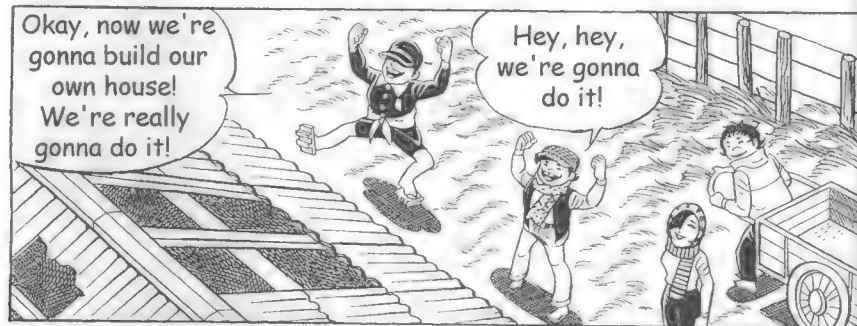
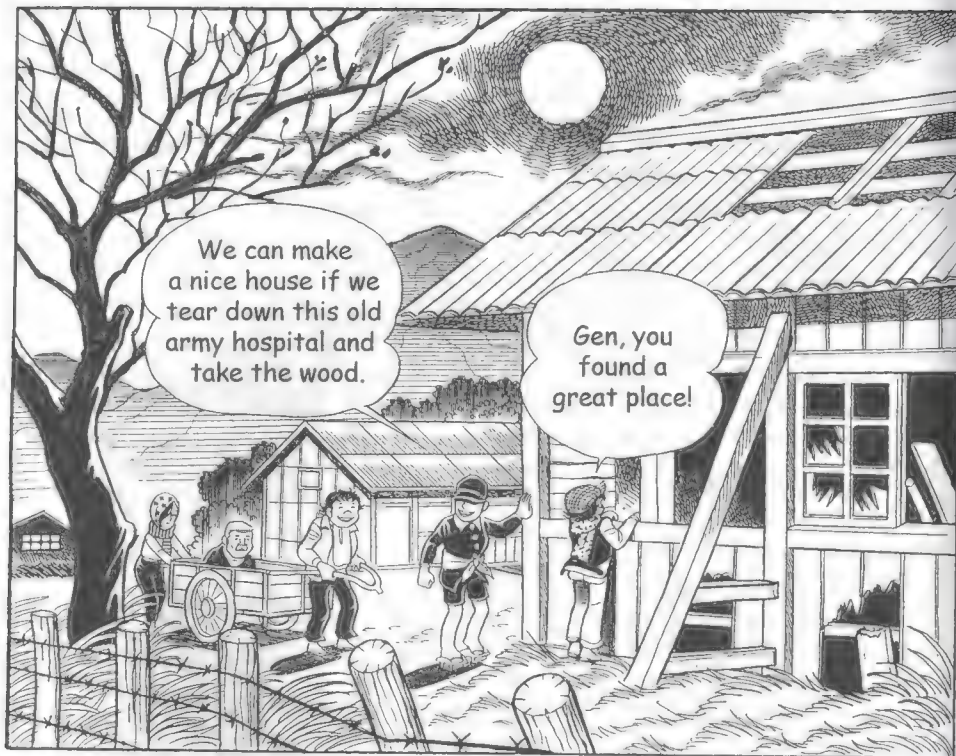
.....

.....

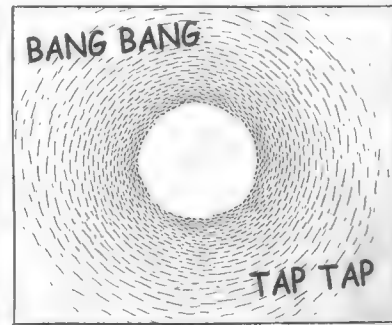
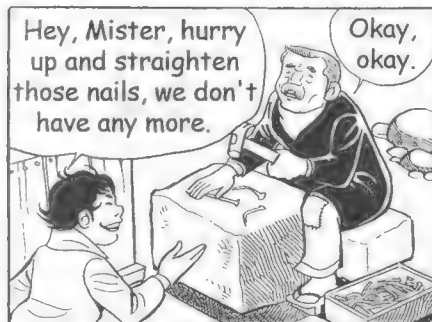
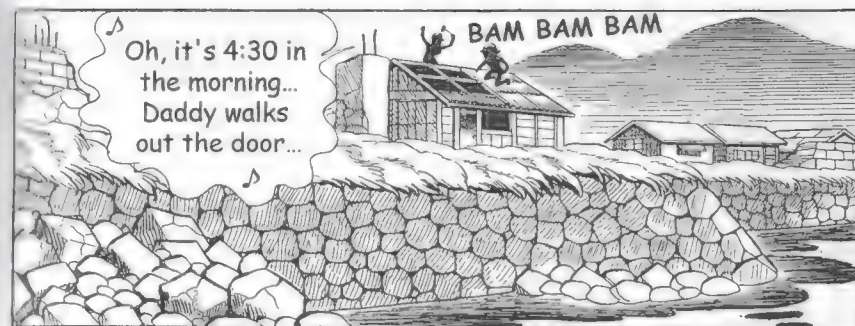
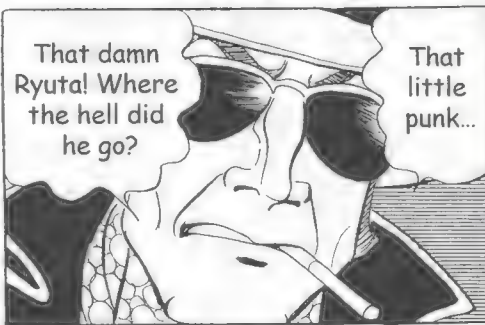
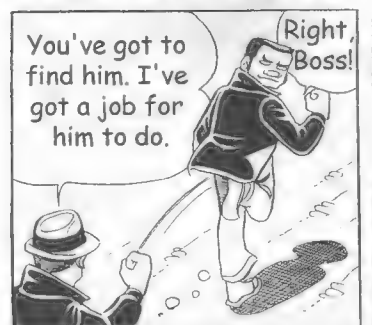
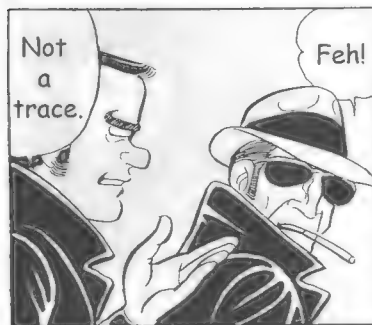




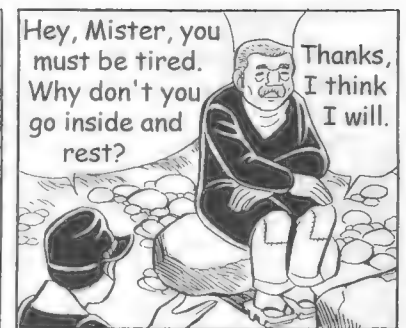




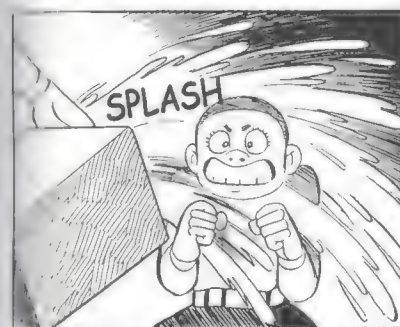
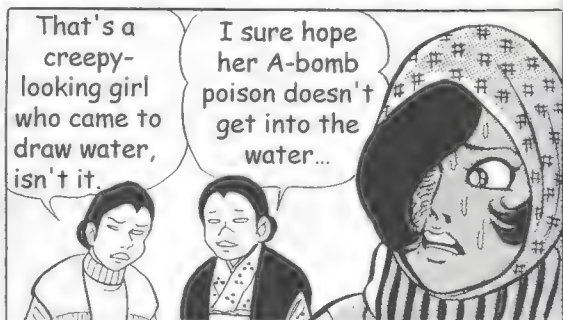
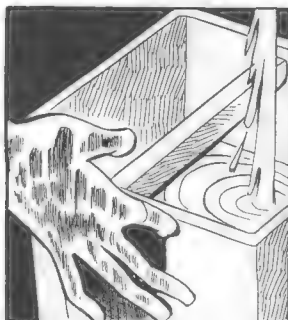












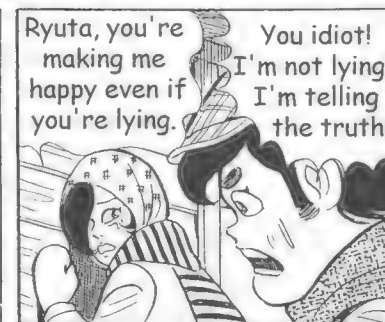
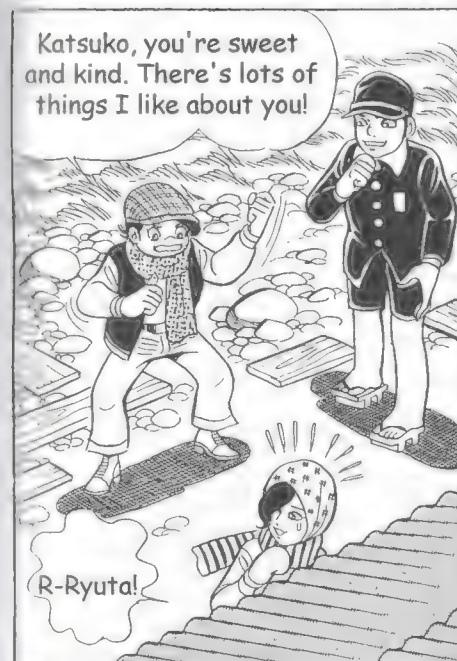
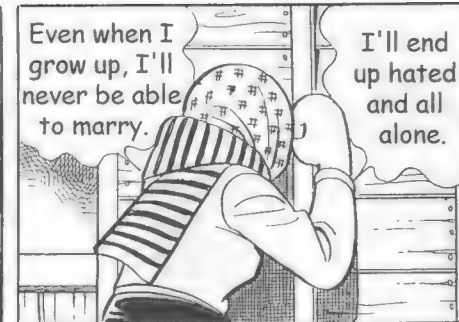
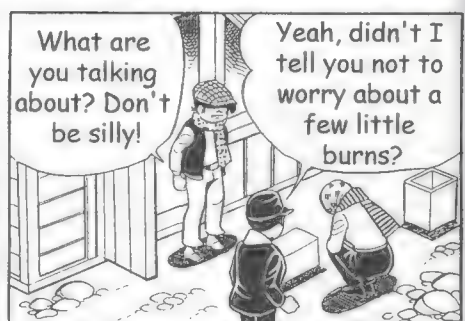




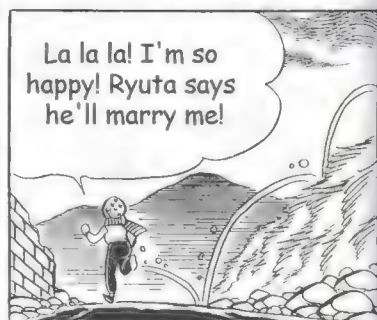
What's wrong, Katsuko?



Katsuko! Did they call you names again?



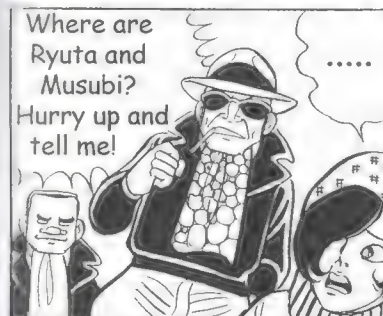
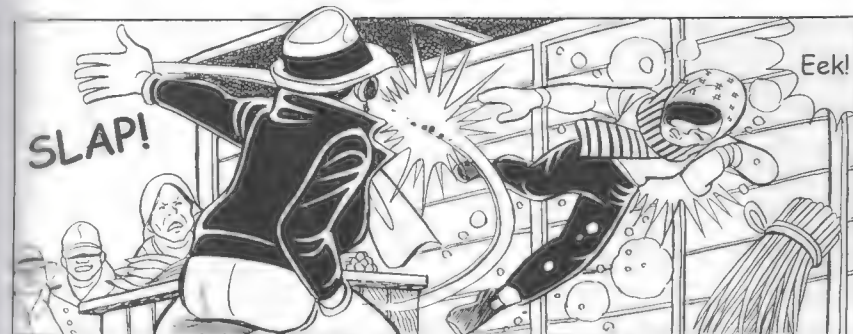
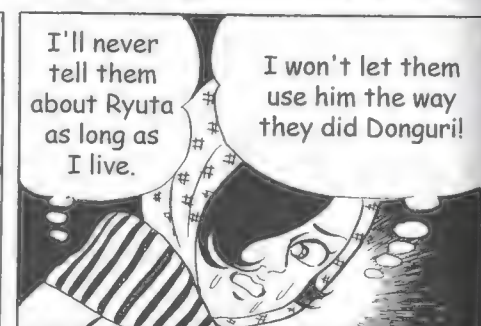
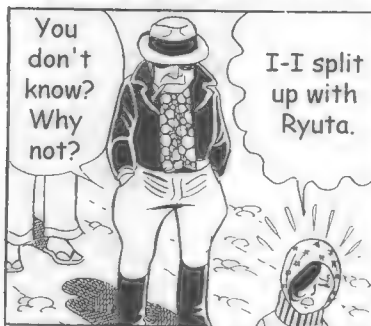




Signs: Fresh Fish, Work Gloves, Sun Cinema, Matoba Market



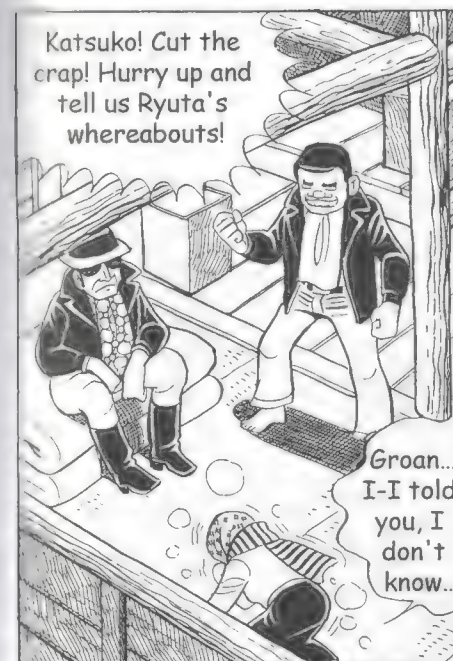




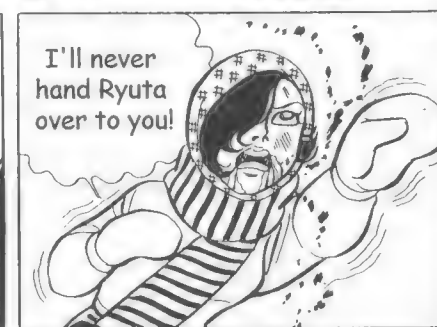
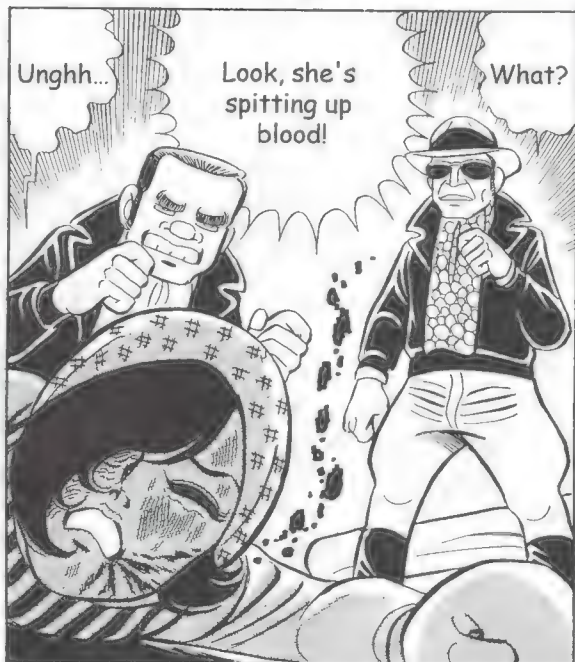




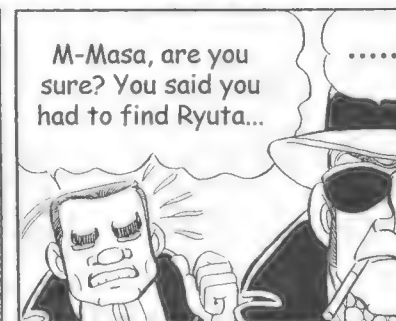
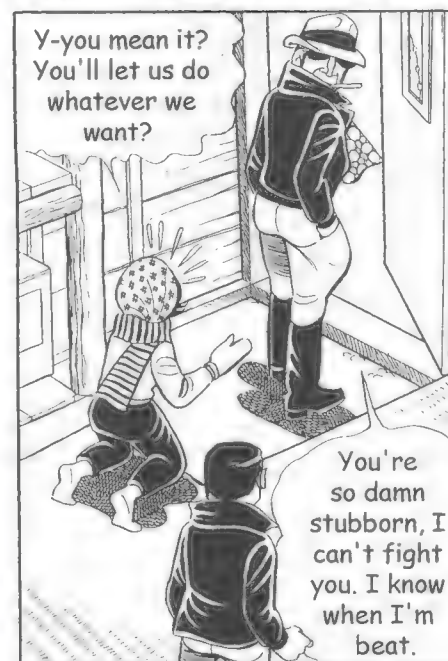
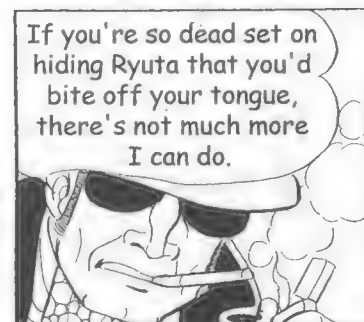
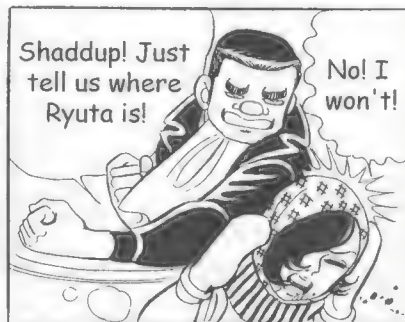
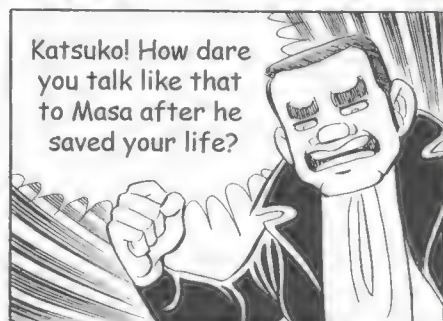
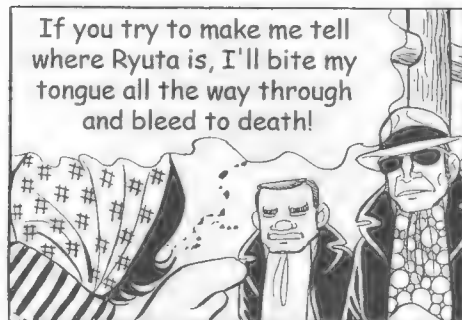
Bomb Bar



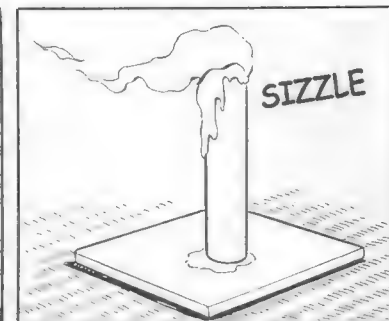
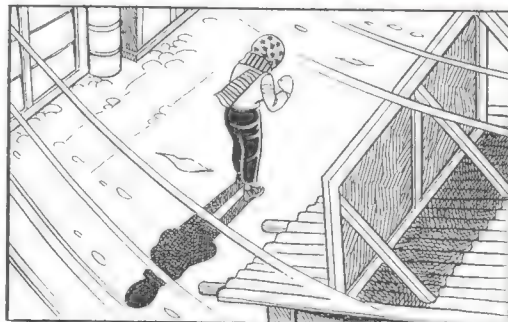




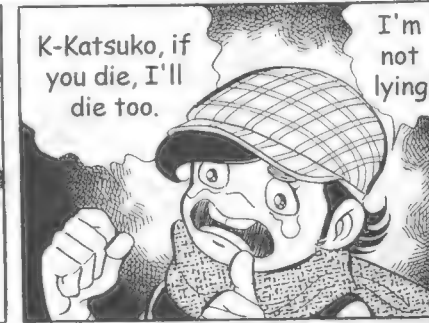
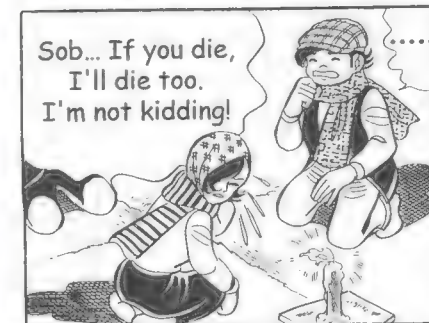
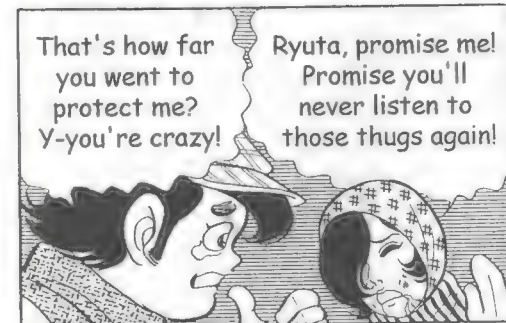
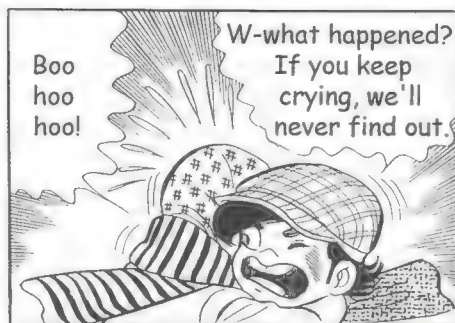
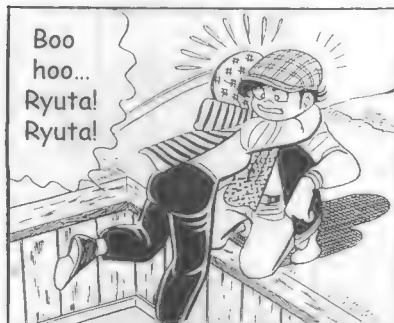




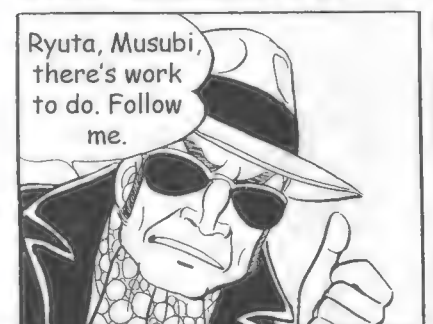
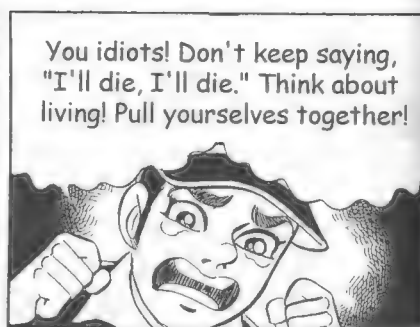




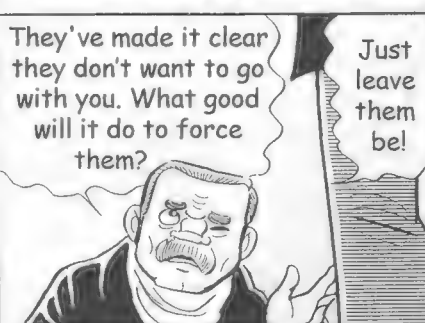
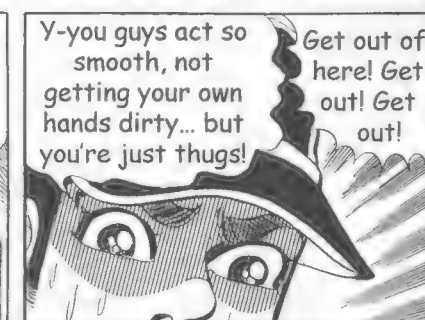
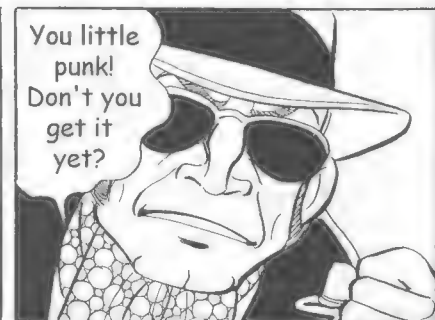




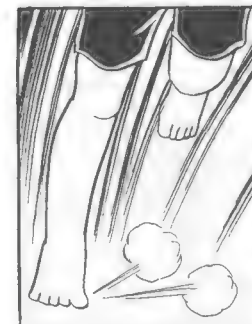
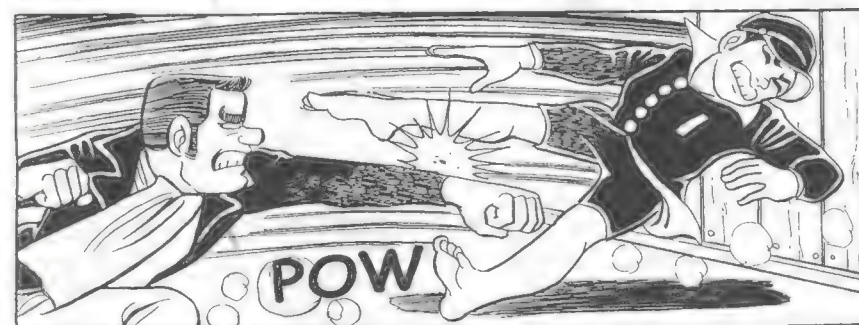
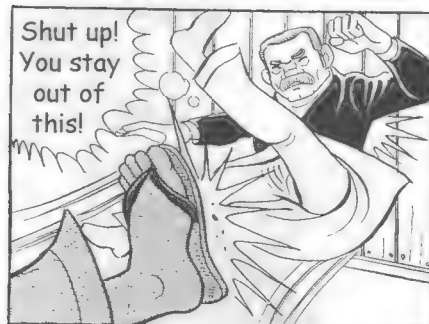
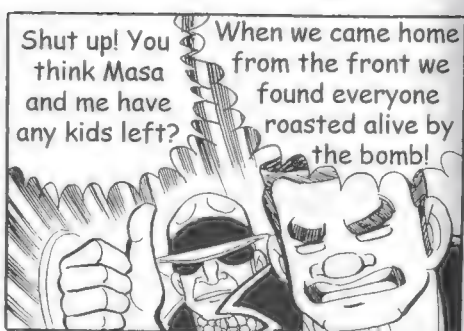
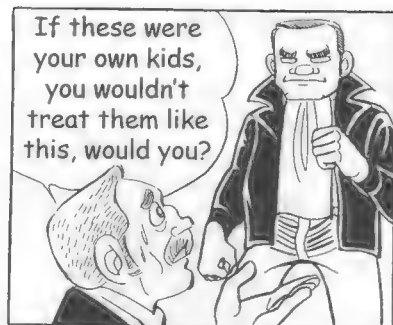




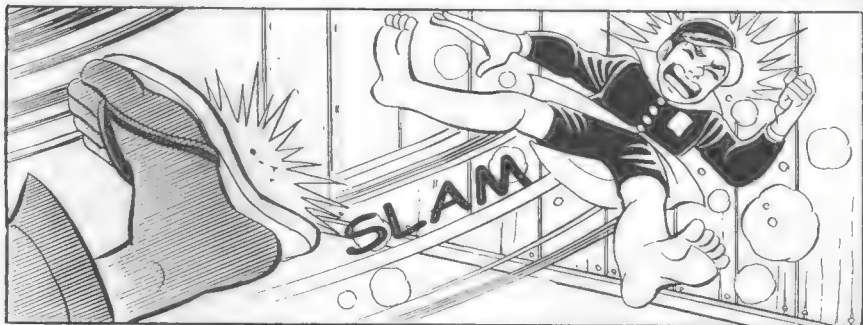












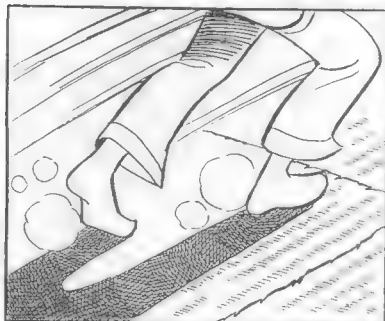




Y-you bastards!



Damn you!



Whoa!

Ack!

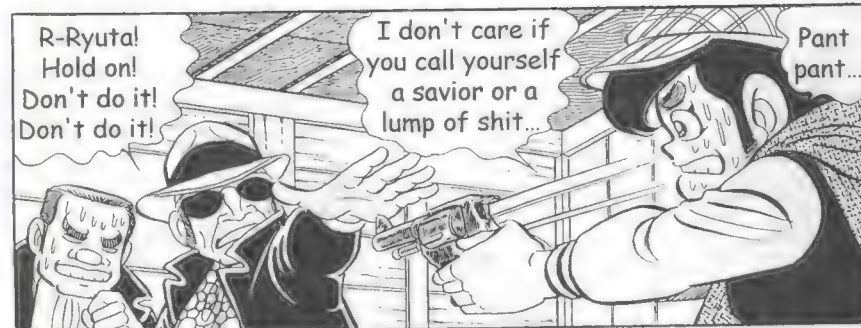


N-now you've done it, Masa.

Now I'm mad!



A-are you planning to shoot me -- the one who saved you?!



R-Ryuta! Hold on! Don't do it! Don't do it!

I don't care if you call yourself a savior or a lump of shit...

Pant pant...



We told you we don't want to go back.



Gulp!!



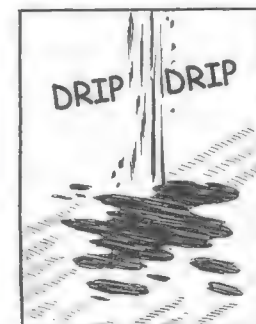
Why don't you get it?!

BANG



Gasp!

Urk!



DRIP DRIP



B-Boss...!



Unnhh... M-my shoulder!





Urk!!

I'll kill you too!



We're just trying to get on as best we can.

Don't bother us! Stay away!



R-Ryuta! You're right! I'm s-sorry.

S-stop! Please stop!

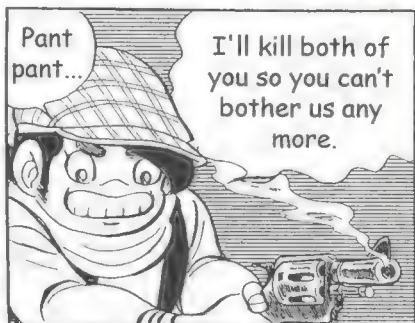


**BANG**

You idiot!



Gaspl!

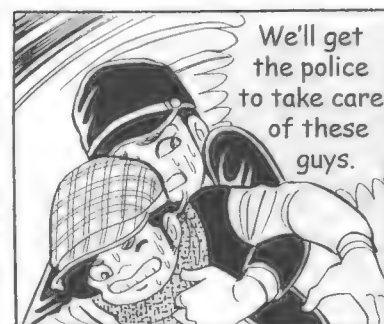


Pant pant...

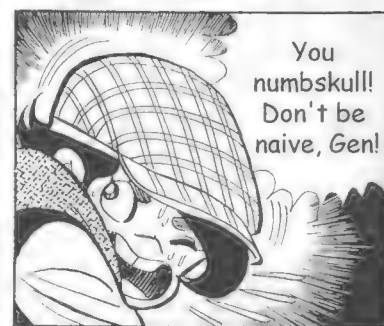
I'll kill both of you so you can't bother us any more.



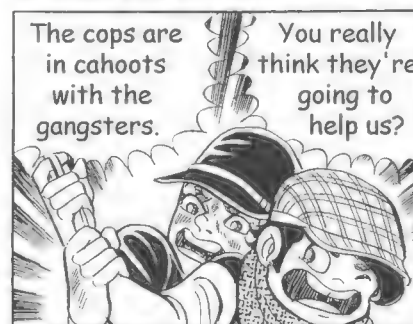
Stop it, Ryuta!



We'll get the police to take care of these guys.

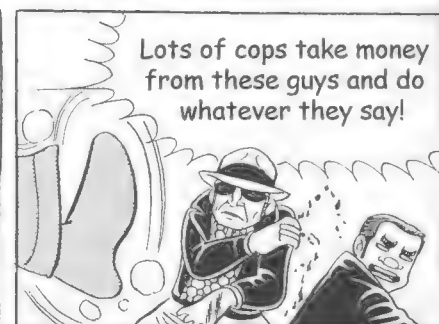


You numbskull! Don't be naive, Gen!



The cops are in cahoots with the gangsters.

You really think they're going to help us?



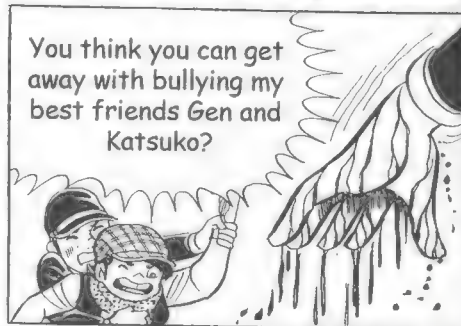
Lots of cops take money from these guys and do whatever they say!



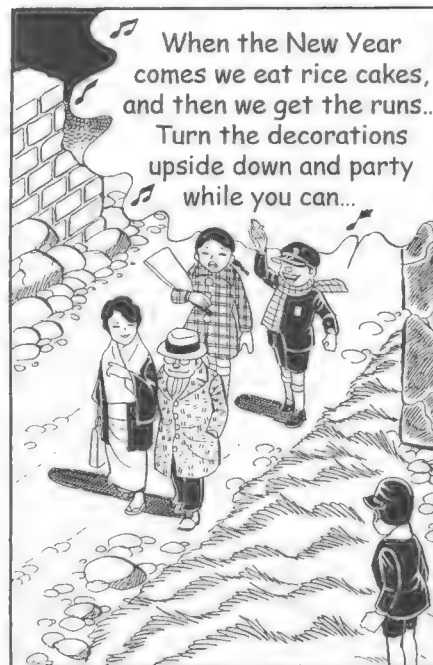
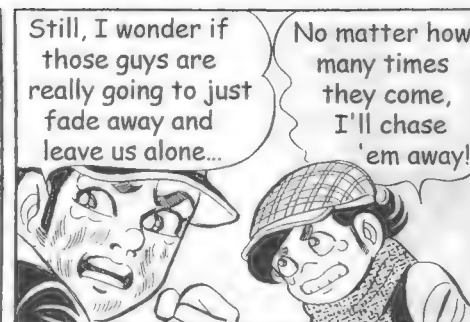
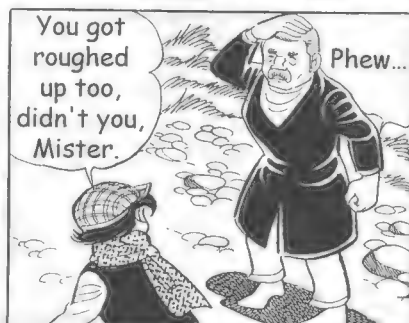
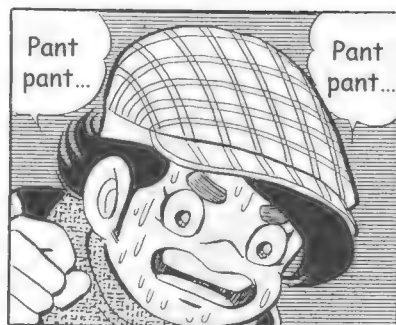
The police use the gangsters to help them keep order.

You think you can trust them? Believe me, I know how it really works...

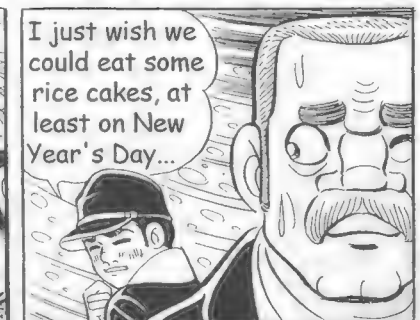
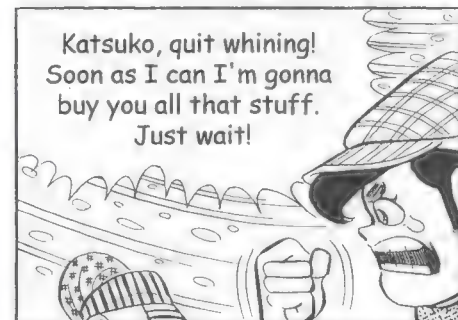
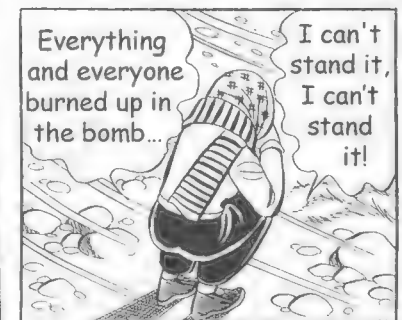
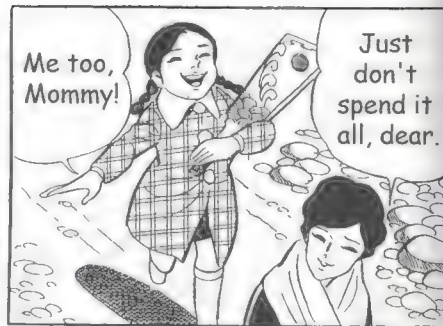




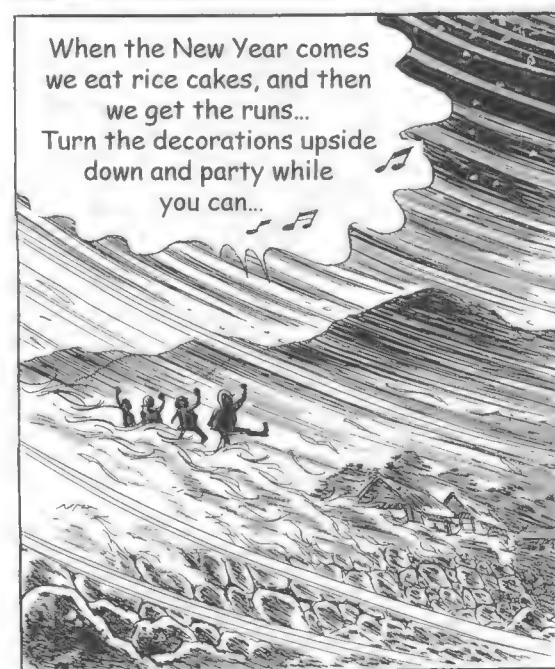
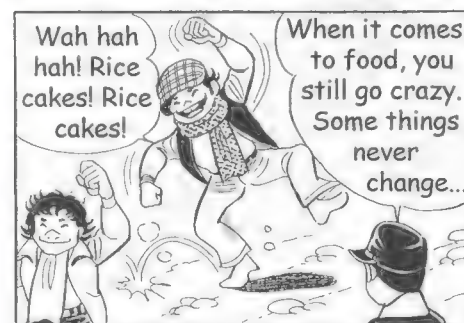
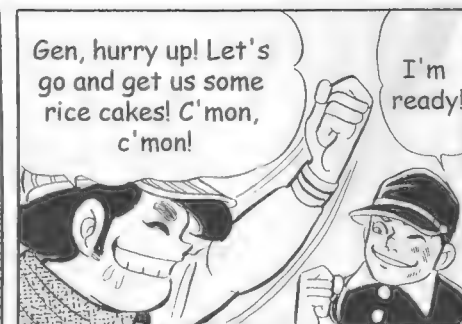
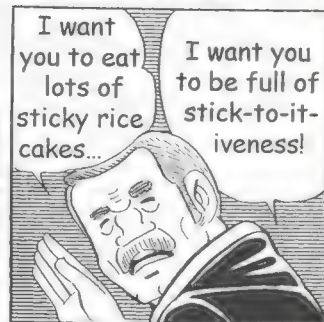
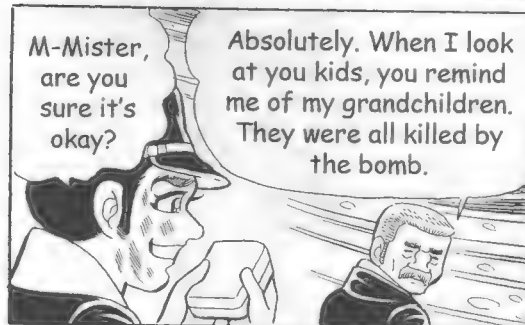
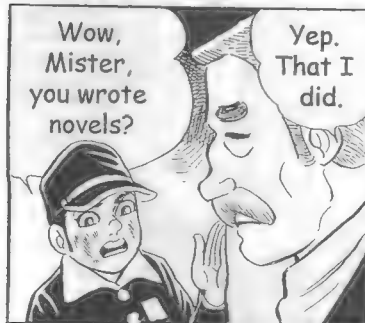
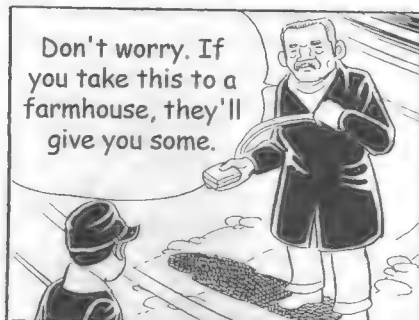
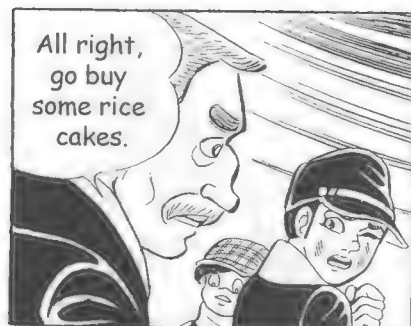




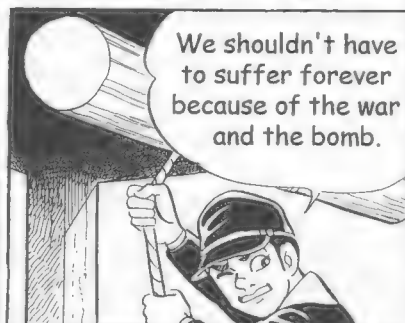
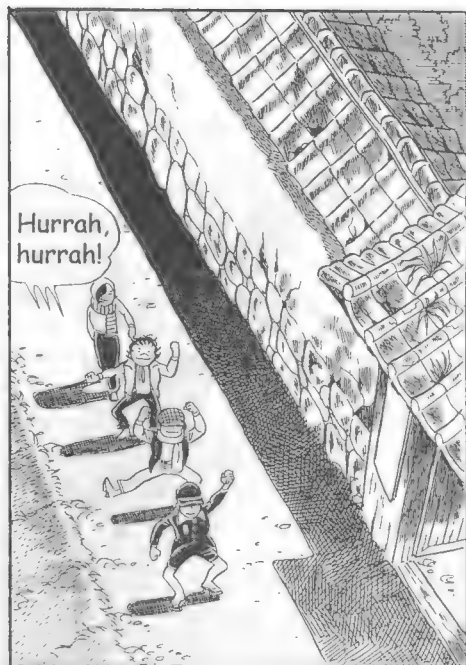




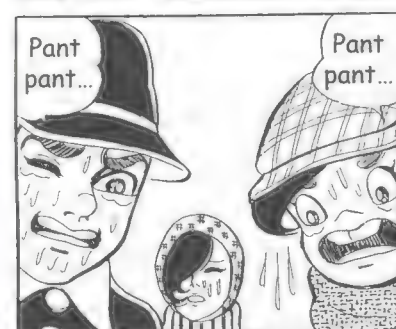
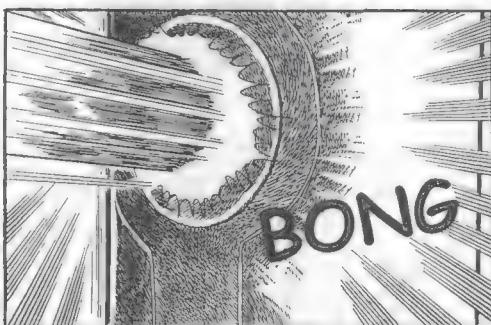




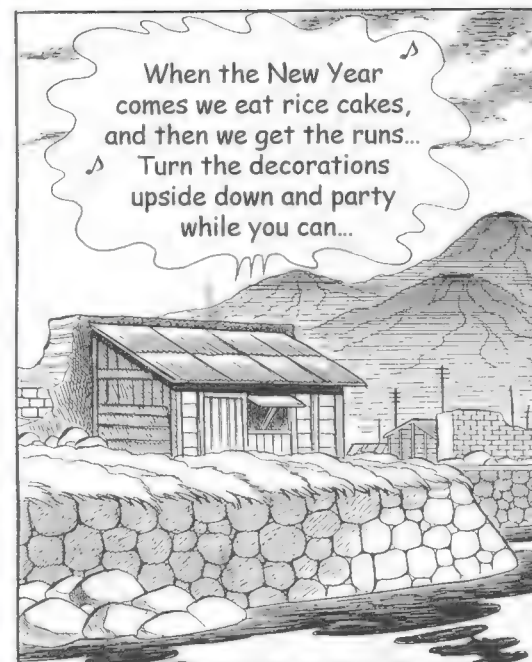
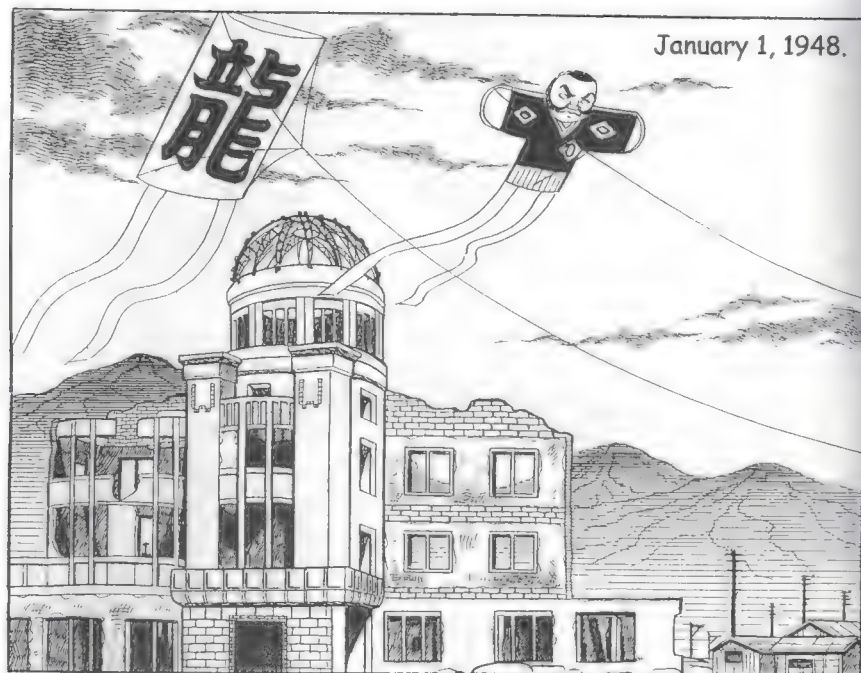












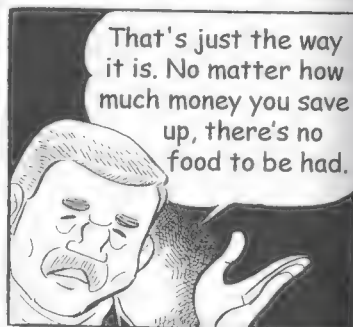




Still, that farmer was really stingy. He only gave us 20 cakes for that pure gold!



And he acted like he was the king of the world! What a jerk.



That's just the way it is. No matter how much money you save up, there's no food to be had.

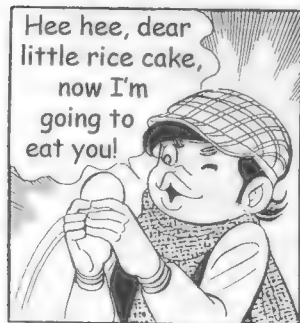


The way things are today, whoever's got the food is king...

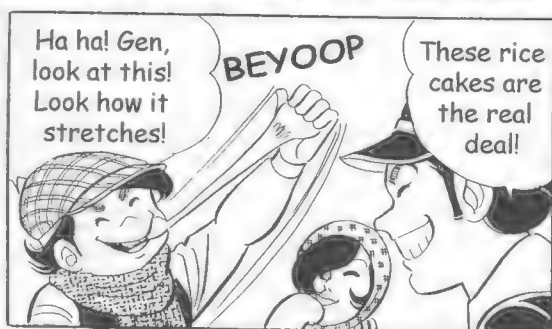


Okay, hurry up and eat.

Yeah! We each get four pieces!



Hee hee, dear little rice cake, now I'm going to eat you!



Ha ha! Gen, look at this! Look how it stretches!

BEYOOP

These rice cakes are the real deal!



Whoa! This is so good! I'm just happy to be alive!



Gulp.



Gen, why aren't you eating?

Um, I'm going to take mine home.



My mother has had nothing but hard times.

The least I can do is let her eat a few rice cakes and get a taste of New Year's.



Don't worry about me, go ahead and enjoy.

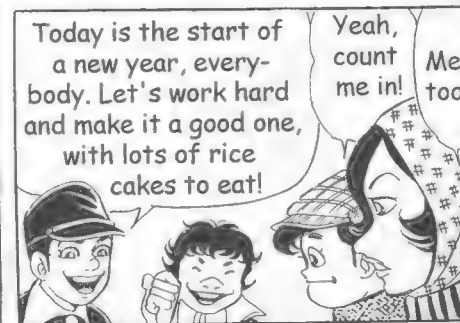
Gen, you really are a good guy, aren't you?



If my mom was alive, I'd give her rice cakes too...



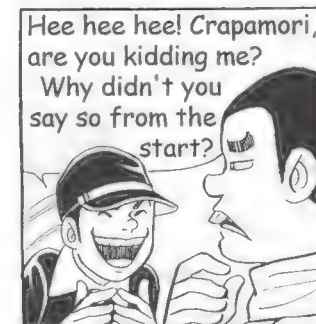
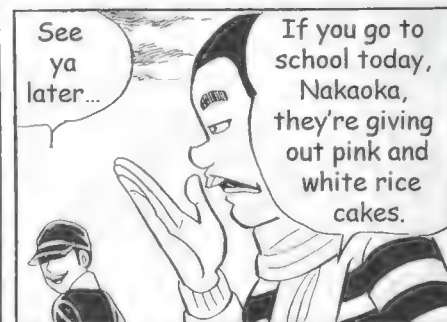
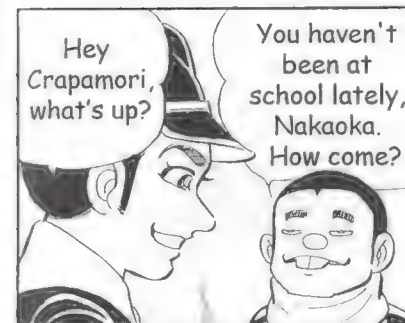
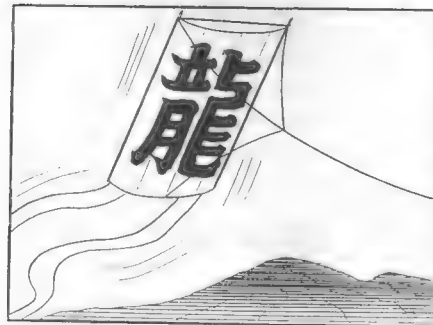
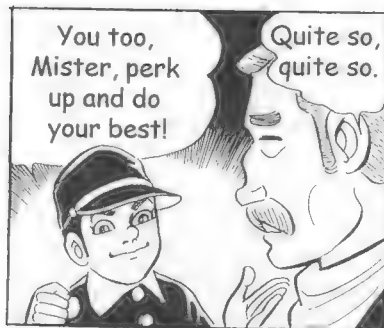
Hey, I'm sorry... I shouldn't have said anything.



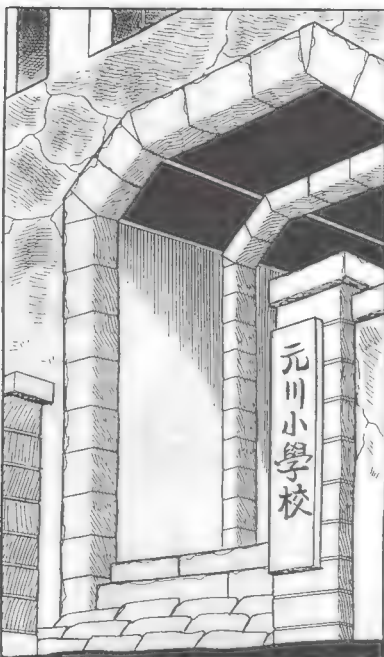
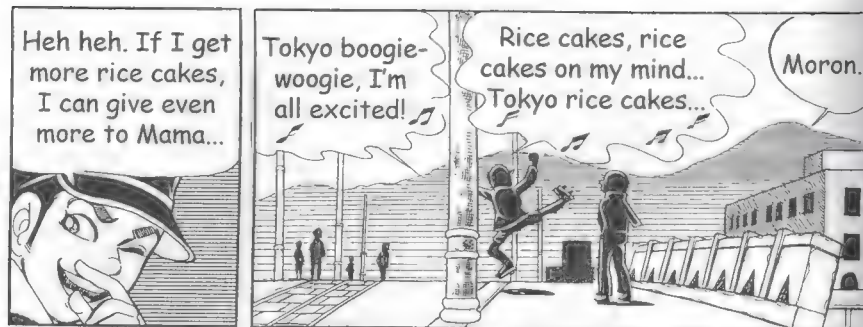
Today is the start of a new year, everybody. Let's work hard and make it a good one, with lots of rice cakes to eat!

Yeah, count me in! Me too!

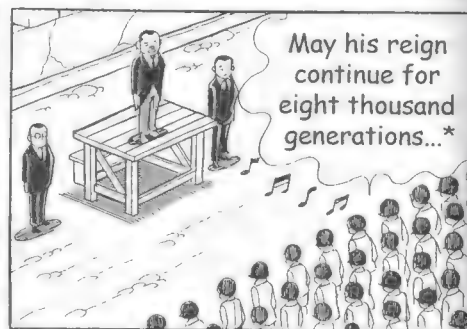




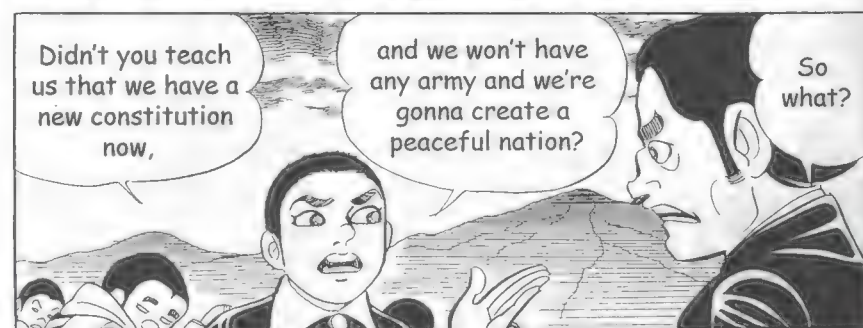
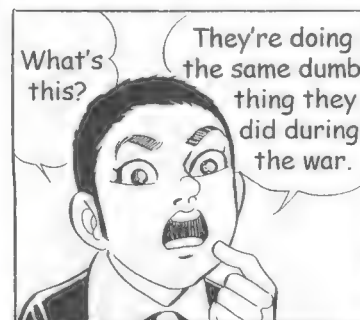
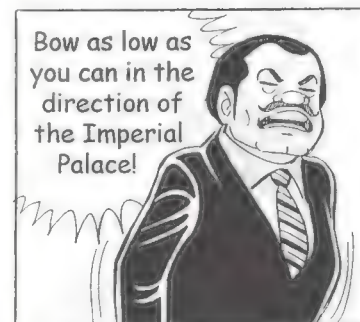




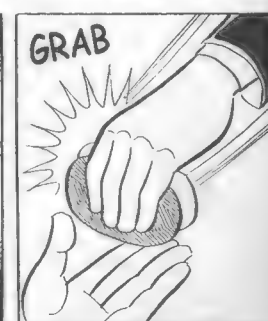
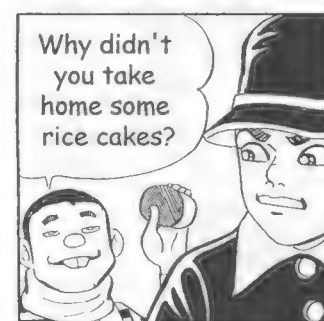
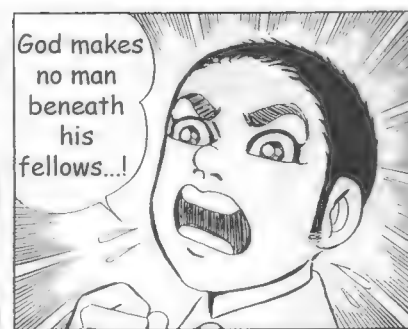
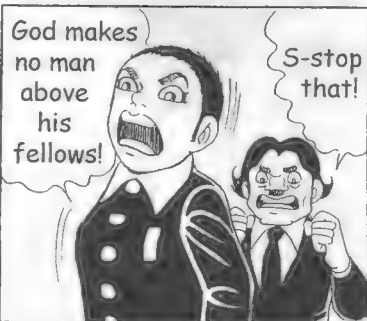
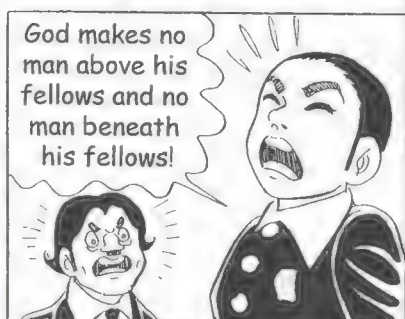
Sign: Motokawa Primary School



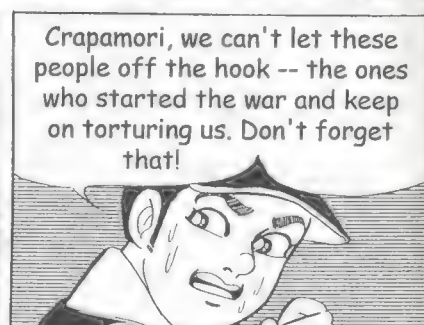
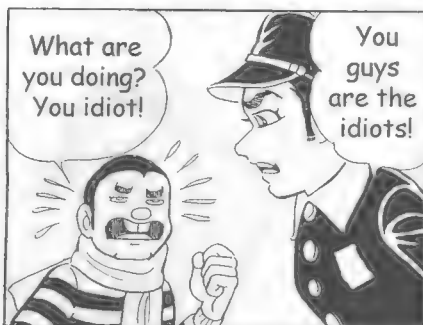
\* Japanese national anthem











Sign: We are disabled veterans in dire need. Please contribute to our rehabilitation.  
Box: Rehabilitation Funds



Sign: Tokaichi Tools



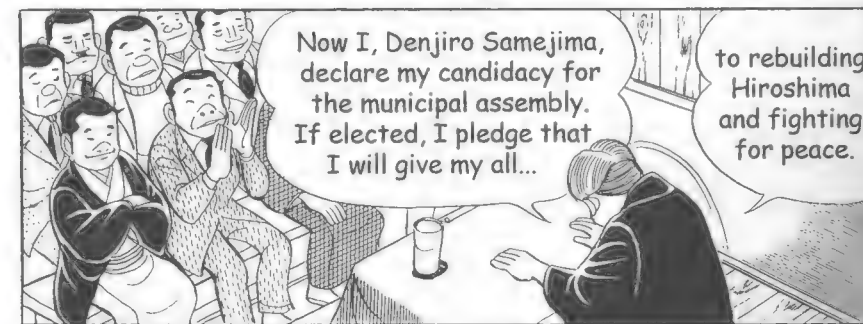
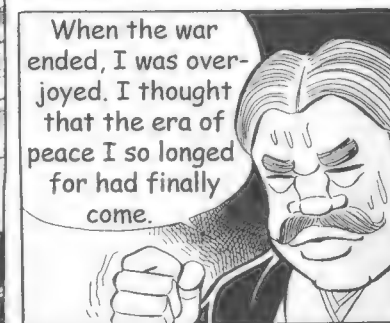
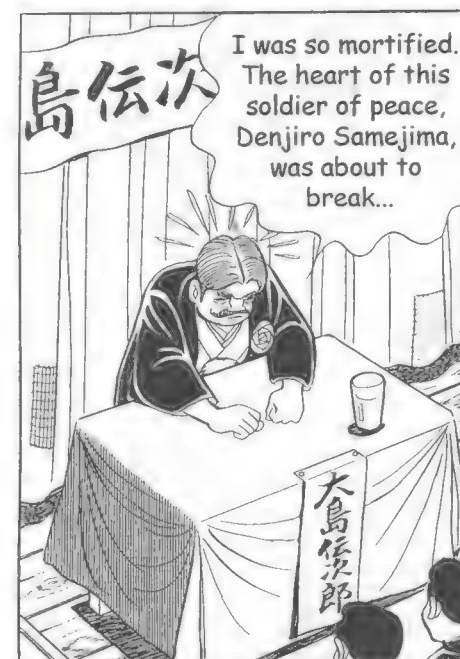
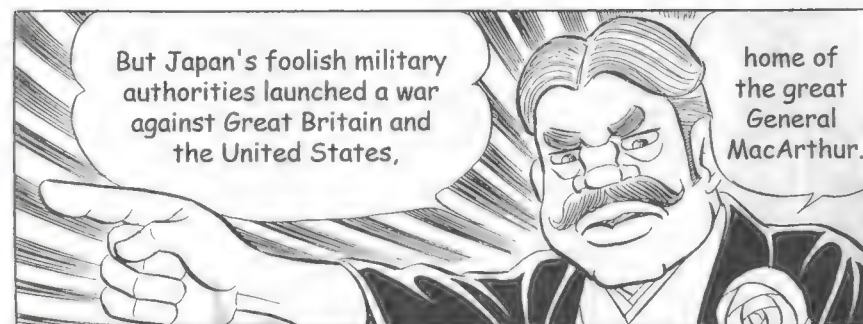
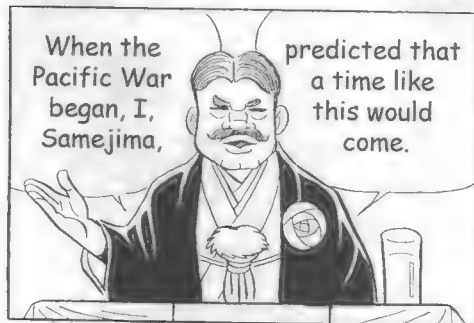
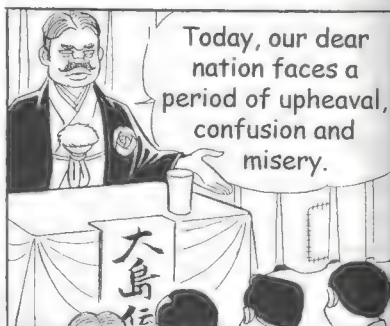
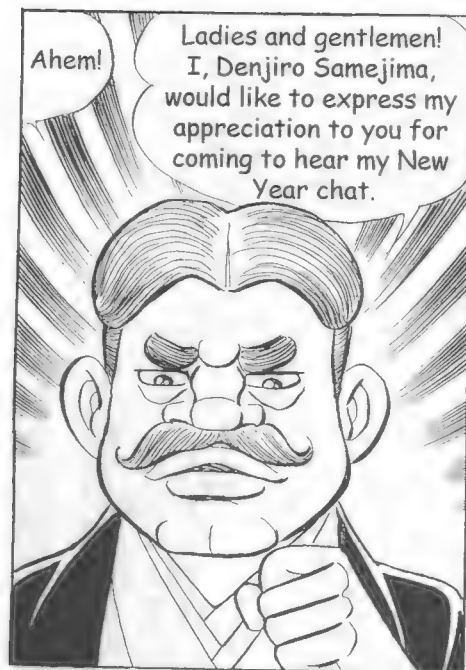
Sign: Tokaichi Motors



Sign: New Year Chat with Denjiro Samejima, Chairman, Local Merchants Association and Youth Education Society

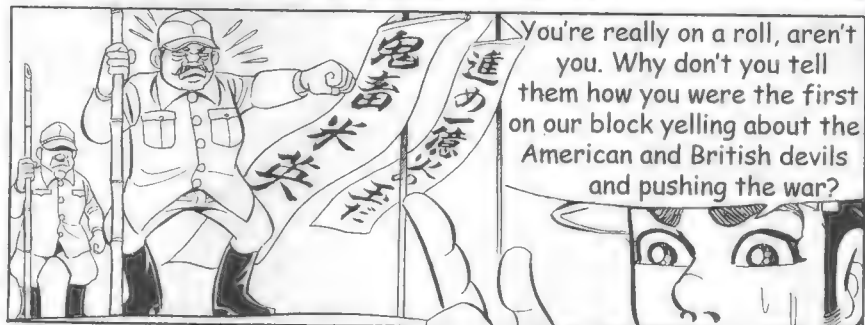
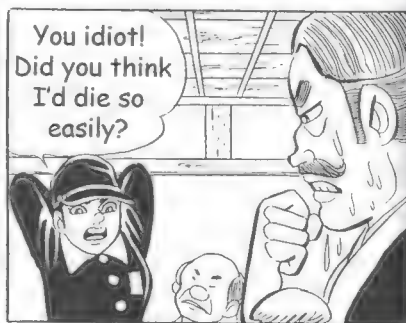
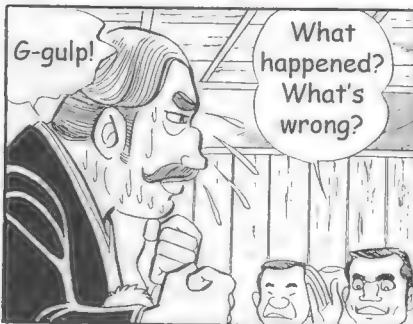




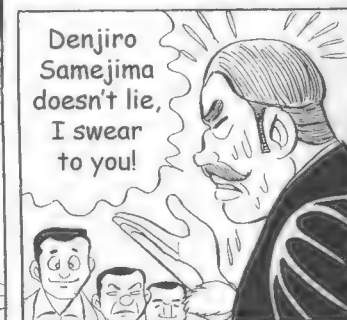
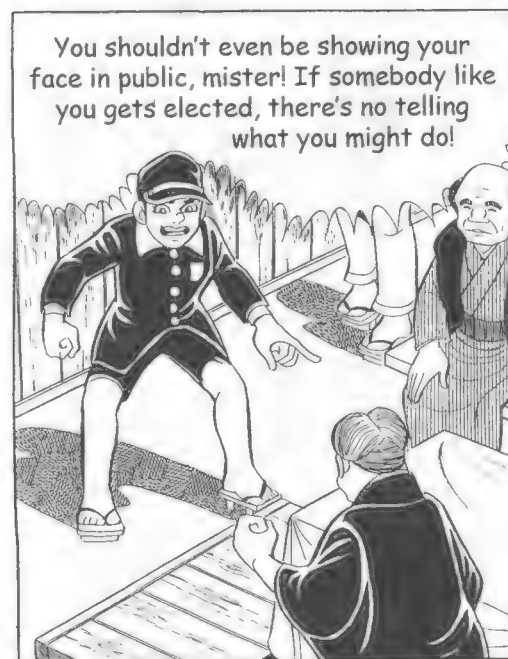
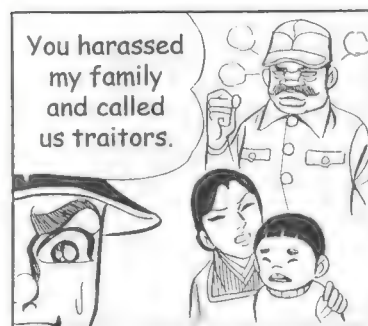


to rebuilding  
Hiroshima  
and fighting  
for peace.

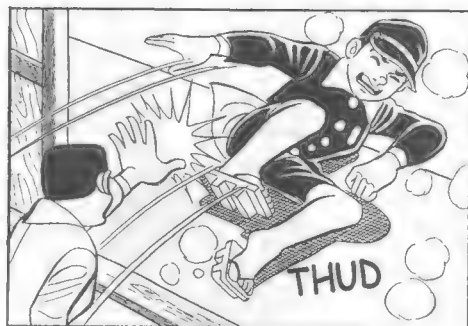




You're really on a roll, aren't you. Why don't you tell them how you were the first on our block yelling about the American and British devils and pushing the war?







I'm going to be watching you, Mister Chairman!

Don't you ever forget it!



Damn! That guy really has some nerve!



You're absolutely right.



He took over my shop.

Huh? How come?



I borrowed some money from him and I was behind in my payments. So he sent

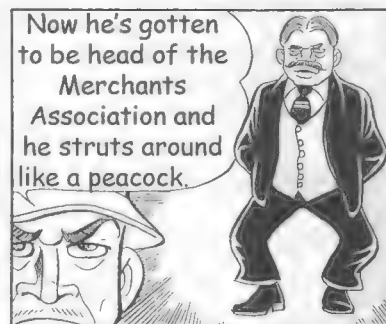
some gangsters to take my shop by force. That Samejima really plays dirty!



After Japan lost the war, he stole clothes and food from the military warehouses.



He made a killing in the black market.



Now he's gotten to be head of the Merchants Association and he struts around like a peacock.



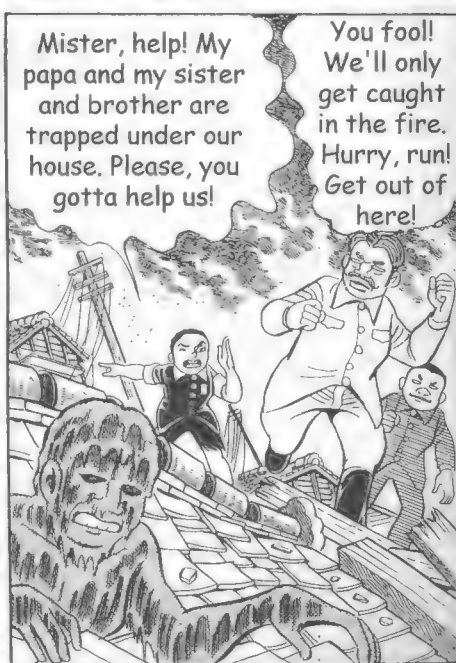
Hmph. That doesn't surprise me.



Jerks like him really make my blood boil.



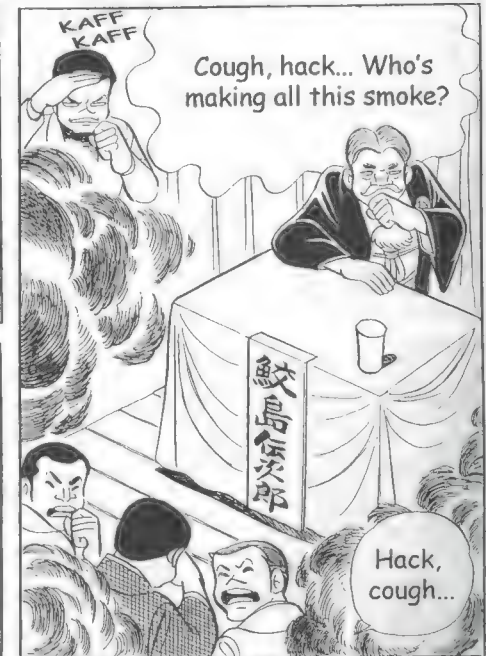
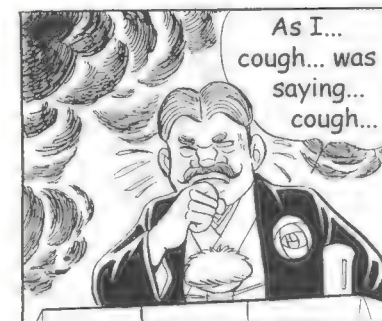
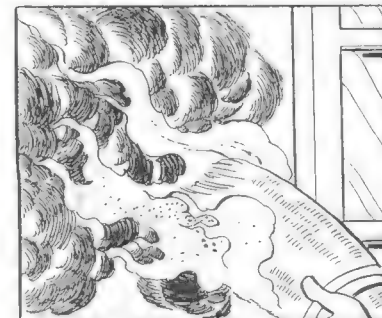
And to think I saved his life when the bomb fell!



Mister, help! My papa and my sister and brother are trapped under our house. Please, you gotta help us!

You fool! We'll only get caught in the fire. Hurry, run! Get out of here!









Gasp,  
wheeze...  
Can't  
breathe!



Ha ha ha!  
Smoked  
the fox  
out of his  
hole!



So  
you're  
behind  
this?!



Everybody, don't  
be fooled by this  
guy's smoke  
screen. Don't let  
him trick you!

Grrr... How far will  
this Nakaoka brat  
go to make trouble  
for me?



Get  
that  
little  
punk!



Hah hah! I'm  
not about to  
let you creeps  
catch me!  
Blockheads!



Hey, Chairman!  
Think about what  
you've done.  
Numbskull!

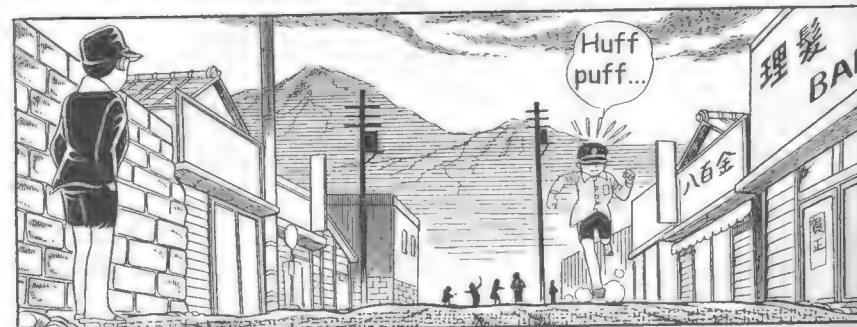
Grrr...



Pant  
pant...



Dammit! I hate seeing  
no-good lowlifes like him  
taking over again! Makes  
me wanna puke!



Huff  
puff...

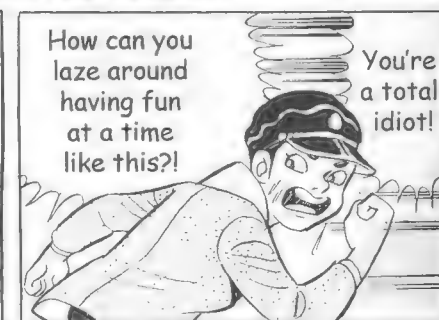
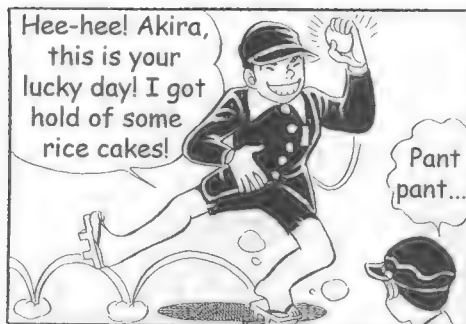


Hey, Akira,  
what's the  
big hurry?

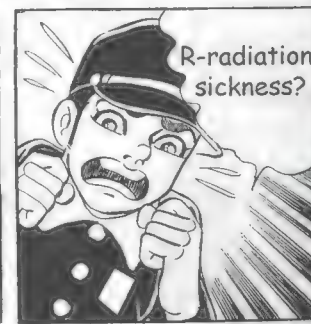
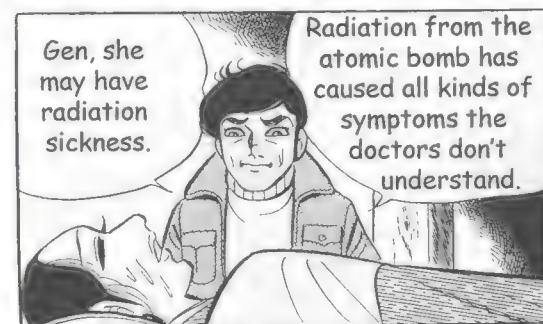
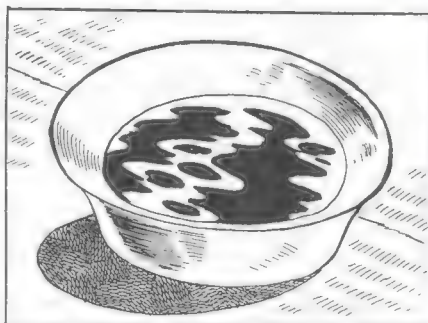
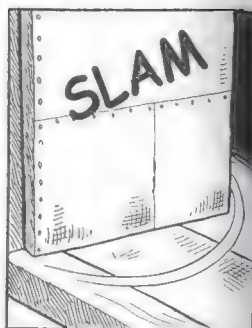


G-Gen!

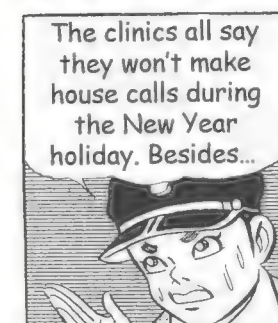
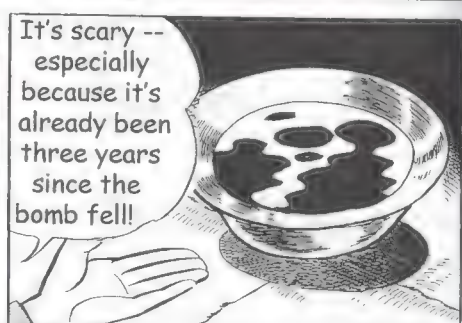
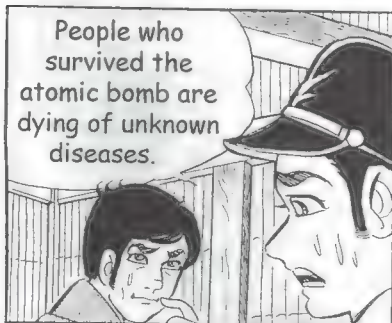
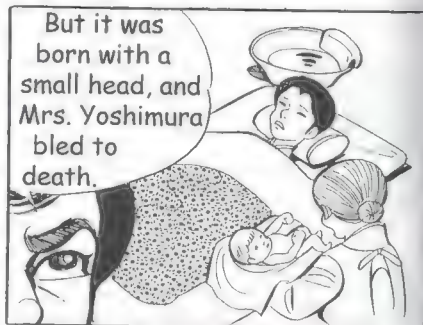
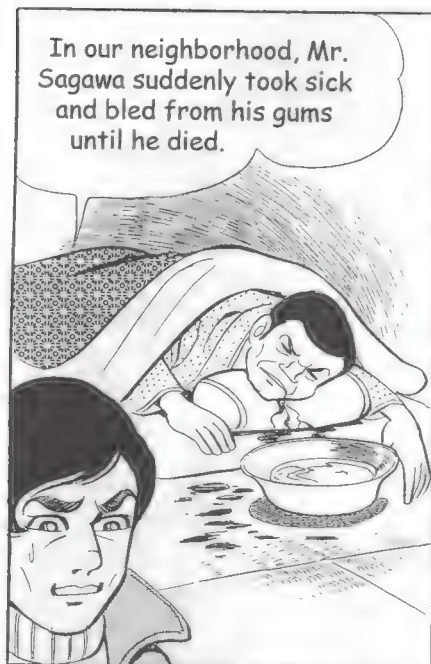




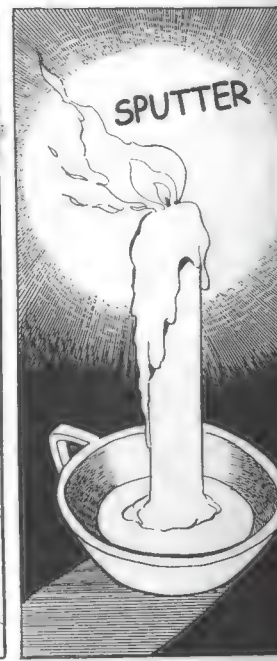
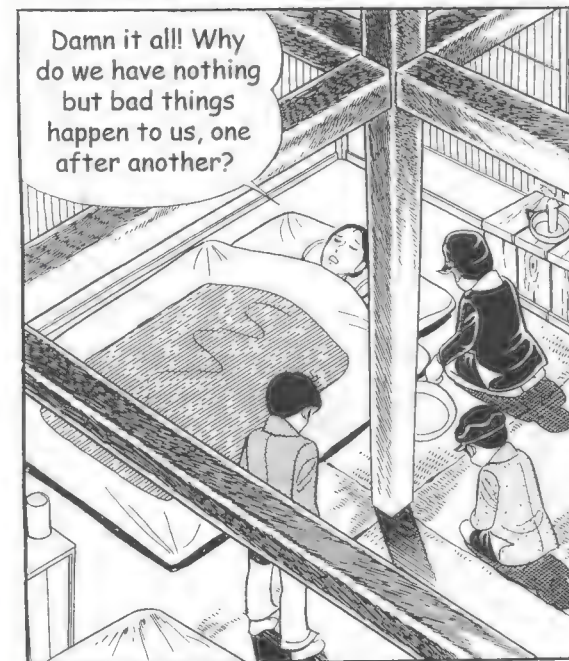
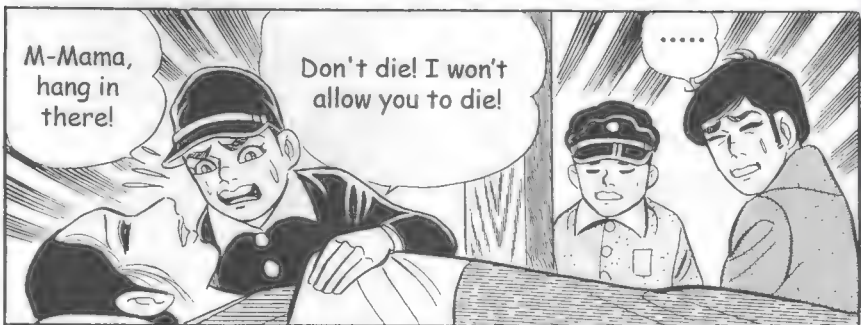
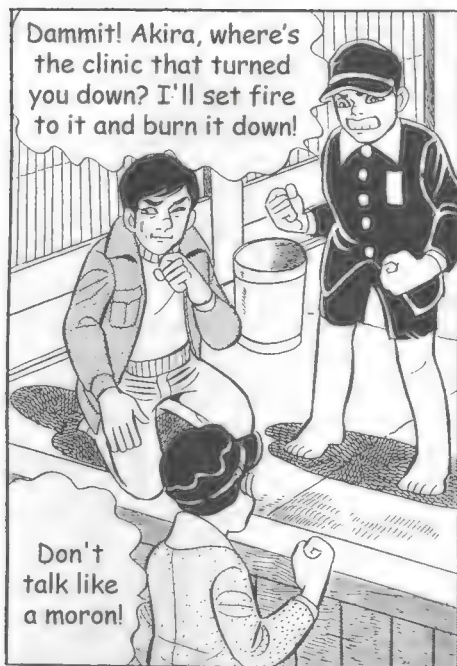




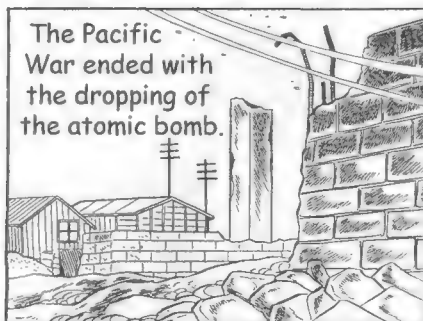




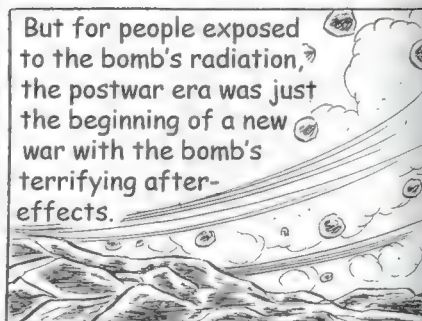




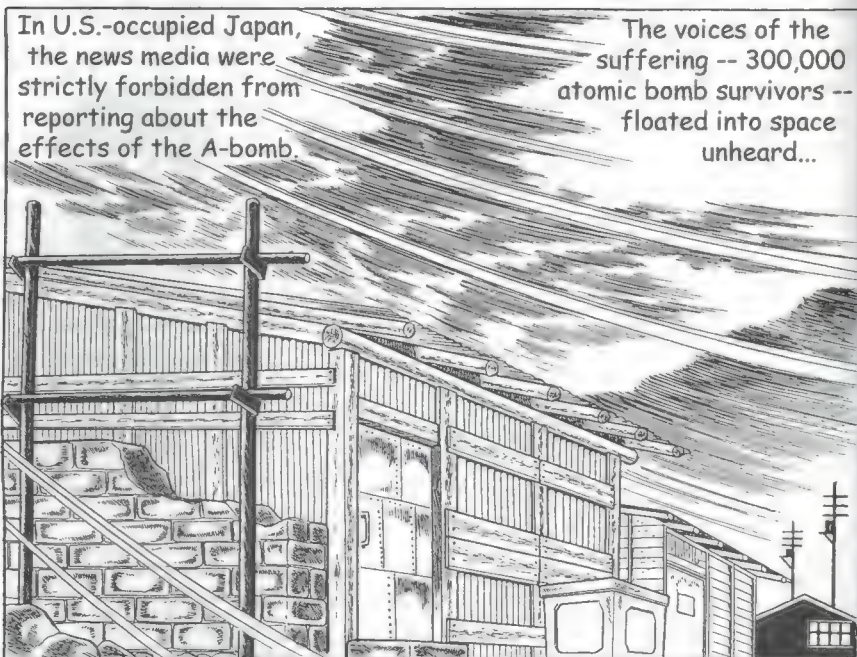




The Pacific War ended with the dropping of the atomic bomb.



But for people exposed to the bomb's radiation, the postwar era was just the beginning of a new war with the bomb's terrifying after-effects.



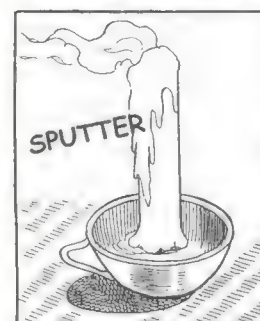
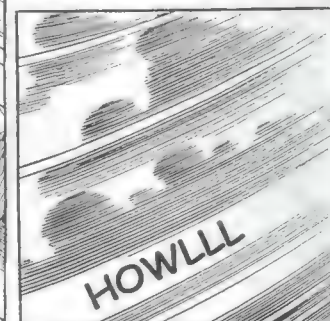
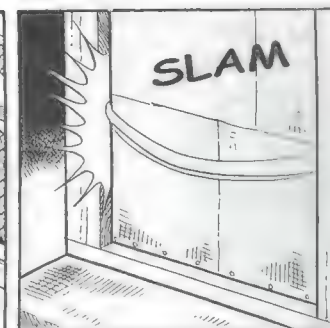
In U.S.-occupied Japan, the news media were strictly forbidden from reporting about the effects of the A-bomb.

The voices of the suffering -- 300,000 atomic bomb survivors -- floated into space unheard...



Hurry up, doctor!

Pant pant... You're a pushy little devil, dragging me here against my will...!



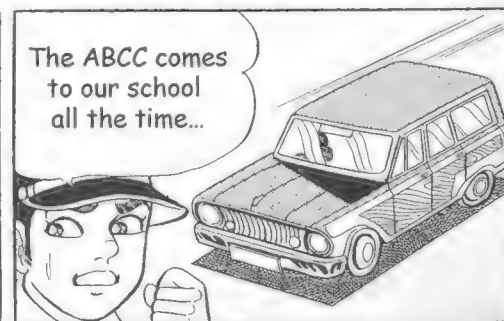
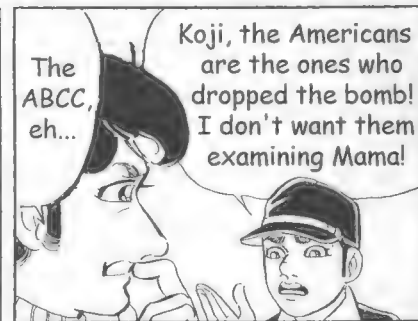
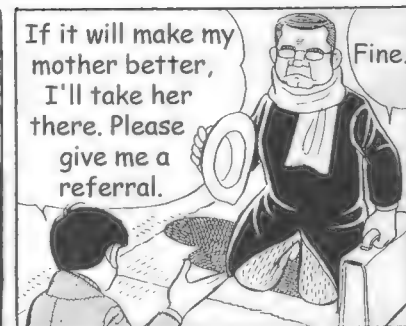
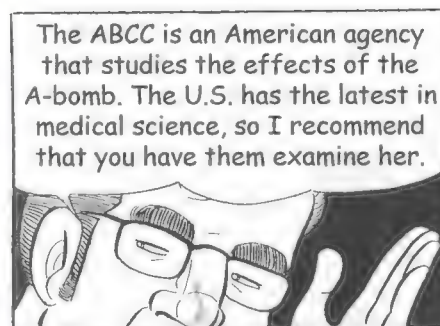
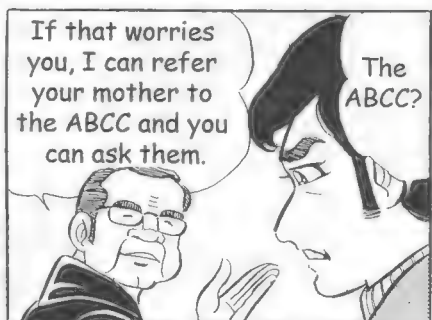
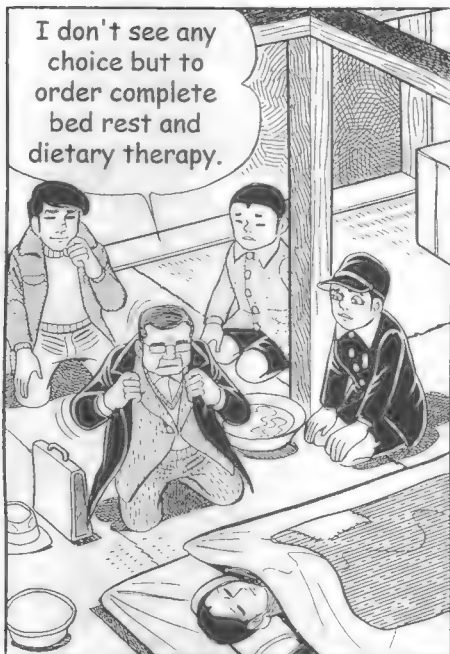
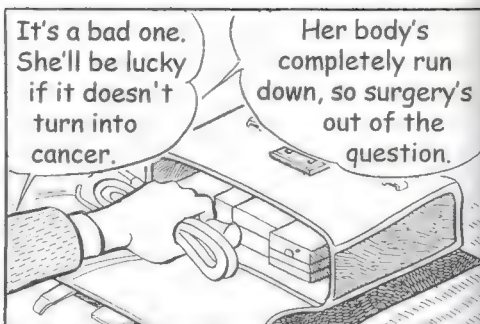
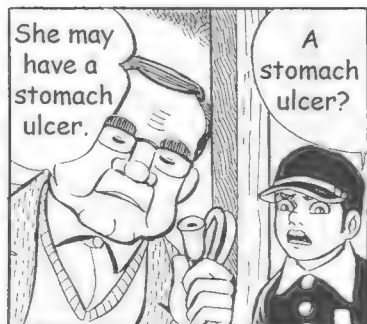
Hmm.



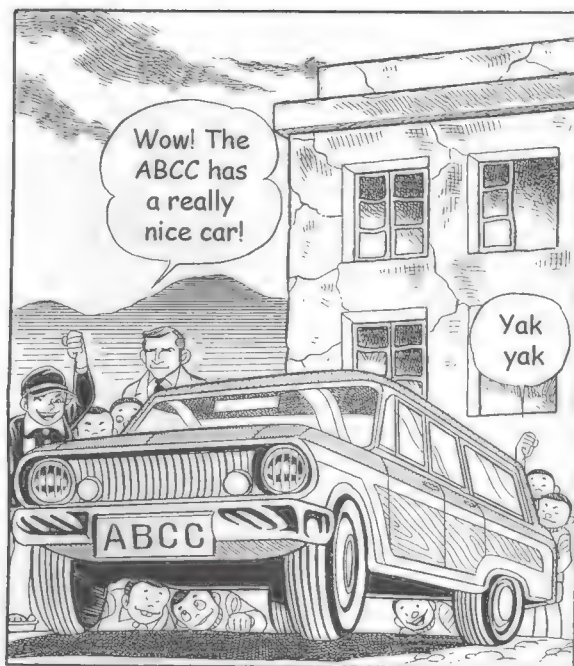
How is she, doctor?

Well...

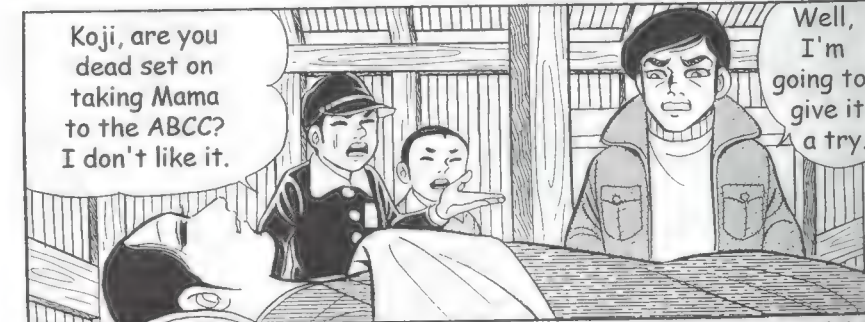
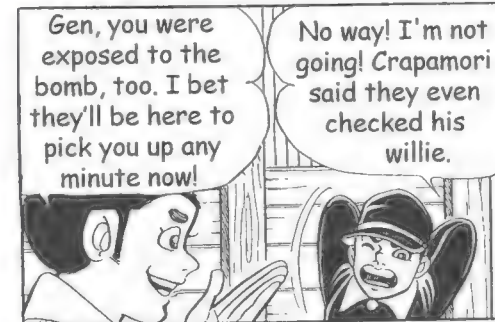
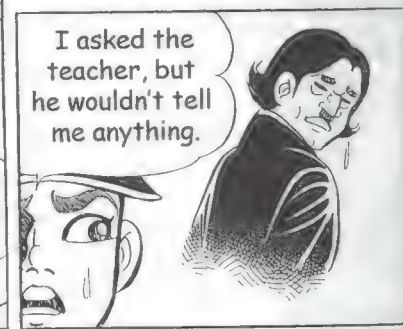
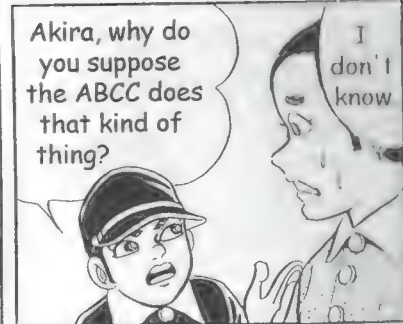
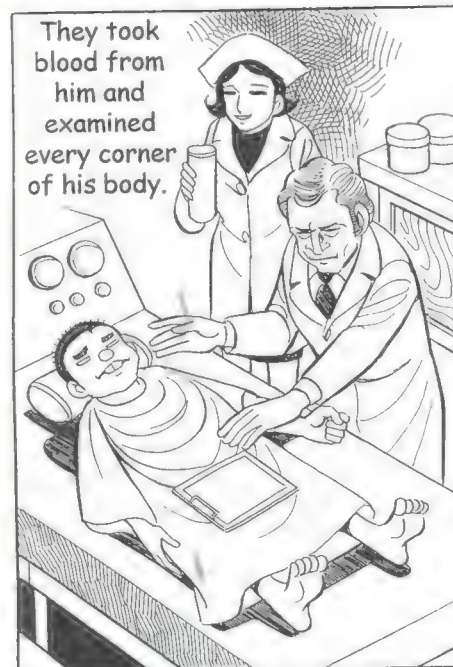
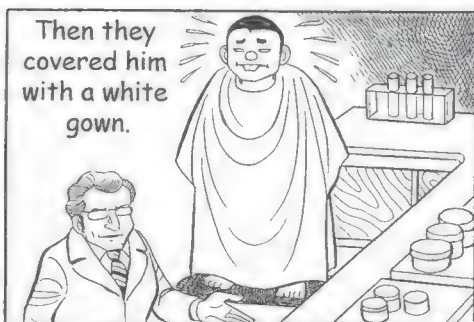
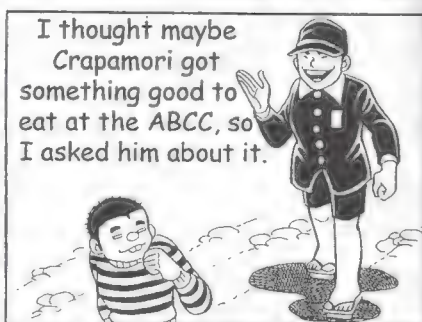
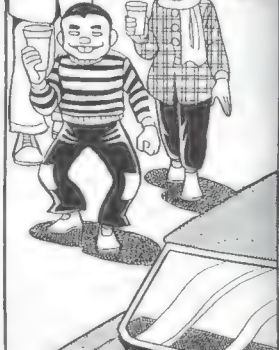








Most of the students like Crapamori and Nomura who were exposed to the bomb were taken to the ABCC, carrying stool samples with them.







Koji, I'm not going!

Mother! Were you awake?



I don't want those barbarians touching me all over my body.

What are you talking about? You have to get well, don't you?

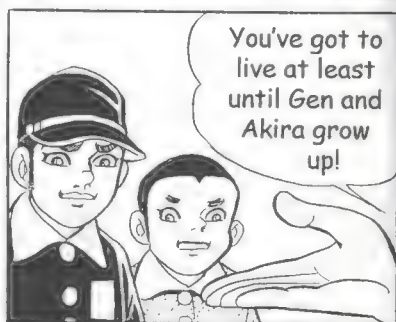


I'm already better. I was just tired.

Don't lie to me like that!



Mother, you've had nothing but hardship. If you die now, what were you enduring all that for?



You've got to live at least until Gen and Akira grow up!



As soon as we can, the three of us are going to make you happy.

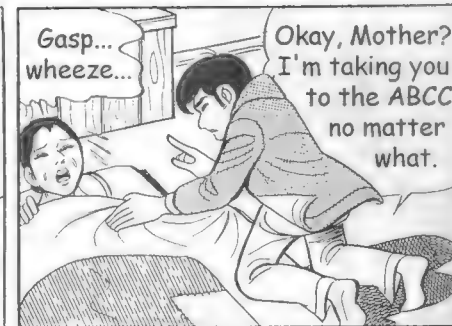
You've got to take care of yourself until then. Please, listen to me...

Koji...!



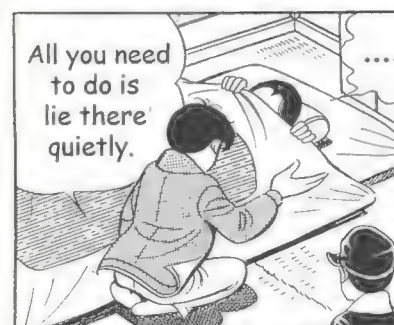
COUGH COUGH

See! That's because you weren't listening to me.

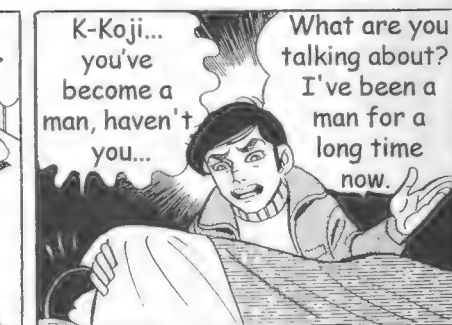


Gasp... wheeze...

Okay, Mother? I'm taking you to the ABCC no matter what.



All you need to do is lie there quietly.



K-Koji... you've become a man, haven't you...

What are you talking about? I've been a man for a long time now.

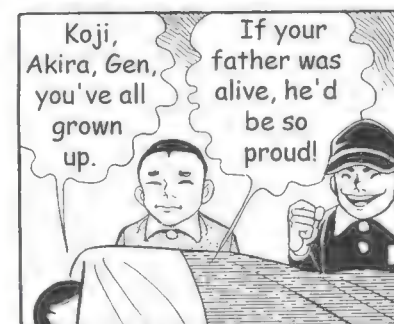


Ha ha ha! Mama, I'm a man too! I'm gonna cure you, I promise, so don't worry!



You loudmouth! You're not even half a man!

Oww!



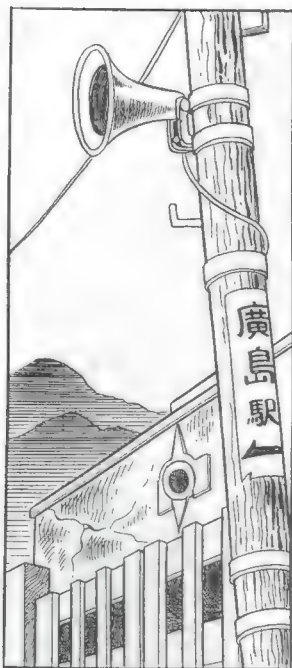
Koji, Akira, Gen, you've all grown up.

If your father was alive, he'd be so proud!

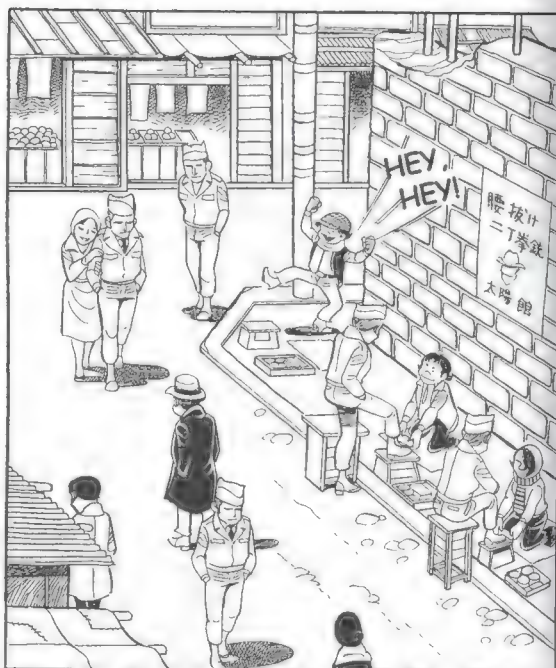


I'm so glad. So glad...

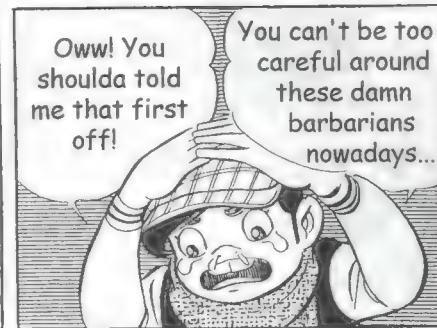
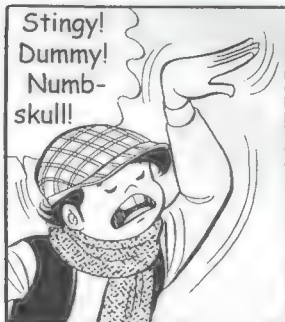




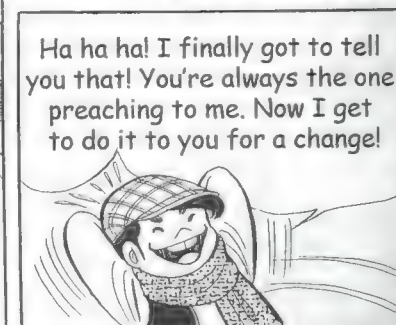
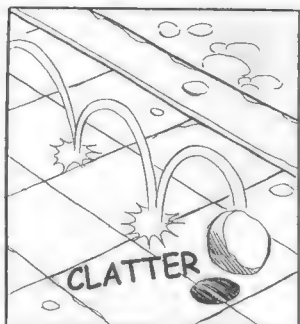
Sign: Hiroshima Station



Sign: Now Showing - The Paleface - Taiyo Theater



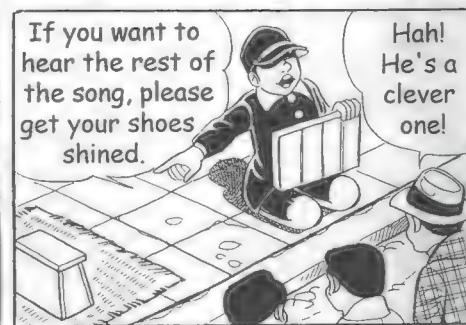
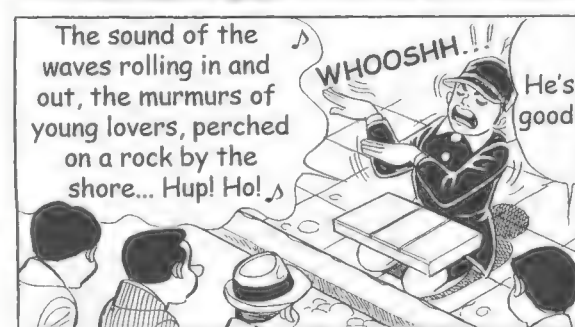
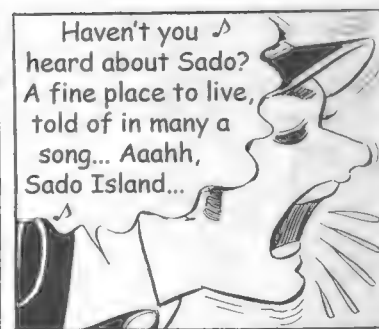
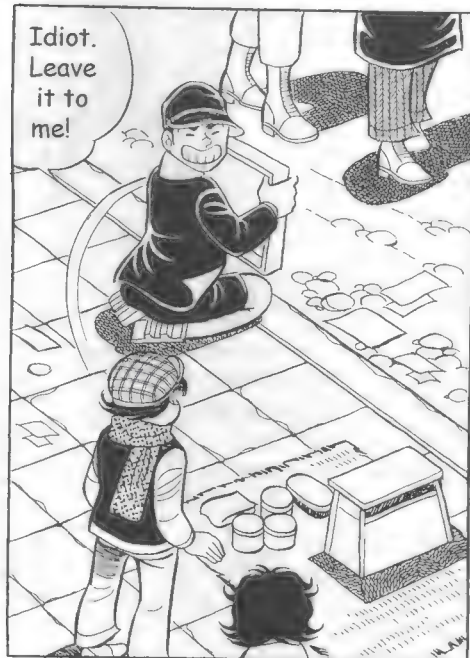




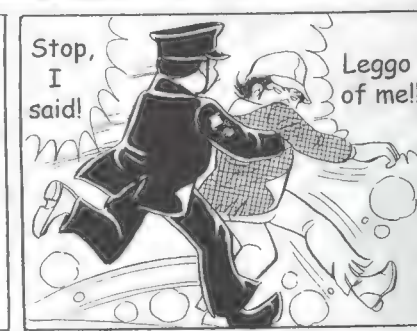
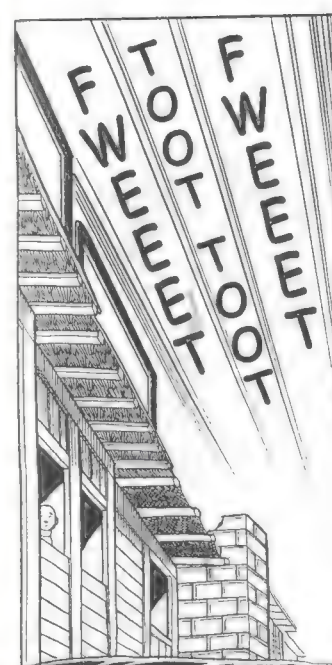
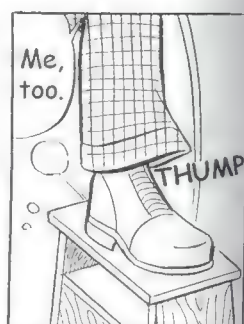
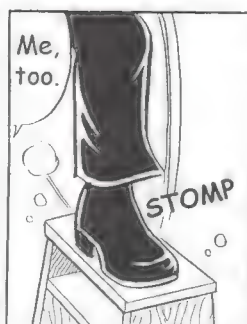




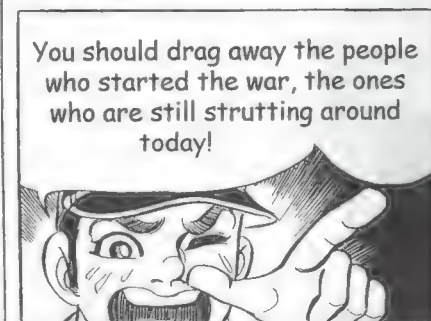
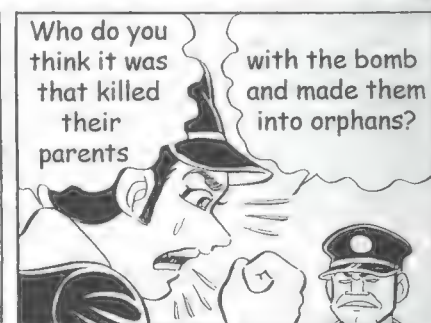
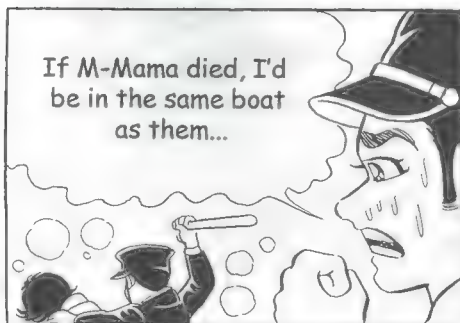




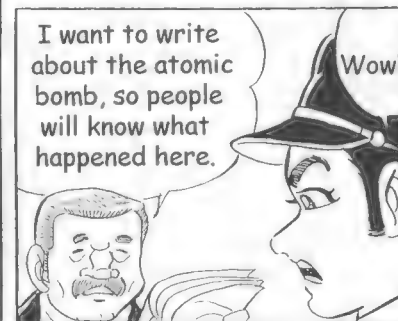
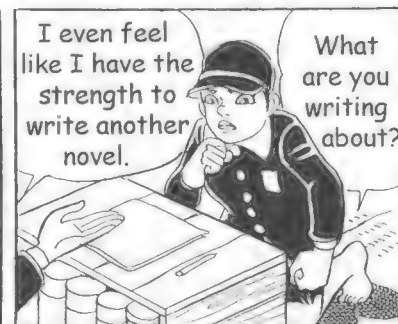
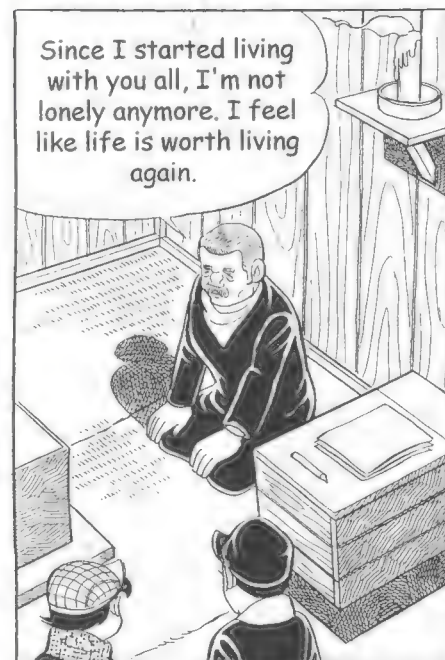
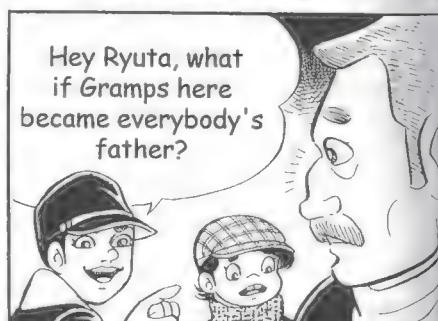
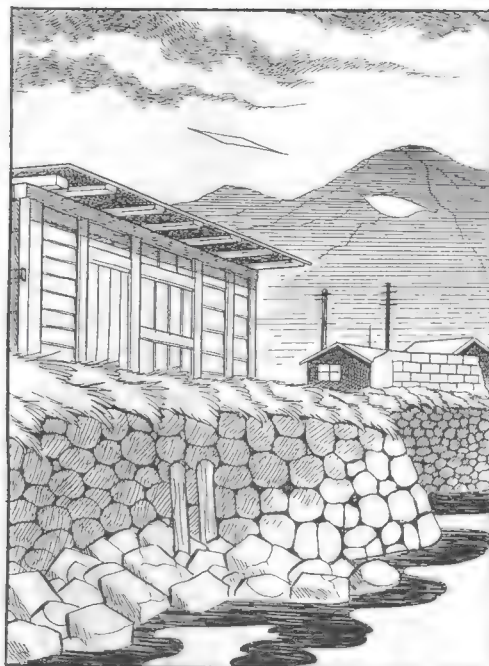




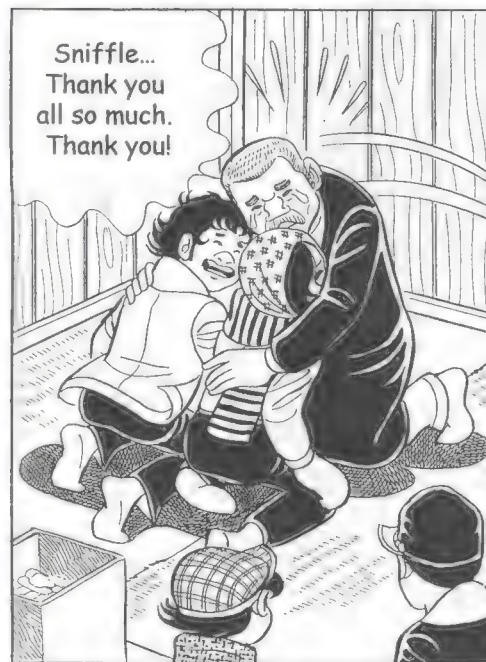
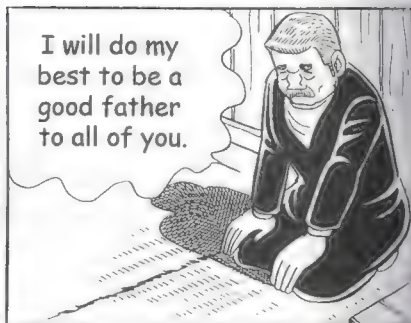




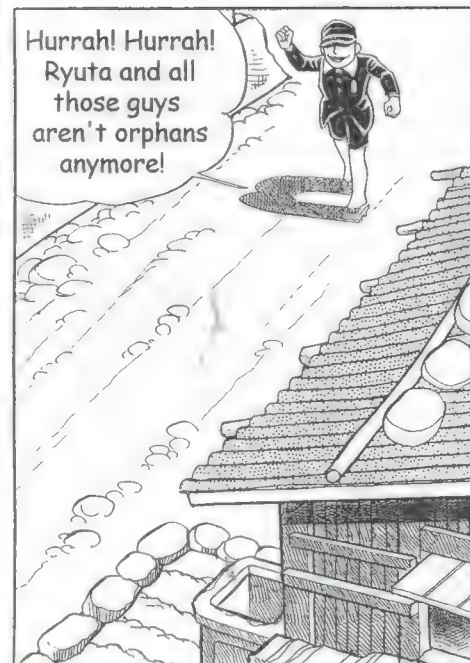
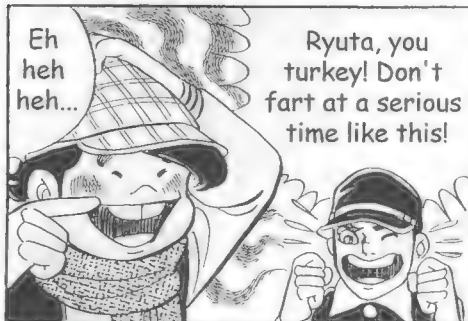




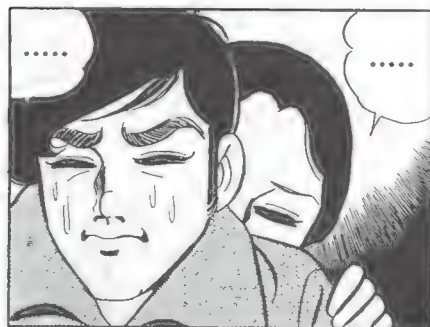




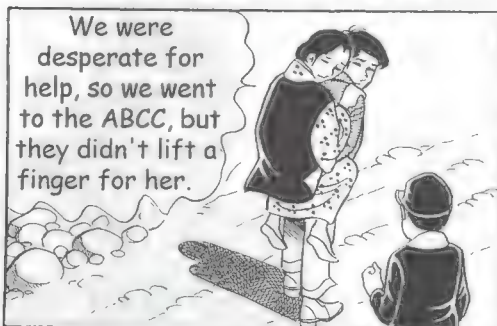








Wh-what's wrong, Koji?

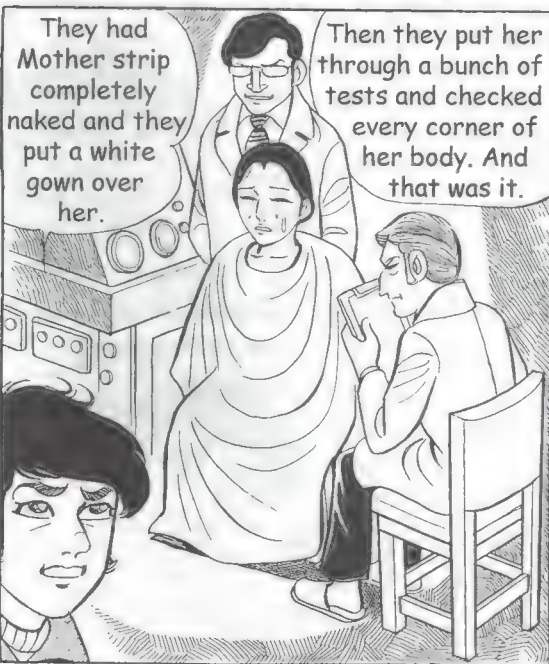


We were desperate for help, so we went to the ABCC, but they didn't lift a finger for her.



Didn't they even give her medicine?

No.



They had Mother strip completely naked and they put a white gown over her.

Then they put her through a bunch of tests and checked every corner of her body. And that was it.



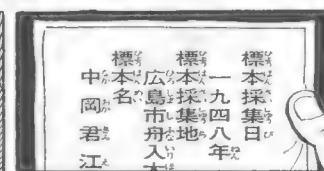
That's just what I was afraid was gonna happen!



But there's one thing that made me really mad.



Take this and wait.



Specimen collection date:  
January 6, 1948  
Specimen collection location:  
Funairi-honmachi, Hiroshima  
Specimen name: Kimie Nakaoka

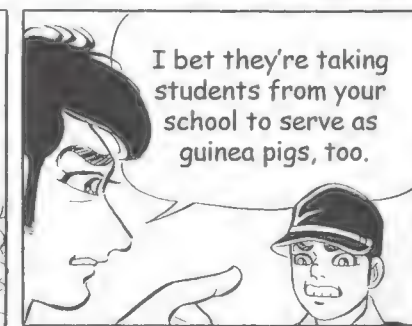


Specimen?! They intend to use her as a specimen in some experiment, like an insect!



It made me furious.

The ABCC sees the bomb survivors as nothing more than bugs under a microscope...

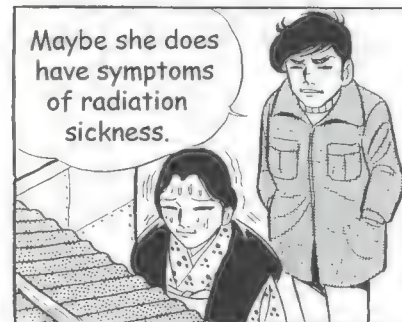
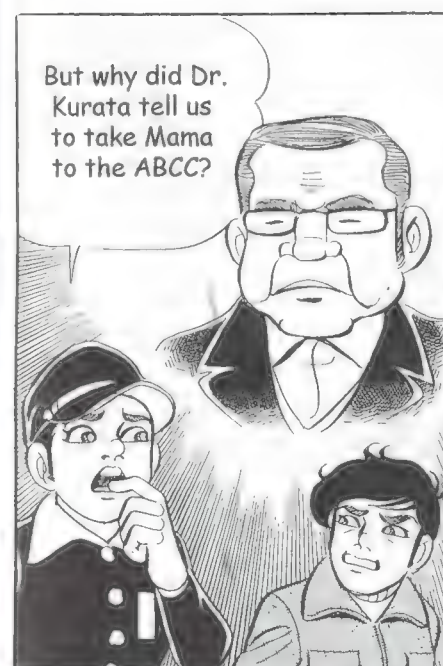
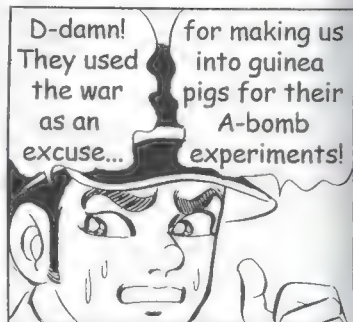
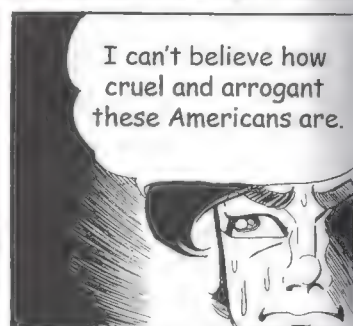
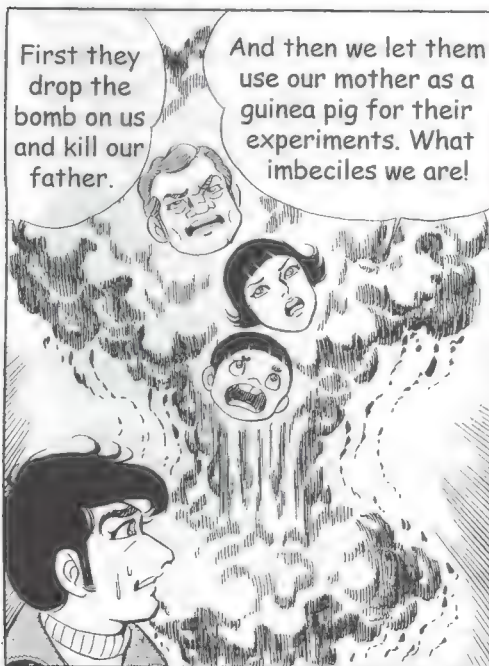
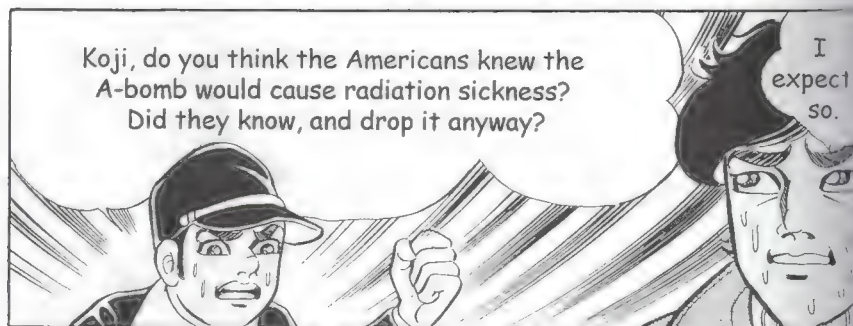


I bet they're taking students from your school to serve as guinea pigs, too.

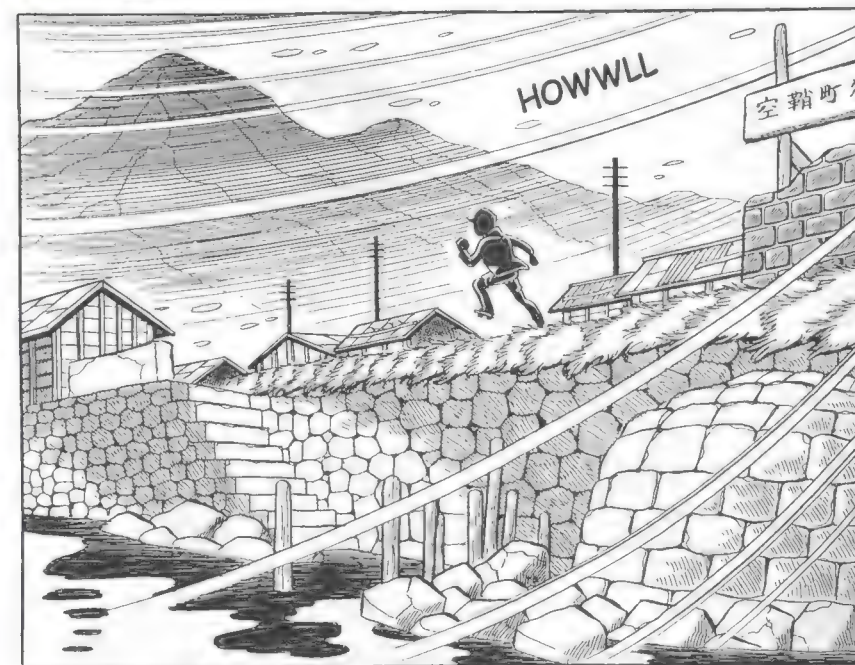
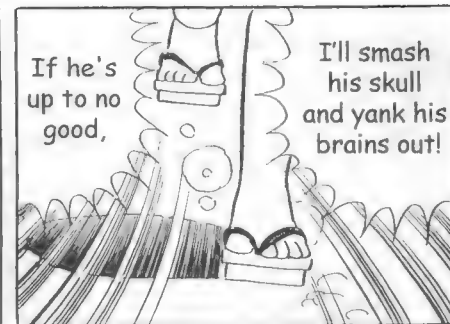
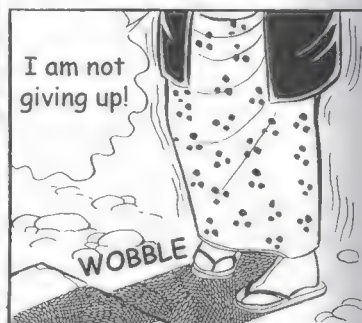
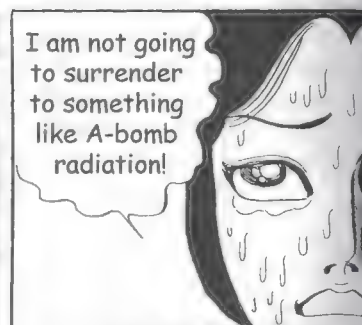


D-damn it! They're making fools of us!



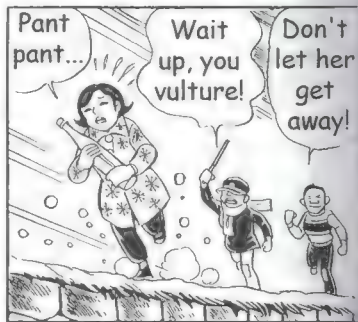
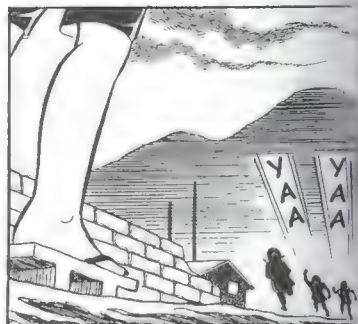








Why did that quack Kurata tell us to take Mama to the ABCC when they wouldn't do a thing for her? I'm gonna get to the bottom of this!

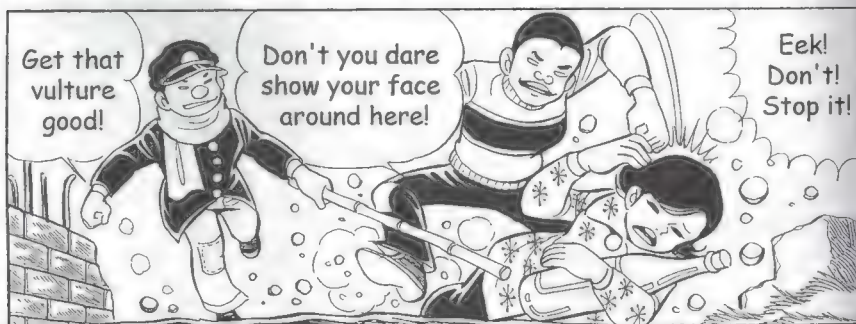


Gasp...



Eek!

TRIP



Get that vulture good!

Don't you dare show your face around here!

Eek! Don't! Stop it!

Hey! You! Why're you picking on such a little girl?

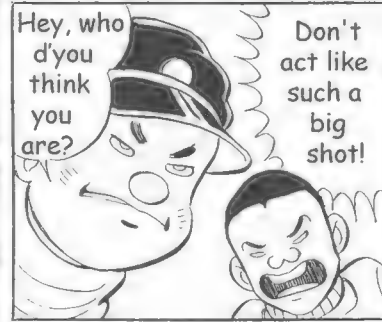


Waaah! Help! Save me!



Hey, who d'you think you are?

Don't act like such a big shot!



Out of our way! We're not letting that vulture off the hook!



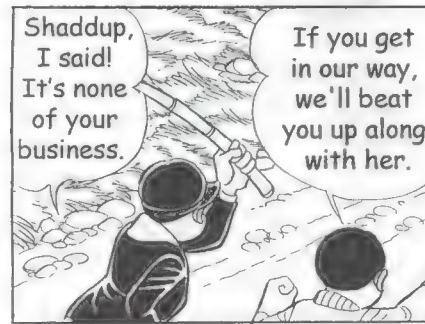
Why not?

Shaddup! My mom and dad both said she deserves what she gets!



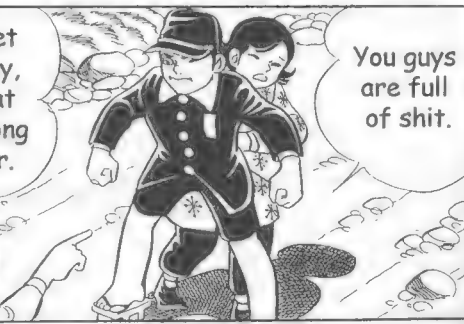
So, why's that?

Shaddup, I said! It's none of your business.

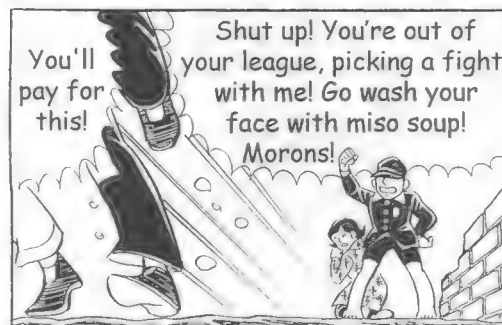
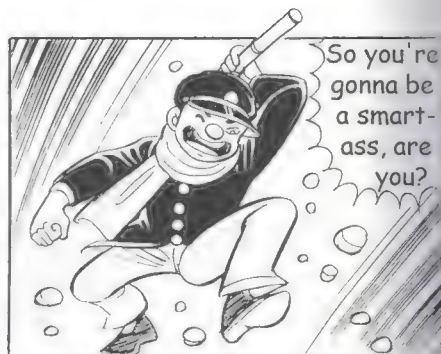
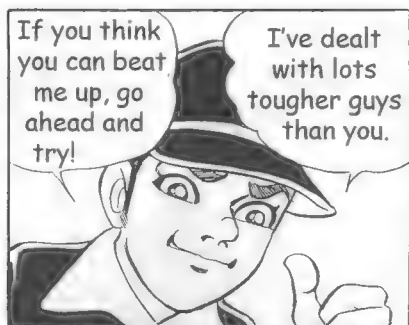


If you get in our way, we'll beat you up along with her.

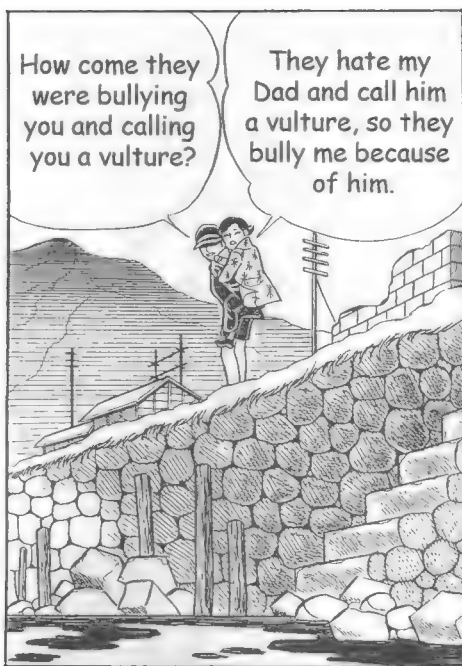
You guys are full of shit.











Sign: Seikichi Hirokawa







This boy  
saved me...  
sniffle...



GRAB



GULP GUZZLE



D-damn  
it all!



Mister, why do they call  
you a vulture? You don't  
look bald to me!



GLARE

Urk!



So you're gonna  
call me a vulture  
too, eh?!



Go to  
hell!  
Get  
out!

Gasp!



H-how come you  
get so mad just  
'cuz somebody  
calls you  
"vulture"?

Pant  
pant...



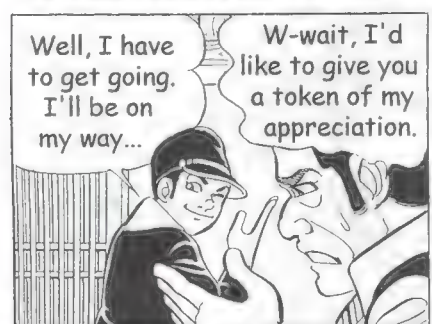
Daddy, this is  
the boy who  
saved me...!

Oh... Oh  
yeah,  
that's  
right...



Sorry. I lost  
my temper.  
Please forgive  
me.

You  
scared  
me!



Well, I have  
to get going.  
I'll be on  
my way...

W-wait, I'd  
like to give you  
a token of my  
appreciation.



Ha ha ha!  
Don't go  
overboard,  
Mister.

Don't  
worry  
about  
it!



Chie, we had  
some canned  
pineapple,  
didn't we? Why  
don't you give  
him some.

Okay!

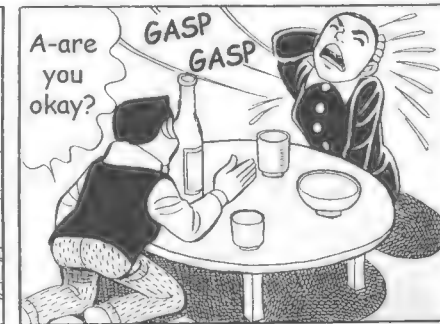
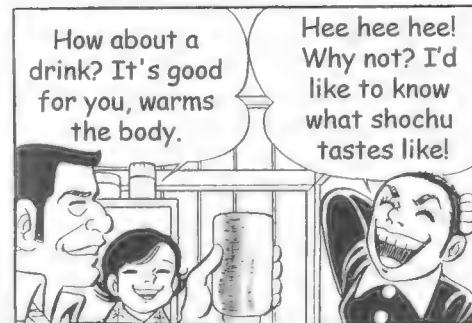
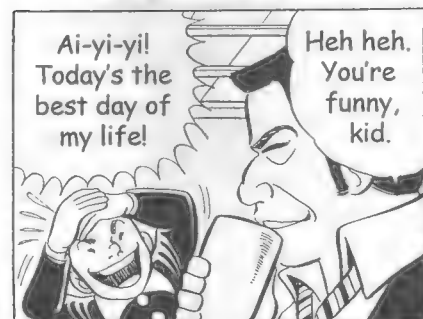
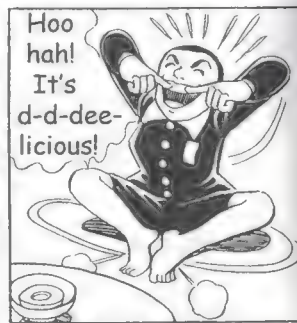
P-pine-  
apple!



Haw haw!  
Well, if the  
man wants to  
show his  
appreciation,

no reason to  
turn him  
down, eh!  
Hee hee!









Hic... Hey, my body's all nice and warm and I feel great!

That so?



Haw, haw. For some reason I feel real happy all of a sudden!

Shochu's great stuff, eh! Hic.



Hey Mister, why the glum look? Hic.



Cheer up and get happy!



Okay, look, I'll sing you a song to cheer you up.



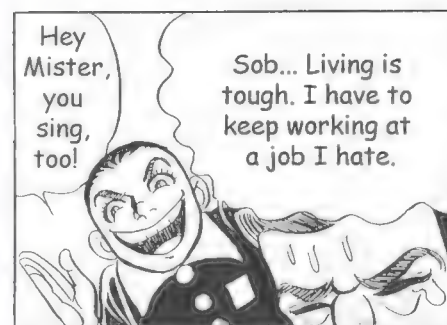
Tokyo boogie-woogie, I'm all excited!

Uh... What comes after that...?



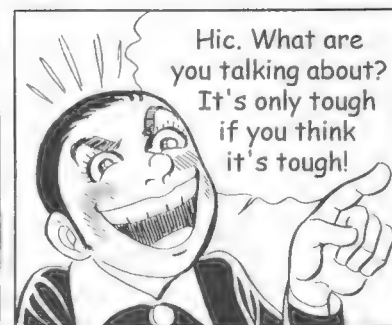
It's the song of the century! The song of my heart! Tokyo boogie-woogie! Yeah...!

Ha ha ha!

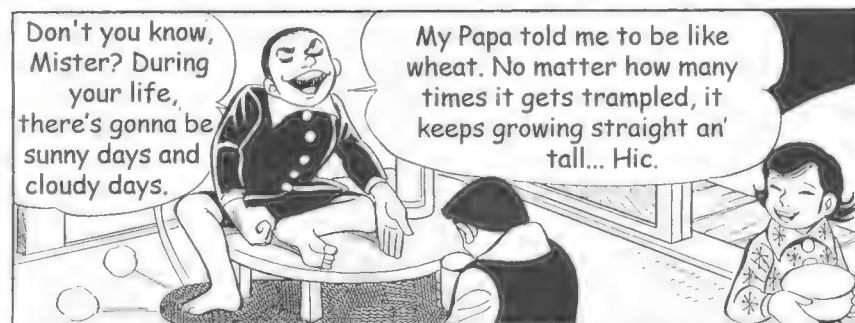


Hey Mister, you sing, too!

Sob... Living is tough. I have to keep working at a job I hate.



Hic. What are you talking about? It's only tough if you think it's tough!



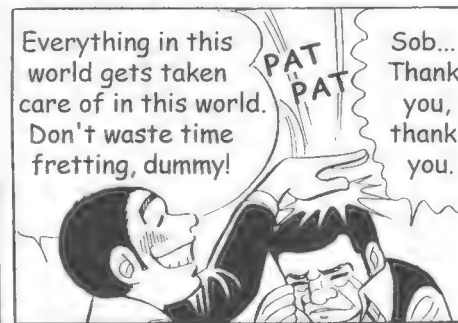
Don't you know, Mister? During your life, there's gonna be sunny days and cloudy days.

My Papa told me to be like wheat. No matter how many times it gets trampled, it keeps growing straight an' tall... Hic.



You get what I'm saying, Mister? Hic.

Sob... You're right, you're right. Thank you.



Everything in this world gets taken care of in this world. Don't waste time fretting, dummy!

PAT PAT

Sob... Thank you, thank you.



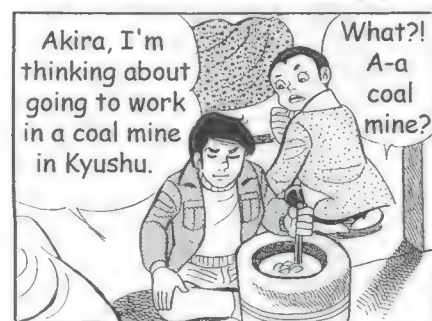
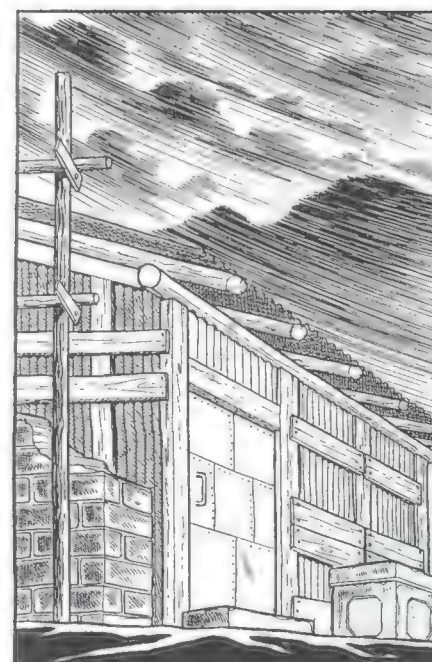
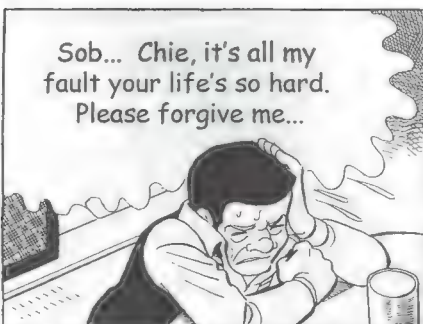
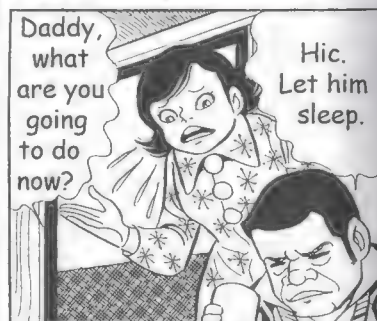
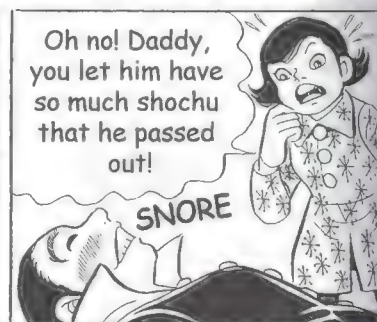
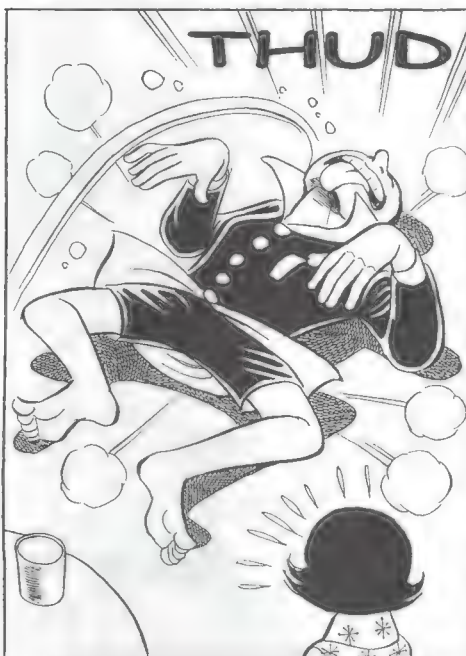
Hey Mister, you're a crying drunk, aren'tcha!



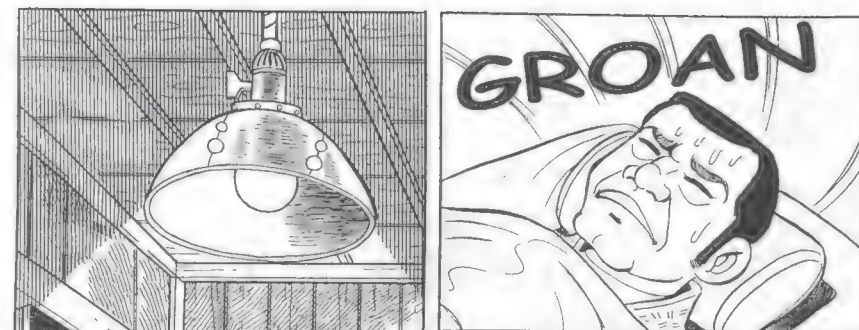
Fine, fine. Go ahead and cry! Crying is good exercise. Hic.

Sob... Thank you, thank you.

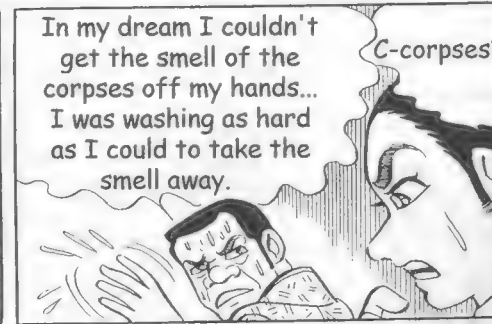
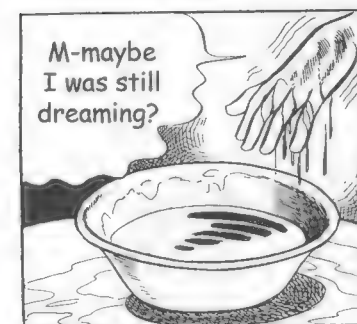
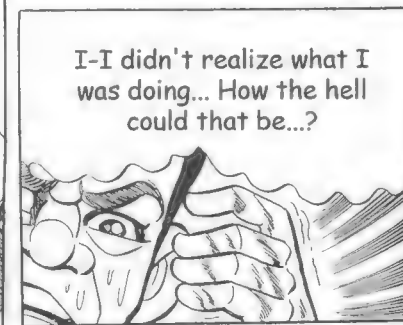
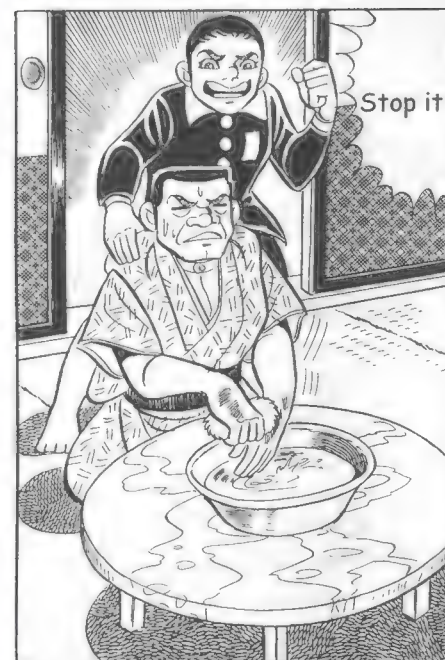
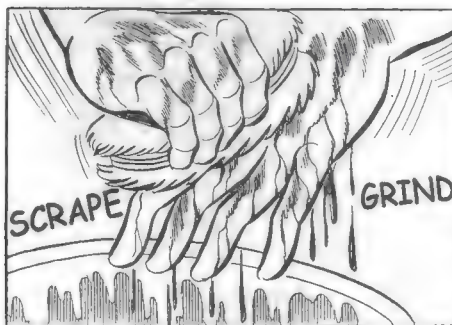
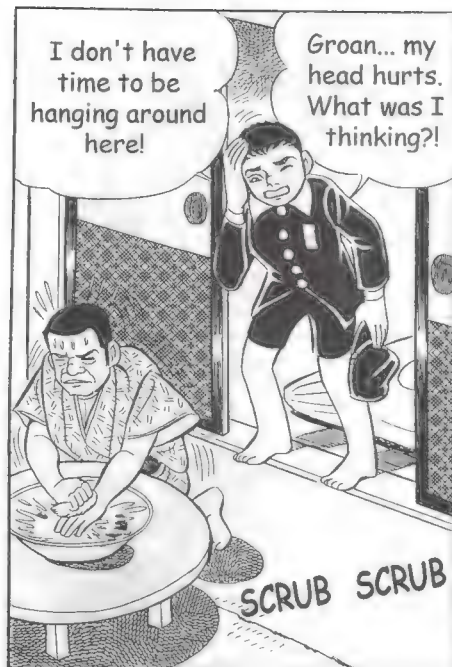










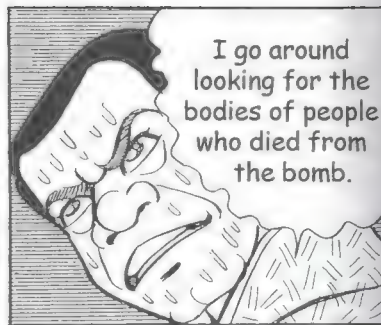




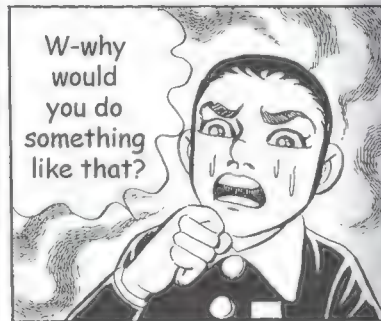


Sob... I work for the ABCC, carrying corpses. That's why I have dreams like that.

Y-you work for the ABCC?!



I go around looking for the bodies of people who died from the bomb.

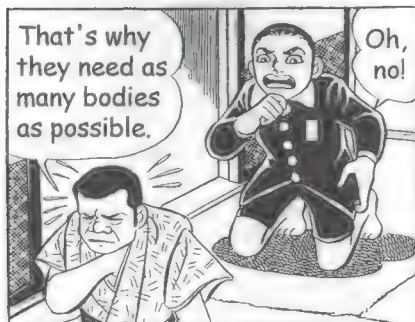


W-why would you do something like that?



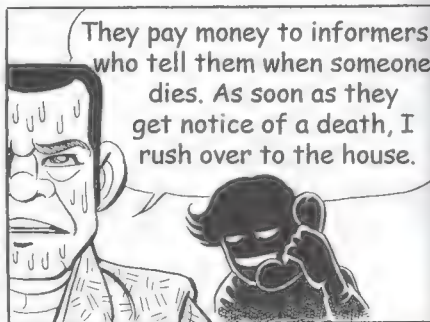
The Americans at the ABCC dissect the bodies of people killed by the A-bomb.

They're collecting data to see how radiation from the bomb affects the human body.



That's why they need as many bodies as possible.

Oh, no!



They pay money to informers who tell them when someone dies. As soon as they get notice of a death, I rush over to the house.



Get out of here!

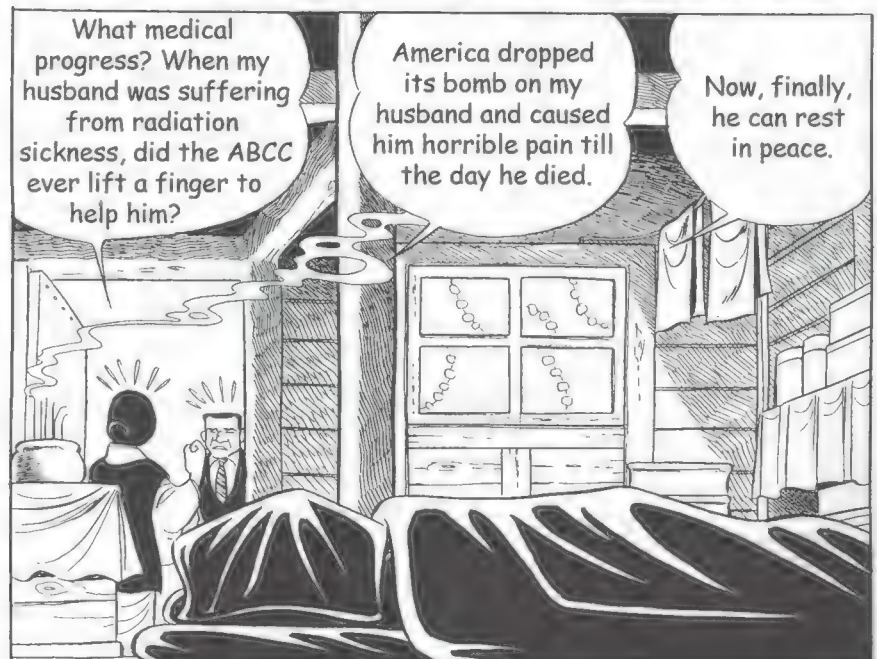


Do you think I'd let you cut up my husband's body for a few coins?



Please don't think of it like that. Do it for the sake of medical progress.

Please cooperate with the ABCC.

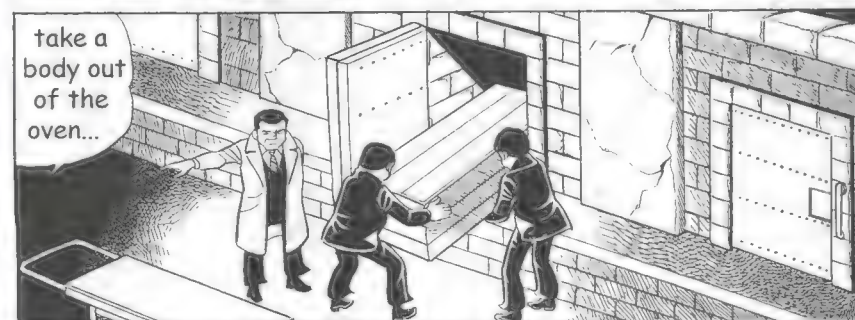
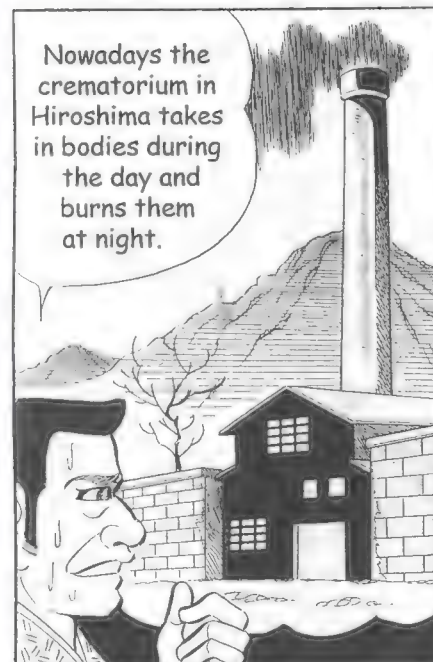
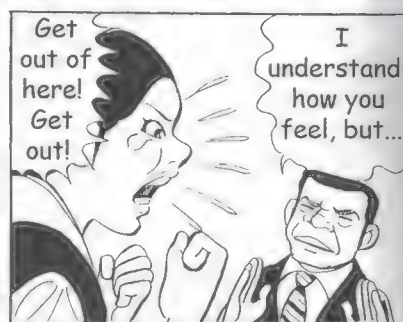
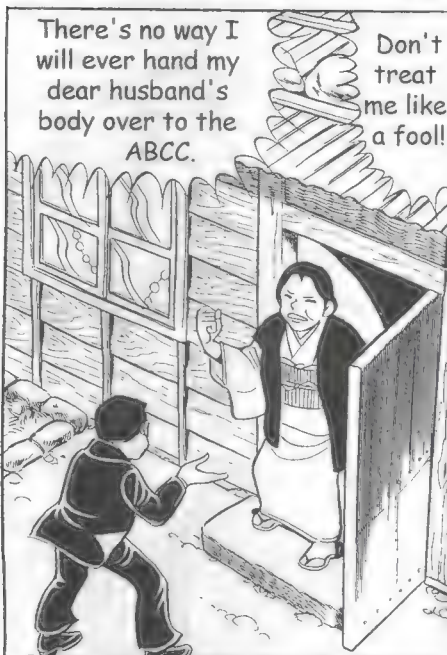
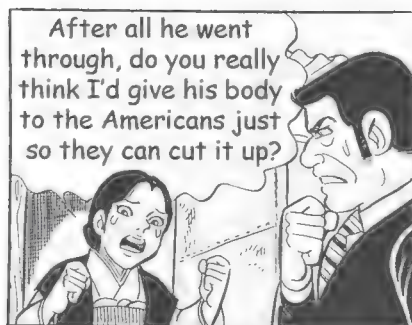


What medical progress? When my husband was suffering from radiation sickness, did the ABCC ever lift a finger to help him?

America dropped its bomb on my husband and caused him horrible pain till the day he died.

Now, finally, he can rest in peace.









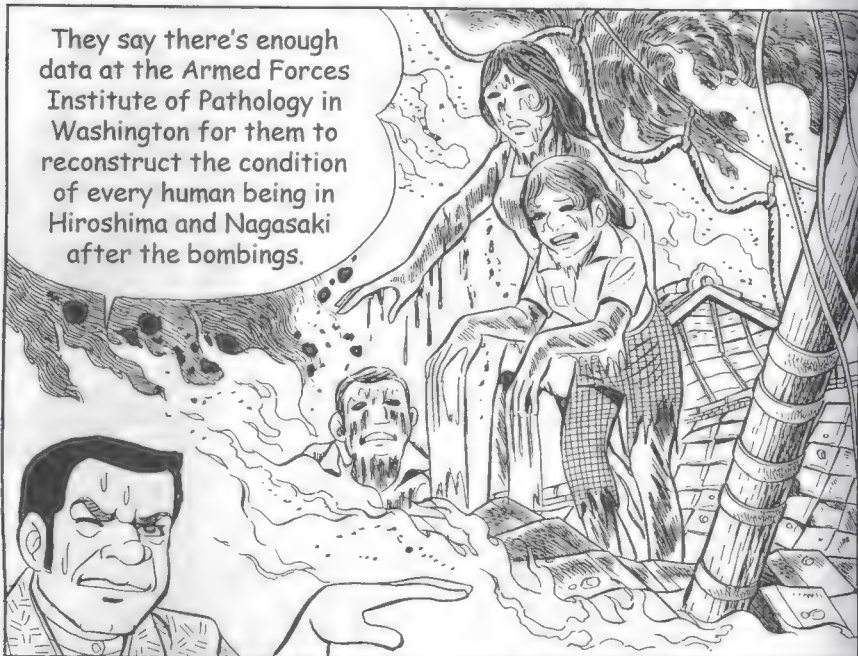
I feel awful doing this to my fellow Japanese.

Of course I deserve to be called a culture.

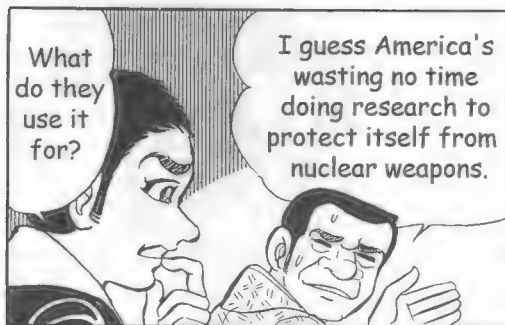


So that's how low they stoop at the ABCC!

T-that's disgusting!



They say there's enough data at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington for them to reconstruct the condition of every human being in Hiroshima and Nagasaki after the bombings.

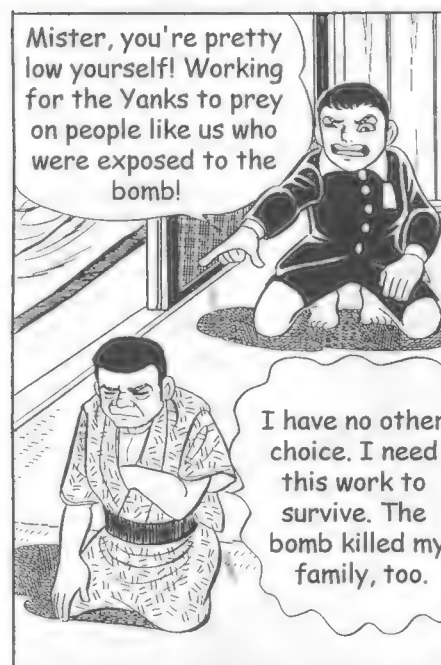


What do they use it for?

I guess America's wasting no time doing research to protect itself from nuclear weapons.



T-those arrogant bastards!

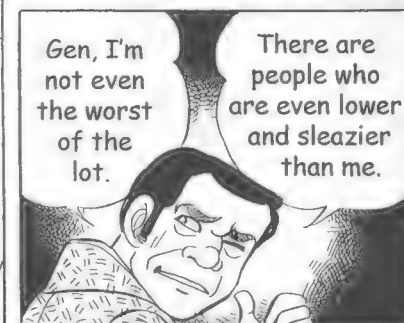


Mister, you're pretty low yourself! Working for the Yanks to prey on people like us who were exposed to the bomb!

I have no other choice. I need this work to survive. The bomb killed my family, too.



It's too painful for me to think about...



Gen, I'm not even the worst of the lot.

There are people who are even lower and sleazier than me.



Like who?

The doctors.

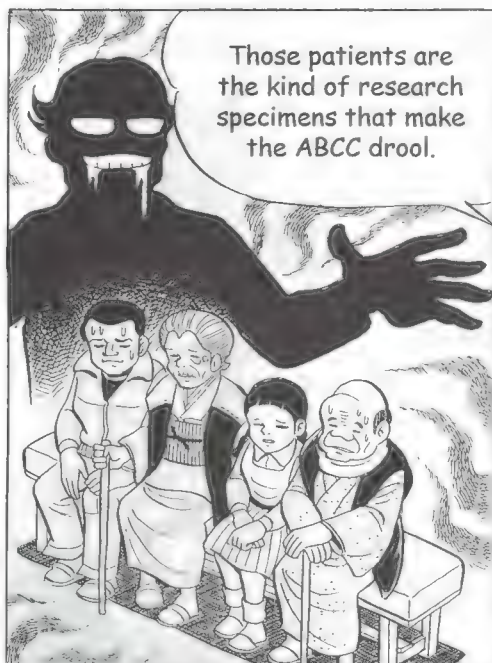


D-doctors?



People go to their local doctor's office with various symptoms caused by the bomb's radiation.





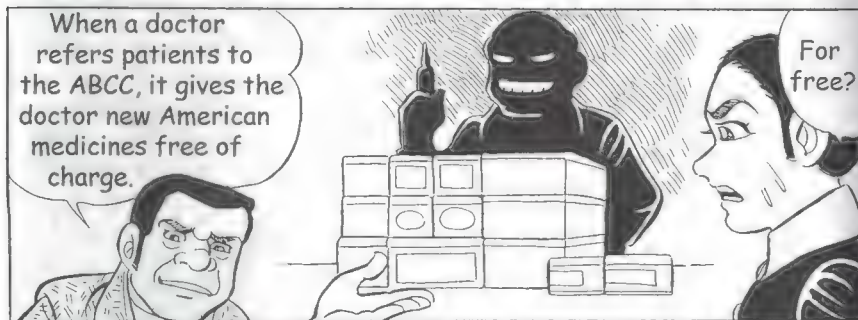
Those patients are the kind of research specimens that make the ABCC drool.



So the doctors tell their patients to go to the ABCC.

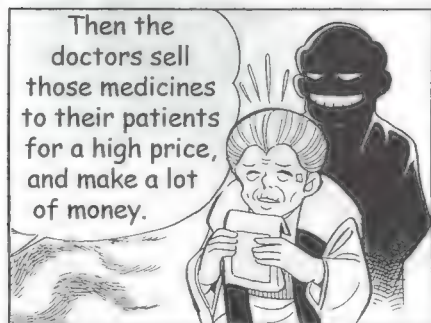


B-but why?

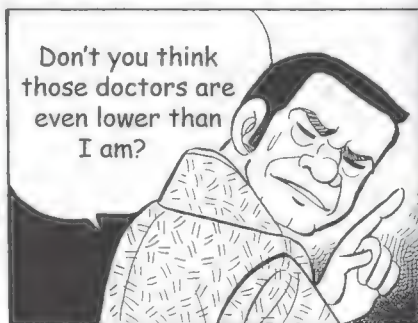


When a doctor refers patients to the ABCC, it gives the doctor new American medicines free of charge.

For free?



Then the doctors sell those medicines to their patients for a high price, and make a lot of money.



Don't you think those doctors are even lower than I am?



D-damn! Now I get it!

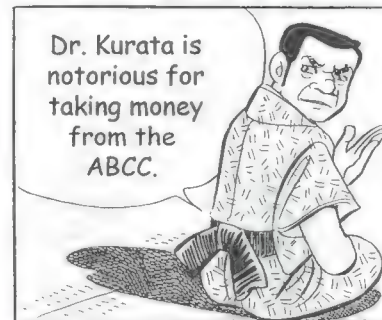
Now I see why that Dr. Kurata told us to take my mother to the ABCC.



He sold my mother to the ABCC in order to make money!



Th-that scumbag!

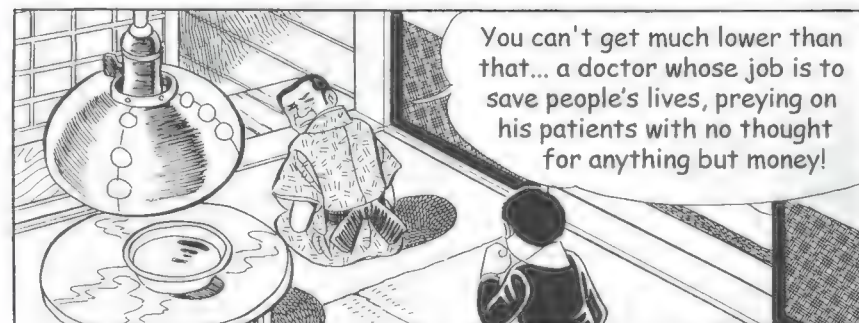


Dr. Kurata is notorious for taking money from the ABCC.



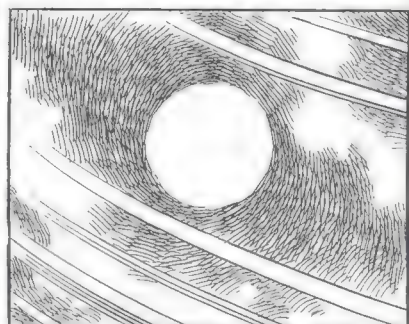
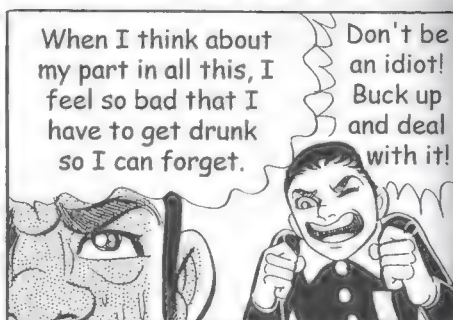
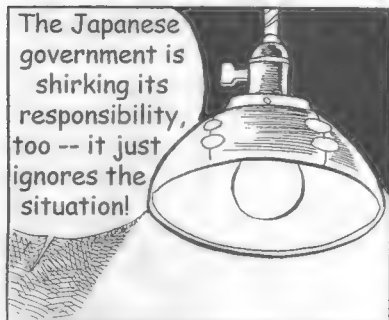
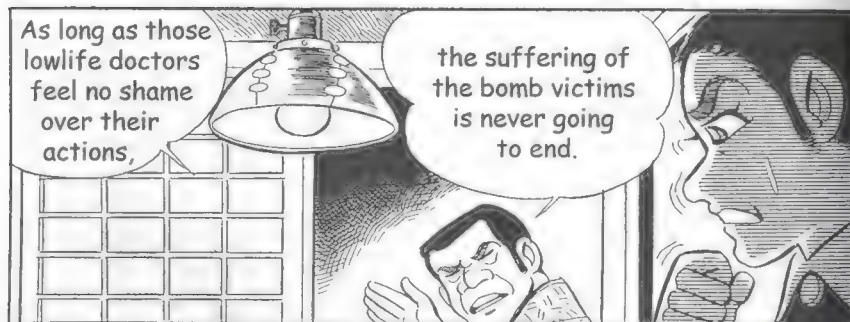
Everybody and their brother is getting in on the game...

taking advantage of us bomb victims.

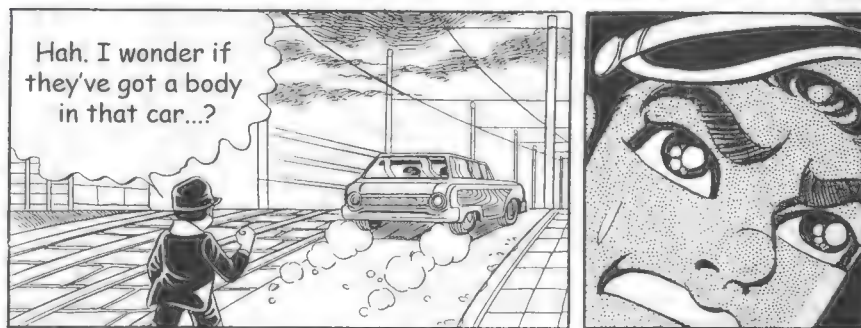
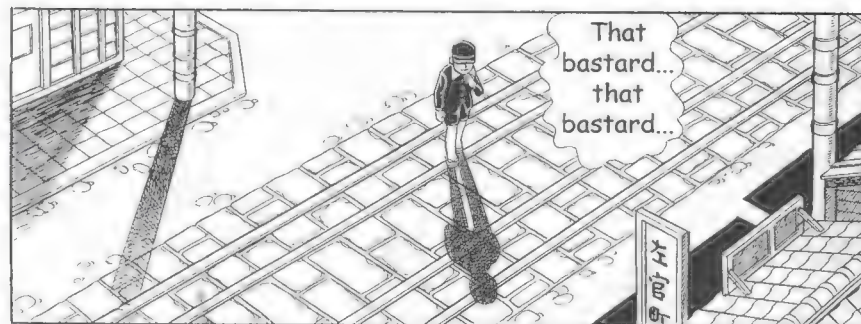
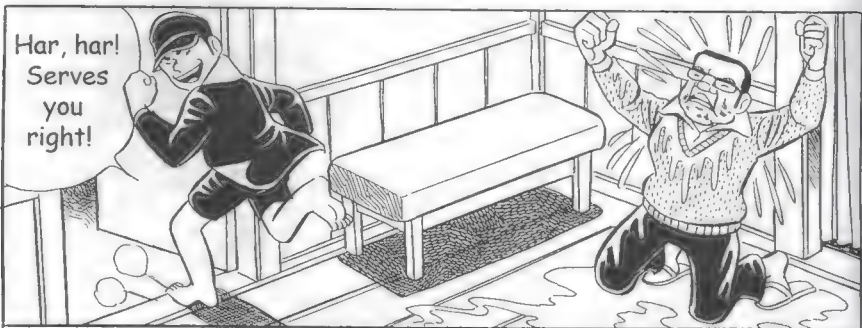


You can't get much lower than that... a doctor whose job is to save people's lives, preying on his patients with no thought for anything but money!

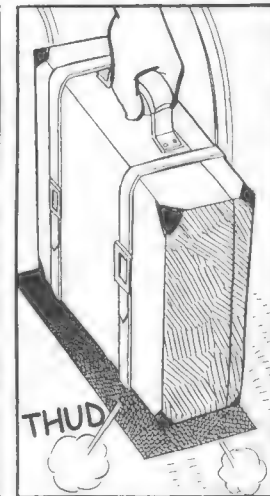
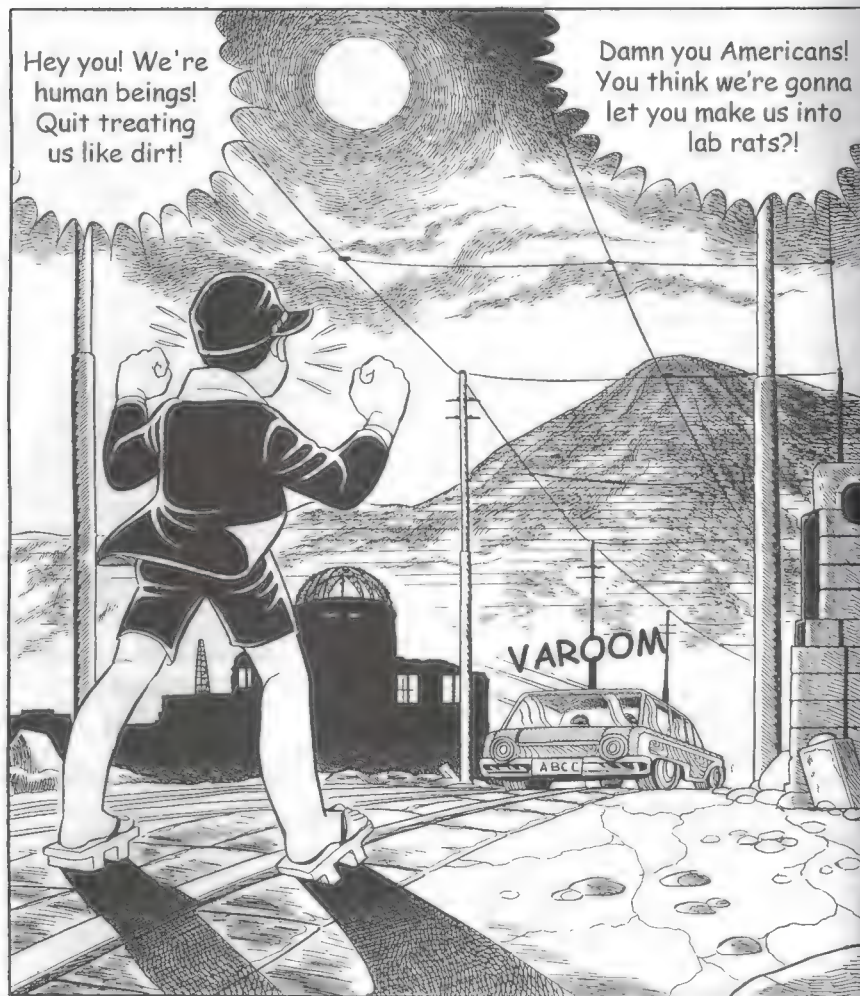




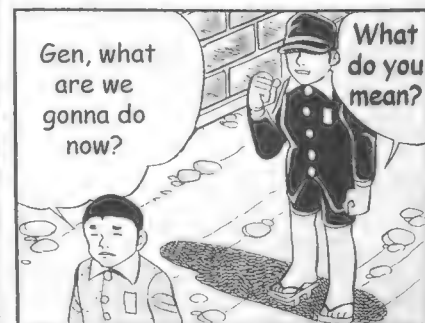
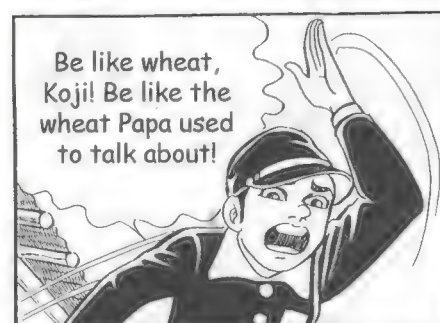
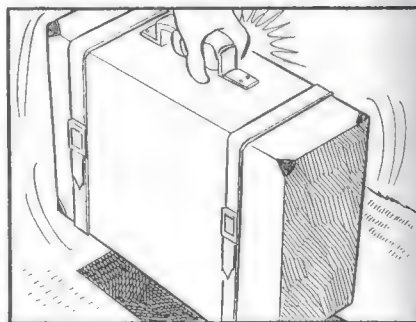




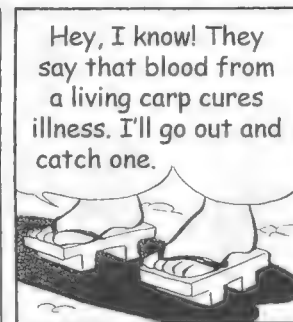




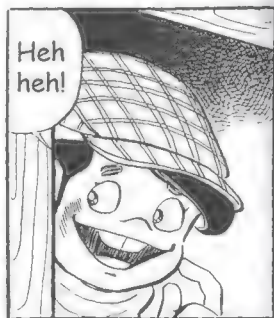
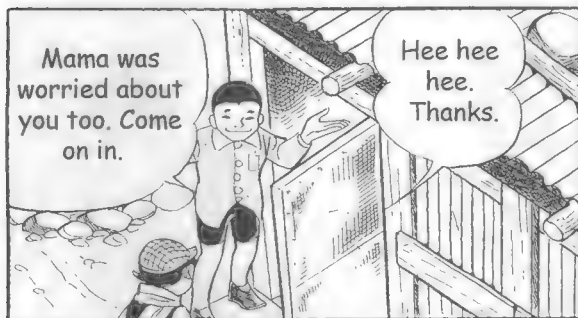




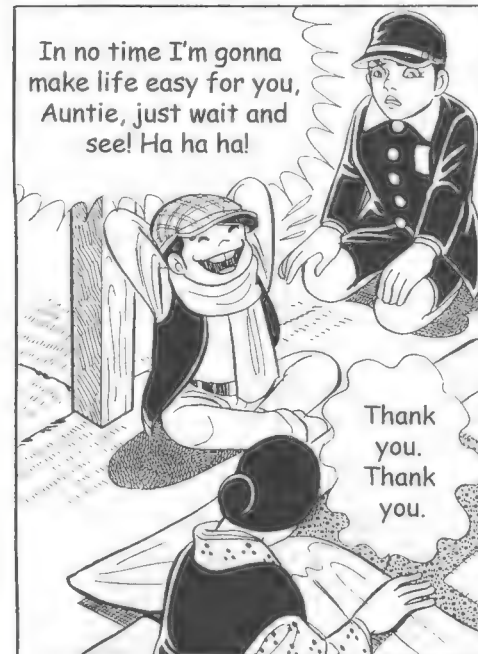
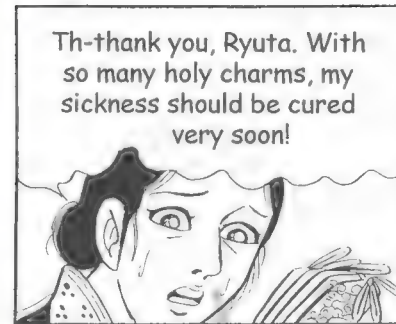




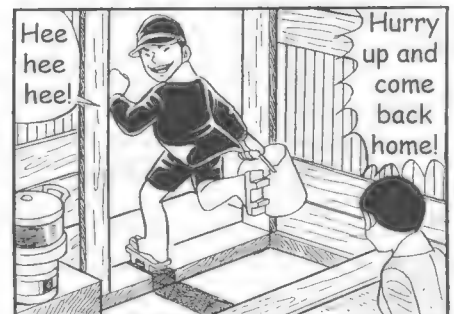
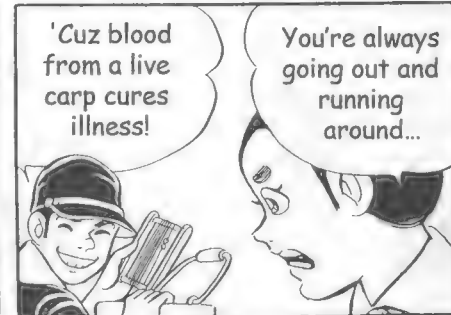
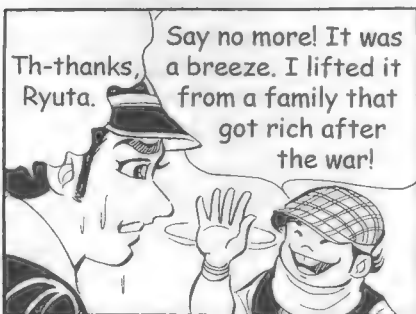
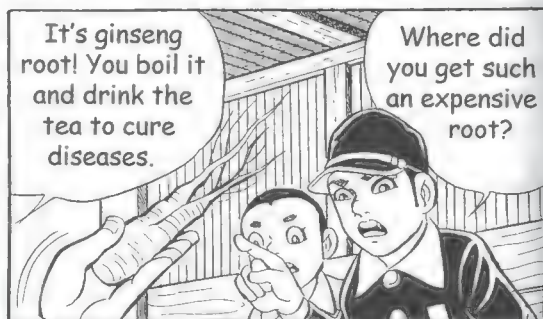
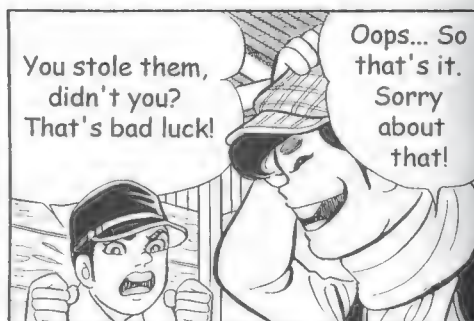
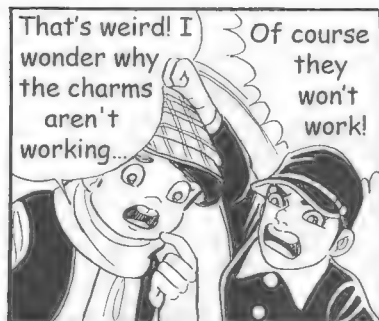
















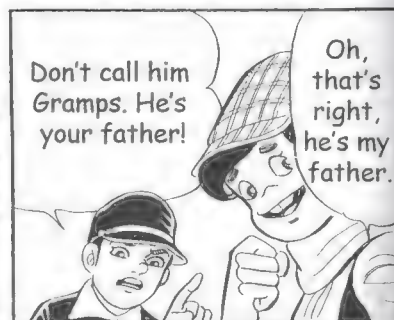
Ryuta, what are Katsuko and Musubi up to?

Gramps has been home-schooling them.



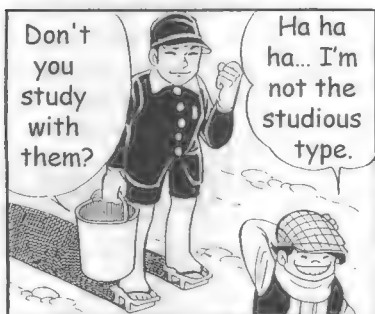
Home-schooling?

Gramps is a great teacher, Gen. He knows everything.



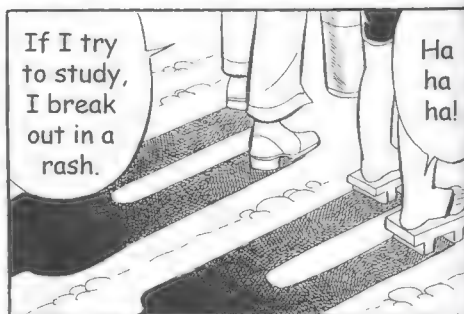
Don't call him Gramps. He's your father!

Oh, that's right, he's my father.



Don't you study with them?

Ha ha... I'm not the studious type.



If I try to study, I break out in a rash.

Ha ha ha!



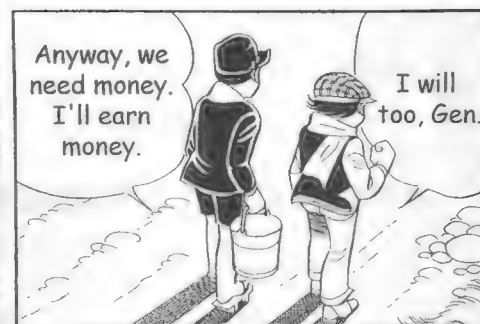
Katsuko really enjoys it. She does better at it than kids who go to school.

Really? That's great!



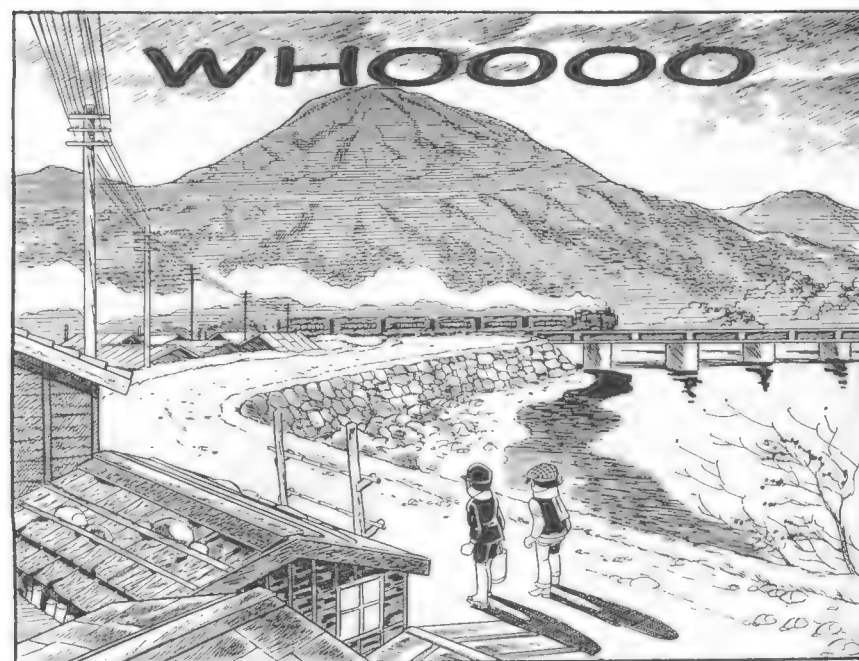
We've gotta make your mom better soon, Gen.

I-I know.



Anyway, we need money. I'll earn money.

I will too, Gen.

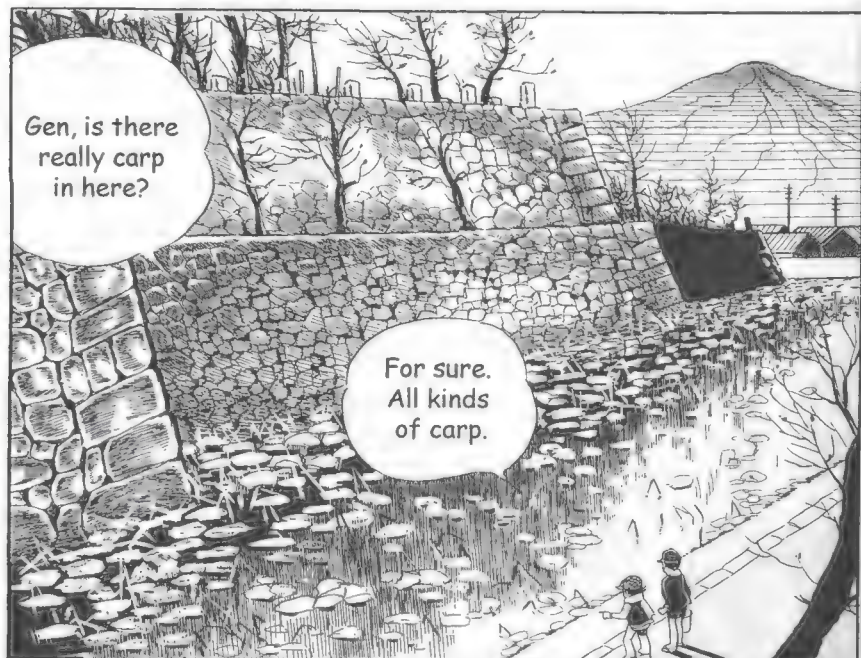
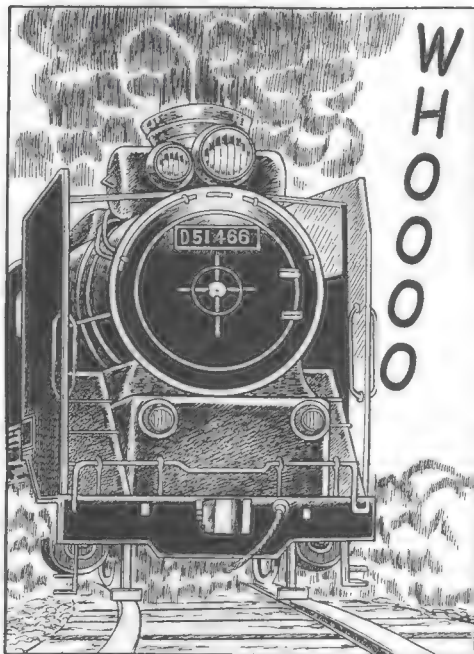


That's Koji's train!

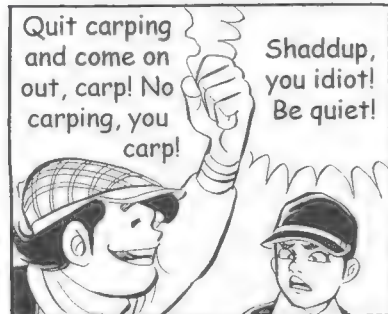
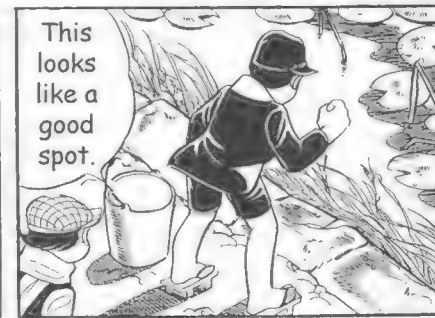
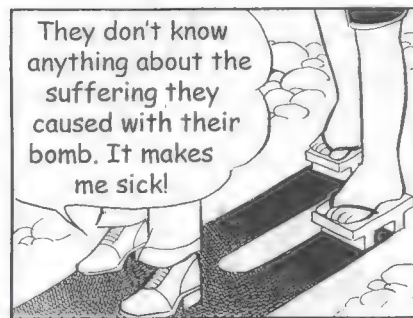
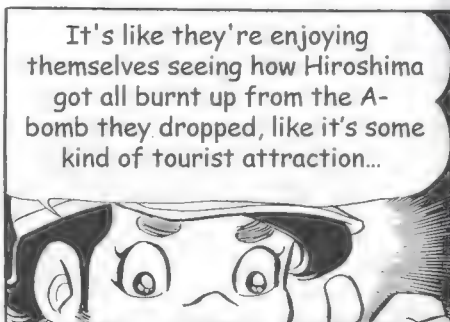


Koji, work hard! We're counting on you...

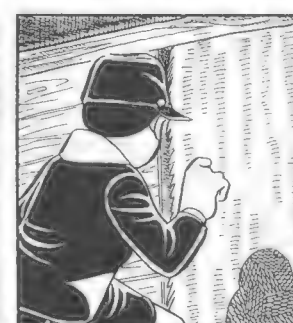
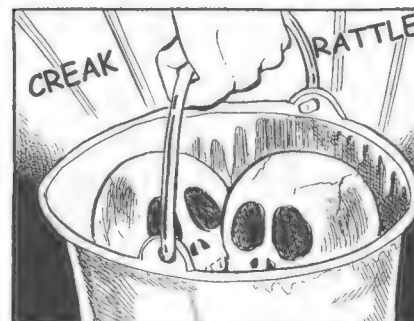
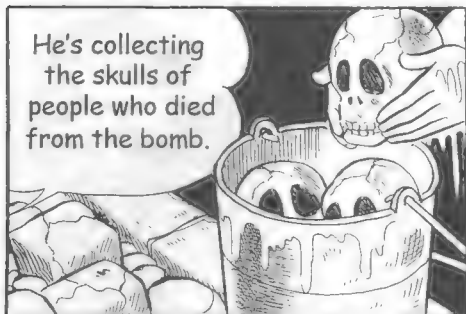
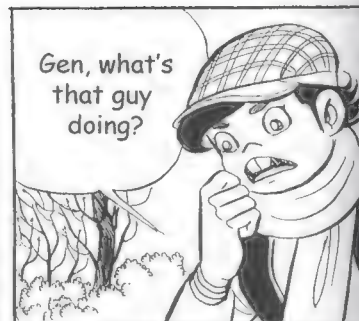












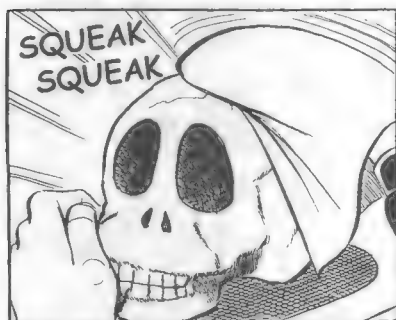




Hey Saburo!  
I found five more.



That's great, Tetsuo!



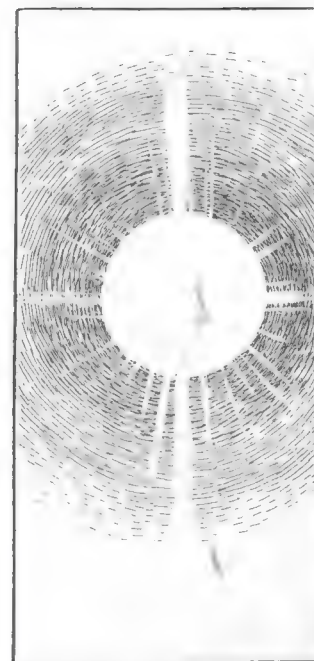
Look at 'em, Gen!  
They're polishing skulls! Whaddaya think they're up to?

I dunno.

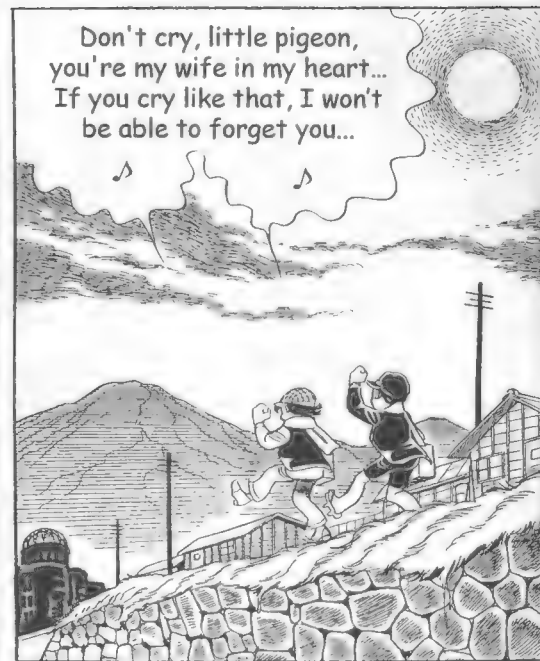


Let's go. This is too spooky for me.

Yeah, they're really weird.

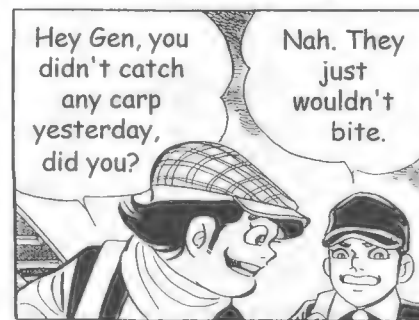


Don't cry, little pigeon,  
you're my wife in my heart...  
If you cry like that, I won't be able to forget you...

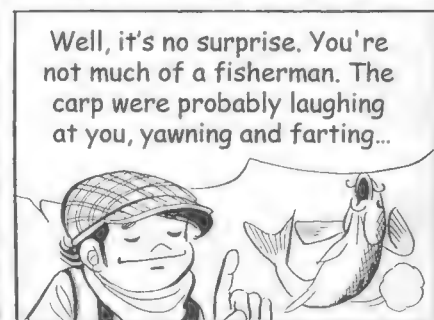


Hey Gen, you didn't catch any carp yesterday, did you?

Nah. They just wouldn't bite.



Well, it's no surprise. You're not much of a fisherman. The carp were probably laughing at you, yawning and farting...



Hey! Try saying that again!

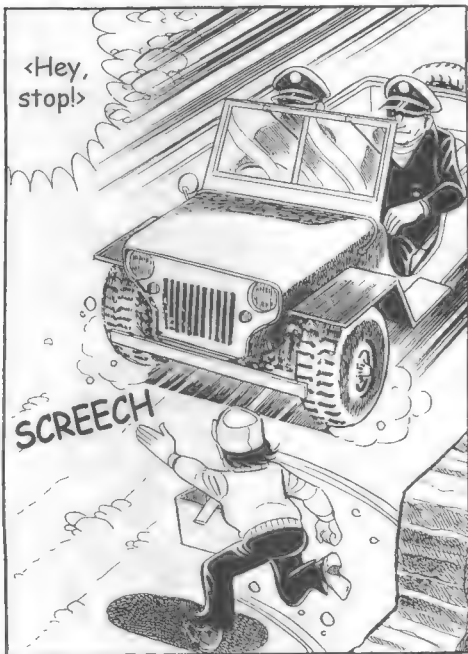
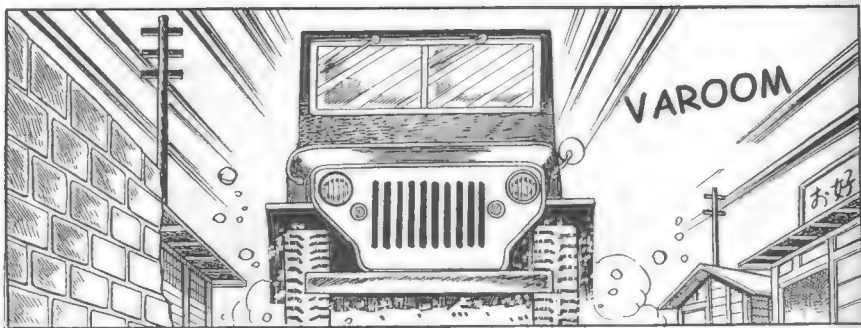
Hee hee! Sorry, sorry!



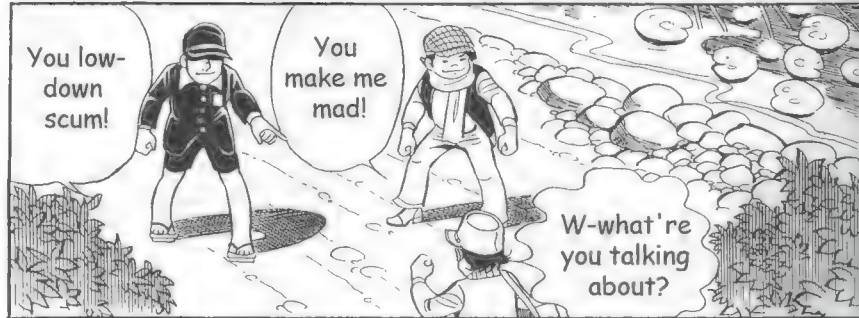
All right, starting today I'm gonna make some money.











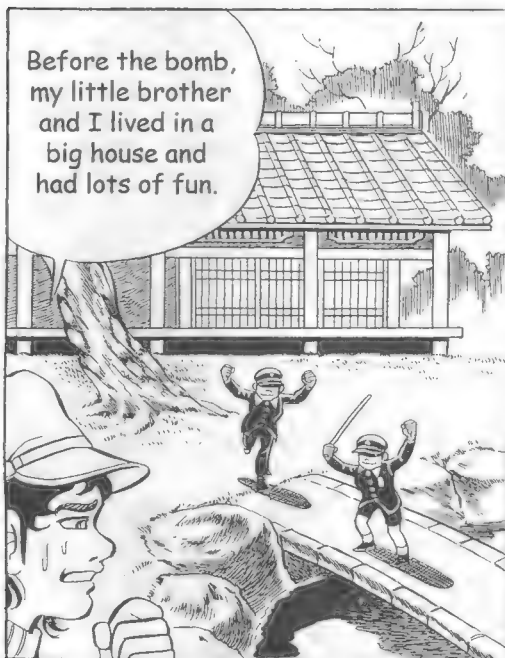








Heh heh... It's my way of getting back at the Yanks who dropped that bomb on us.



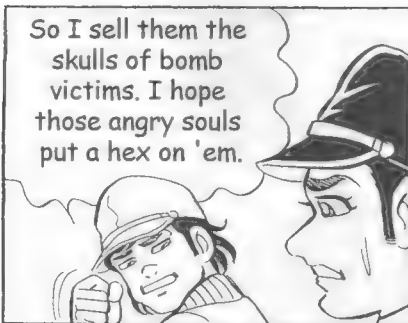
Before the bomb, my little brother and I lived in a big house and had lots of fun.



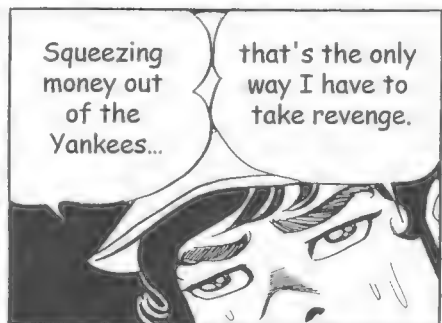
The bomb killed our whole family. After that we had to live like stray dogs.



When I see these American soldiers coming to look at Hiroshima like it's a freak show, it makes me wanna puke!



So I sell them the skulls of bomb victims. I hope those angry souls put a hex on 'em.



Squeezing money out of the Yankees...

that's the only way I have to take revenge.



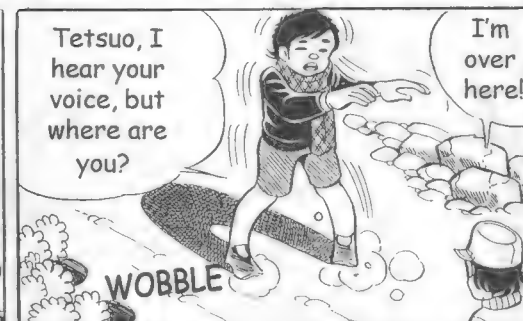
Besides, I have to make money. There's something I need it for.



Hey, Tetsuo?



Saburo!



Tetsuo, I hear your voice, but where are you?

I'm over here!

WOBBLE



WOBBLE

WOBBLE



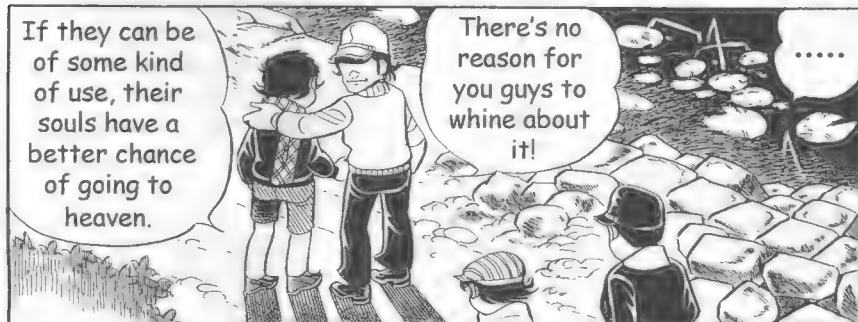
He... he can't see?

That's right.

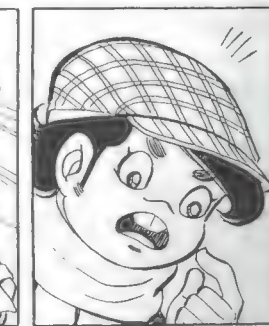
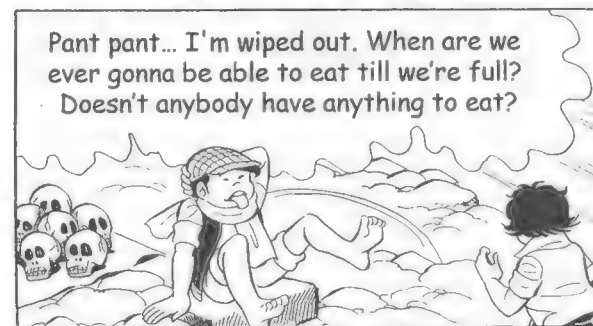
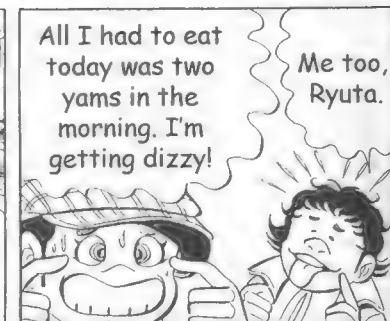
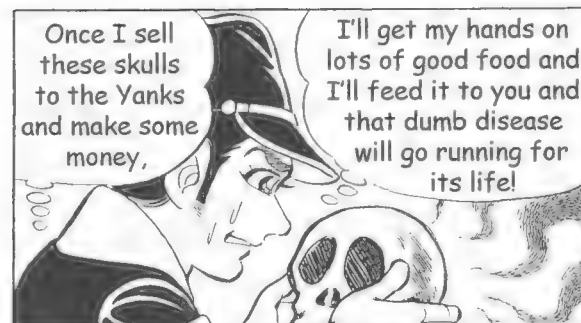
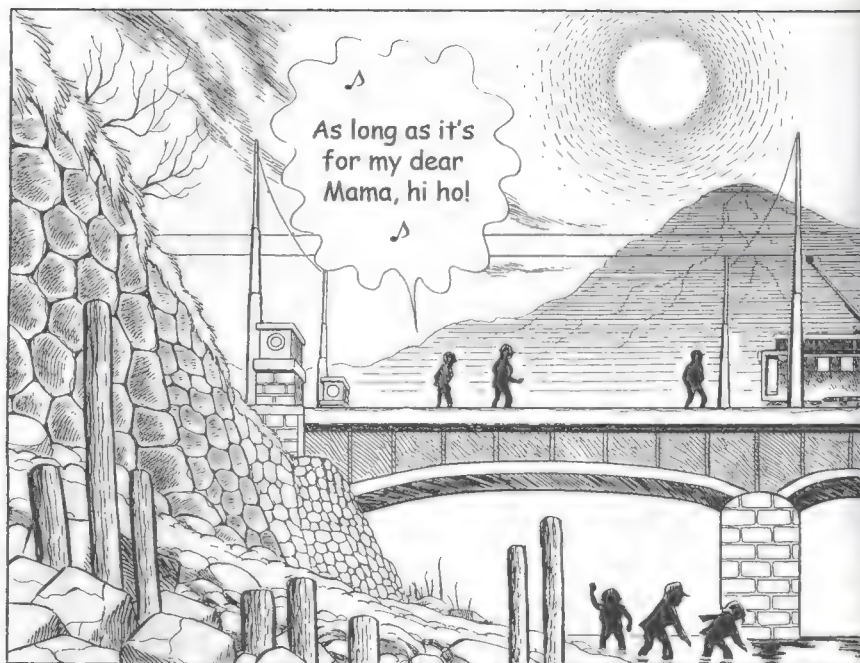


I'm gonna get my little brother's eyes fixed! The bomb made him blind.

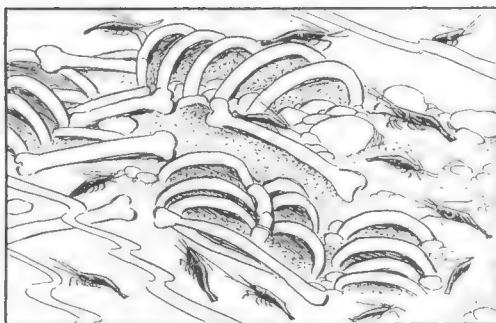






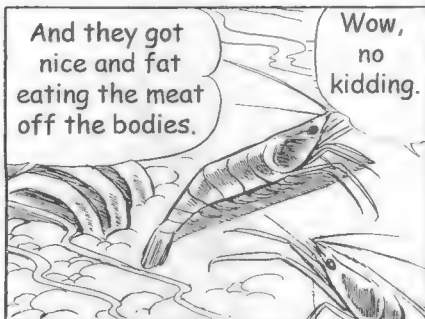






Hey Musubi,  
there's lots of  
shrimp around  
these bones!

Yeah!



And they got  
nice and fat  
eating the meat  
off the bodies.

Wow,  
no  
kidding.

Okay, I'm  
gonna  
catch some  
of these  
guys and  
eat 'em.

I can't  
wait any  
longer.



I'll go  
find a  
net.



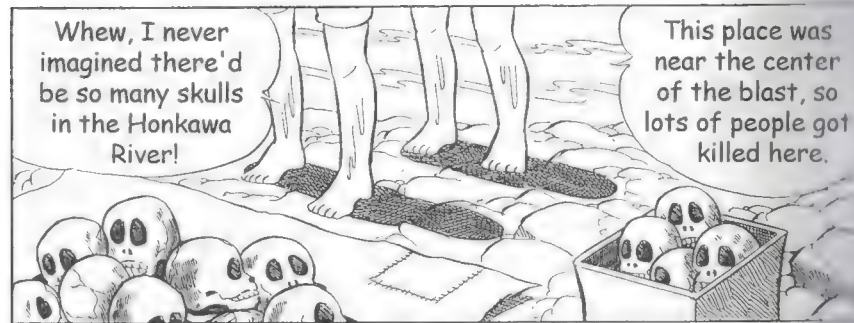
When  
it  
comes  
to  
eating,

I don't care if  
I have to jump  
through fire  
or into the  
water!



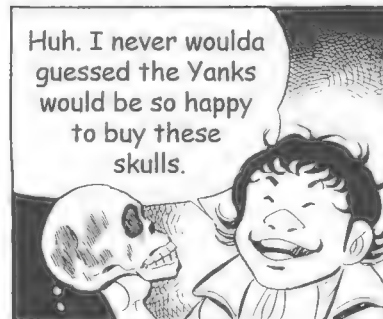
Gen, let's  
call it a  
day.

Yeah,  
okay.



Whew, I never  
imagined there'd  
be so many skulls  
in the Honkawa  
River!

This place was  
near the center  
of the blast, so  
lots of people got  
killed here.



Huh. I never woulda  
guessed the Yanks  
would be so happy  
to buy these  
skulls.



Yeah, those  
two guys gave  
us a good tip.

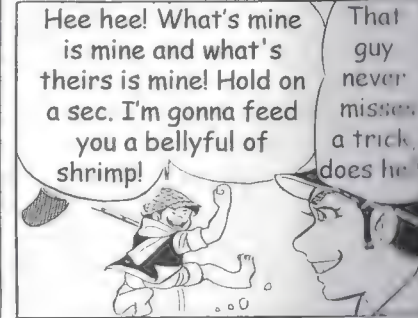


Ha ha  
ha! I  
found  
a net!



Didja  
borrow it,  
Ryuta?

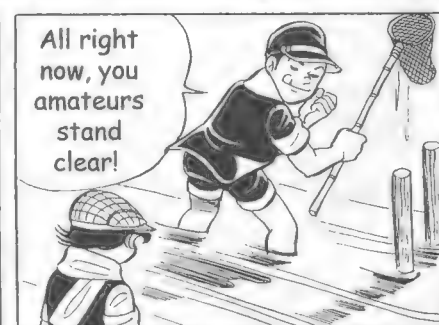
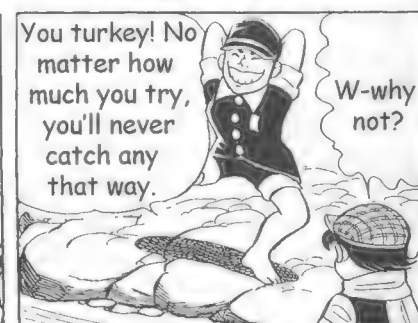
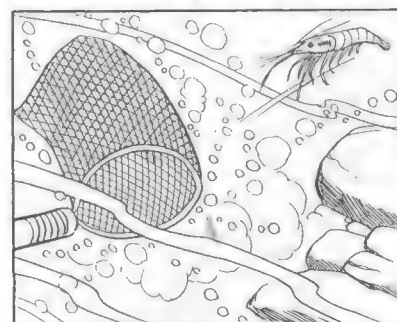
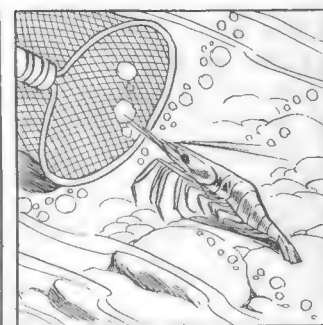
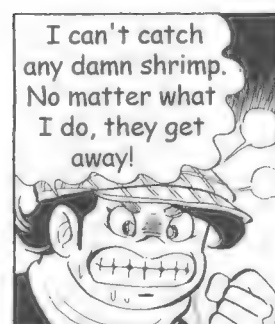
Nah, I  
hooked  
it!



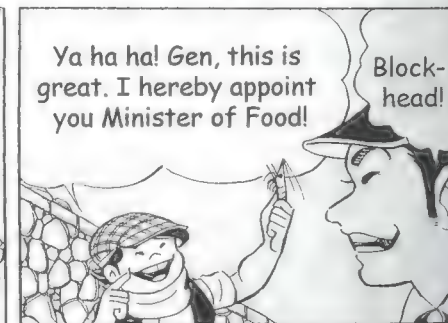
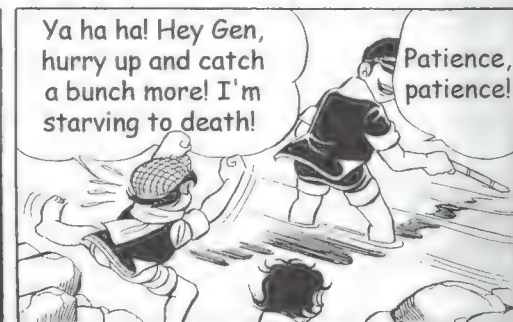
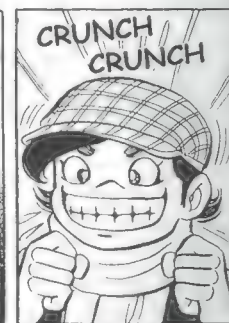
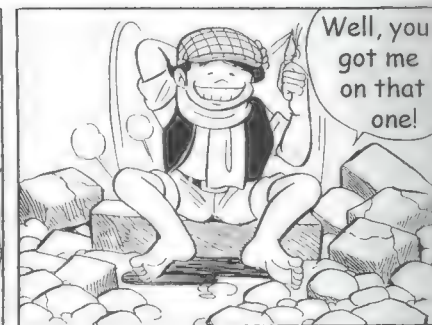
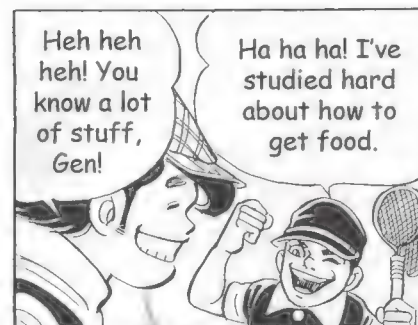
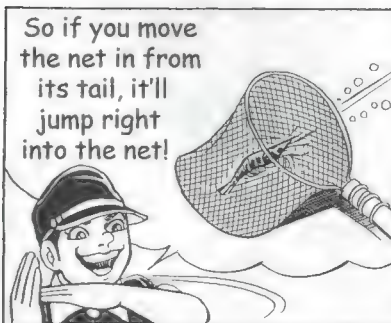
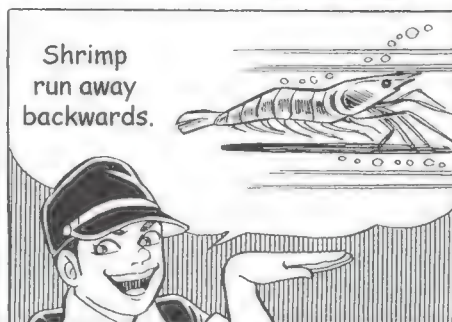
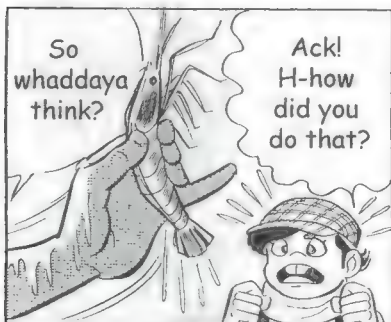
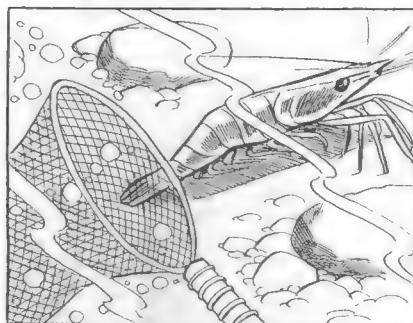
Hee hee! What's mine  
is mine and what's  
theirs is mine! Hold on  
a sec. I'm gonna feed  
you a bellyful of  
shrimp!

That  
guy  
never  
misses  
a trick,  
does he?

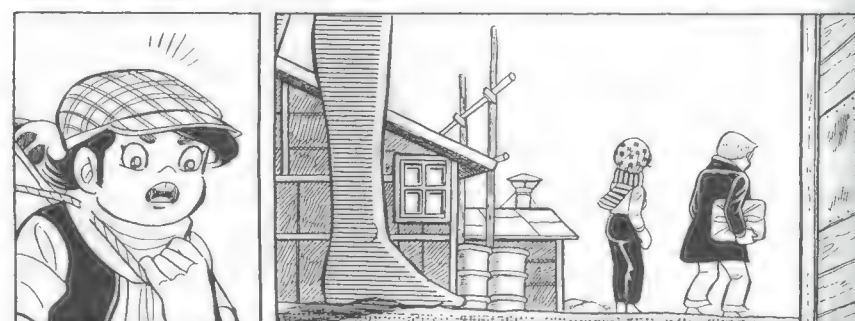
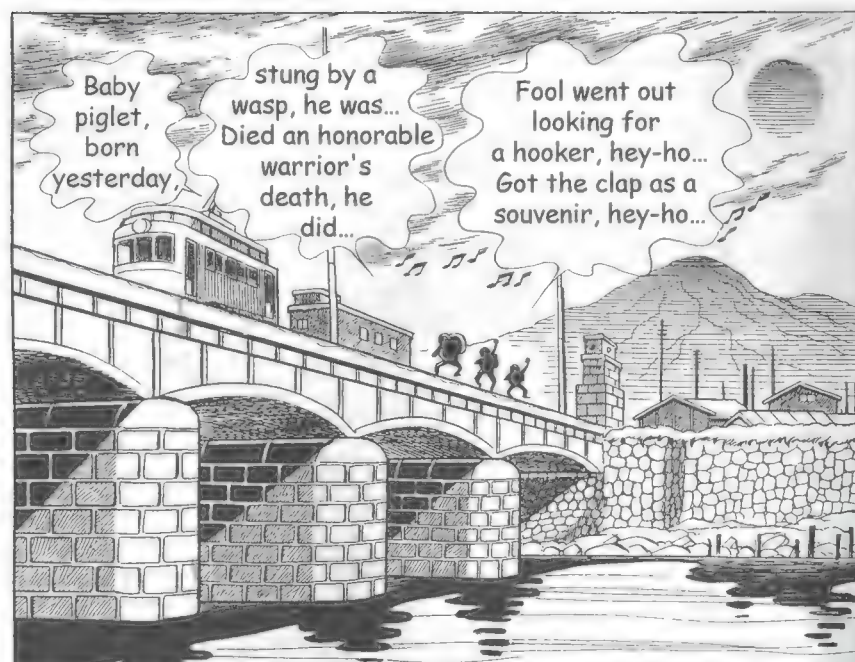
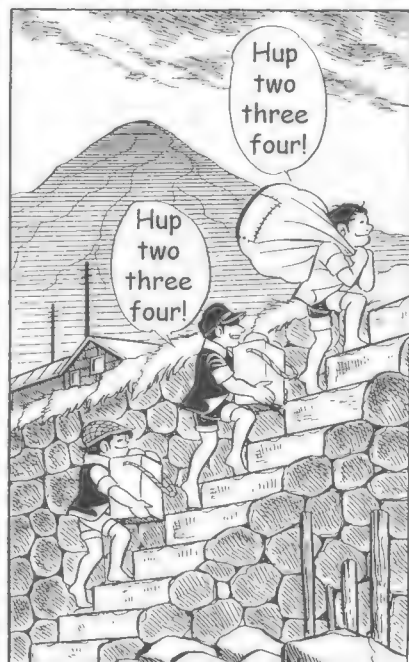
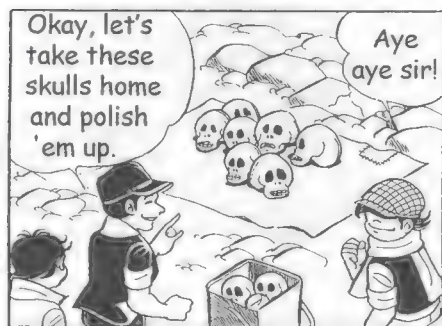
















TREMBLE TREMBLE



Huff puff...

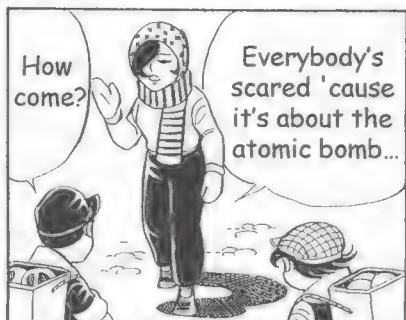
.....

What's wrong?  
How come you both look so down?



We went around to all the printers in Hiroshima to get Papa's novel printed...

but every one of them turned us down.



How come?

Everybody's scared 'cause it's about the atomic bomb...



Why is that scary?

They're afraid the American GHQ might arrest them.



The Americans are trying to keep people from finding out how horrible the A-bomb was...



Damn! Those Americans treat us like a bunch of fools.

Yeah, what's wrong with letting people know the truth?



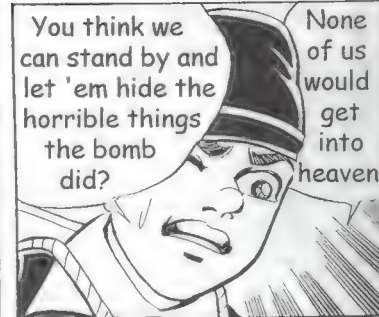
Our teacher said America's a free and democratic country, but that's a lie!



Don't let it get you down, Mister!  
We'll get your book published somehow!

Yeah!

.....



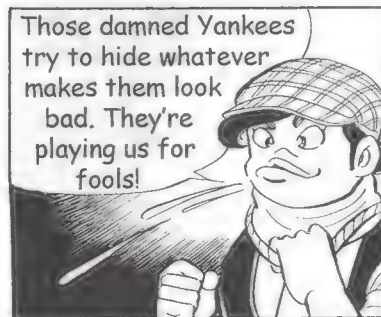
You think we can stand by and let 'em hide the horrible things the bomb did?

None of us would get into heaven!

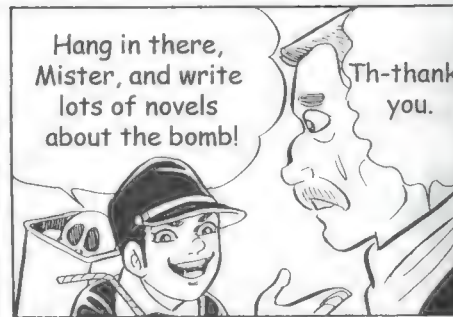


I'm not going to let 'em keep beating us into the ground.

Me neither!



Those damned Yankees try to hide whatever makes them look bad. They're playing us for fools!



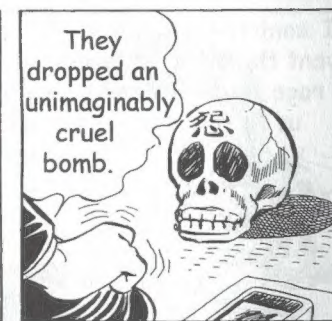
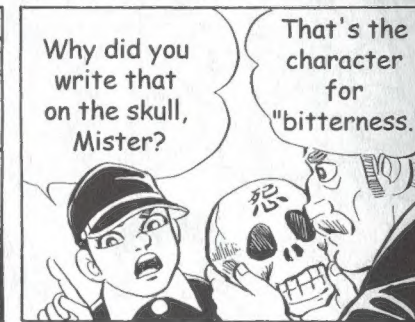
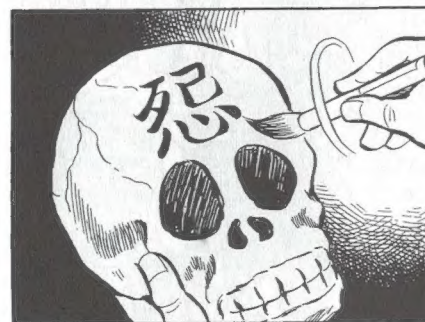
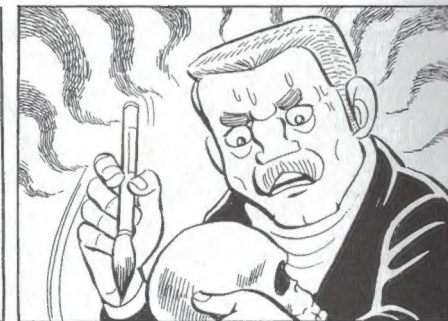
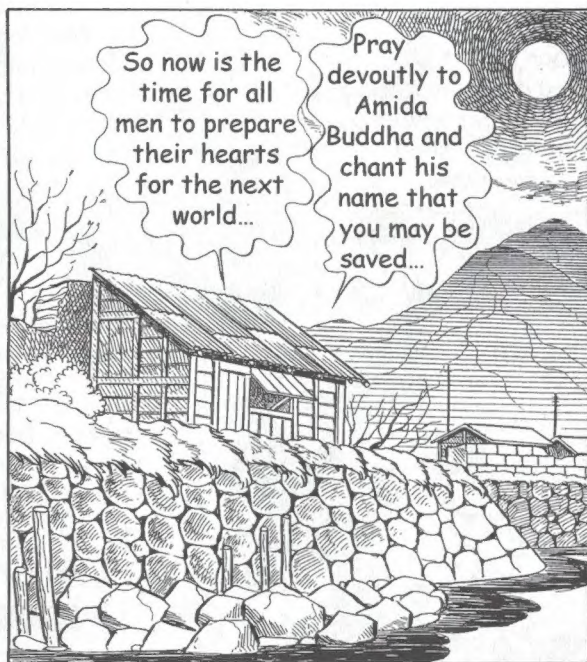
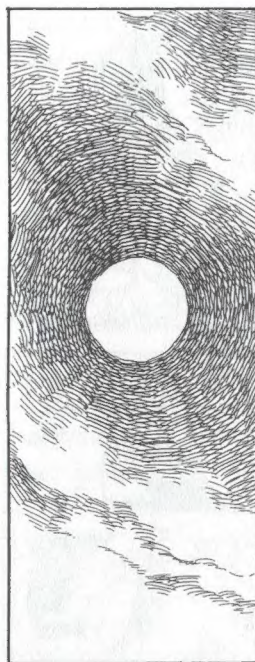
Hang in there, Mister, and write lots of novels about the bomb!

Th-thank you.

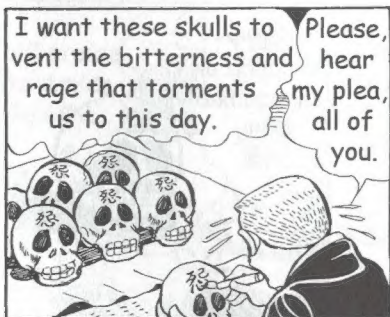


C'mon, let's head on home.





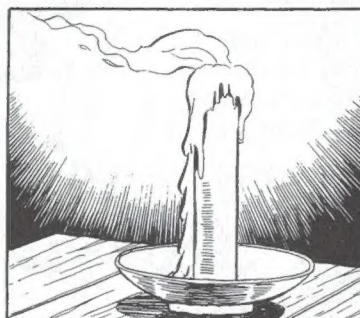




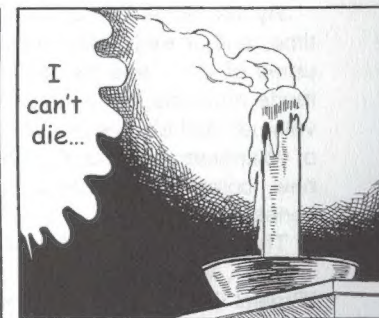
Please, hear my plea, all of you.

Every day I weep and think, "If only there hadn't been a war, if only there hadn't been an atomic bomb."

I'll never be rid of this bitterness.



Gasp... I-I'm all right. I can't die and leave all of you behind...





# About Project Gen

Namie Asazuma  
Coordinator, Project Gen

In the pages of *Barefoot Gen*, Keiji Nakazawa brings to life a tragedy unlike any that had ever befallen the human race before. He does not simply depict the destructive horror of nuclear weapons, but tells of the cruel fate they visited upon victims and survivors in the years to come. Yet Gen, the young hero of this story, somehow manages to overcome one hardship after another, always with courage and humor. *Barefoot Gen*'s tale of hope and human triumph in the face of nuclear holocaust has inspired volunteer translators around the world, as well as people working in a variety of other media. Over the years *Gen* has been made into a three-part live-action film, a feature-length animation film, an opera, and a musical.

The first effort to translate *Barefoot Gen* from the original Japanese into other languages began in 1976, when Japanese peace activists Masahiro Oshima and Yukio Aki walked across the United States as part of that year's Transcontinental Walk for Peace and Social Justice. Their fellow walkers frequently asked them about the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and one of them happened to have a copy of *Hadashi no Gen* in his backpack. The Americans on the walk, astonished that an atomic bomb survivor had written about it in cartoon form, urged their Japanese friends to translate it into English. Upon returning to Japan, Oshima and Aki founded Project Gen, a non-profit, all-volunteer group of young Japanese and Americans living in Tokyo, to do just that. Project Gen went on to translate the first four volumes of *Barefoot Gen* into English. One or more of these volumes have also been published in French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Indonesian, Tagalog, and Esperanto.

By the 1990s Project Gen was no longer active. In the meantime, author Keiji Nakazawa had gone on to complete ten volumes of *Gen*, and expressed his wish to see the entire story made available to non-Japanese readers. Parts of the first four volumes had also been abridged in translation. A new generation of volunteers responded by reviving Project Gen and producing a new, complete and unabridged translation of the entire *Gen* series.

The second incarnation of Project Gen got its start in Moscow in 1994, when a Japanese student, Minako Tanabe, launched "Project Gen in Russia" to translate *Gen* into Russian. After pub-

lishing the first three volumes in Moscow, the project relocated to Kanazawa, Japan, where volunteers Yulia Tachino and Namie Asazuma had become acquainted with *Gen* while translating a story about Hiroshima into Russian. The Kanazawa volunteers, together with Takako Kanekura in Russia, completed Russian volumes 4 through 10 between 1999 and 2001.

In the spring of 2000, the Kanazawa group formally established a new Project Gen in Japan. Nine volunteers spent the next three years translating all ten volumes of *Gen* into English. The translators are Kazuko Futakuchi, Michael Gordon, Kyoko Honda, Yukari Kimura, Nobutoshi Kohara, Kiyoko Nishita, George Stenson, Michiko Tanaka, and Kazuko Yamada.

In 2002, author Keiji Nakazawa put the Kanazawa team in contact with Alan Gleason, a member of the first Project Gen, who introduced them to Last Gasp of San Francisco, publisher of the original English translation of *Gen*. Last Gasp agreed to publish the new, unabridged translation of all ten volumes, of which this book is one.

In the hope that humanity will never repeat the terrible tragedy of the atomic bombing, the volunteers of Project Gen want children and adults all over the world to hear *Gen*'s story. Through translations like this one, we want to help *Gen* speak to people in different countries in their own languages. Our prayer is that *Barefoot Gen* will contribute in some small way to the abolition of nuclear weapons before this new century is over.

Write to Project Gen c/o Asazuma, Nagasaka 3-10-20, Kanazawa 921-8112, Japan





Keiji Nakazawa lives with his wife in the suburbs of Tokyo, and remains actively involved in the work of the Project Gen volunteers. Now retired from cartooning, his most recent project was a live action film he wrote and directed about young people growing up in postwar Hiroshima. He is currently working on another film scenario.